



THE FRONT PAGE

ONE of the best indications of the wisdom of the Quebec Government in announcing the prospective prohibition of pulpwood exportation from the public lands of the province is the recent expression of alarm on the part of John Norris, chairman of the Paper Committee of the American Newspaper Association. This gentleman points out that the announcement "precipitates a serious situation in the paper trade and tends to embarrass many paper mills." I had looked for some such result, and—while realizing the impropriety of rejoicing in the difficulties of my neighbor—I am glad to see my expectations borne out.

For a variety of reasons there is a general prejudice against export duties of any kind, as tending to the restraint of trade and the infringement of a man's right to sell his goods to whomsoever he pleases. But certainly there would seem to be no law in economics which forces a Government to let the product of its public lands go to enrich the mills and manufacturers of another country. Ontario long ago realized this, and the result of its action, in the case of the forests, has been the up-building of a great lumber industry. And now it is the turn of Quebec to realize the folly of letting enterprising Americans strip it of its spruce, in order that American mills and American Sunday supplements may wax great and multiply. Mr. Norris says that the prohibition will prove very embarrassing. We thank thee for that word, Brother Norris. Certainly it will prove embarrassing. It is intended to. And the result of the embarrassment will be that a great industry will be built up in the spruce woods of Quebec, and that the water-powers now lying idle in that province will turn the wheels of big mills and will become the centres of thriving towns. And therefore, while we regret the embarrassment, we feel that it is better that Americans should be embarrassed than that Canadians should be poor.

There is one point, however, which the Quebec Government would do well to study closely in putting their present intention into action. And that is, the strict enforcement of their colonization laws, so that thieving settlers cannot take up land under the pretence of agriculture, for the mere purpose of stripping off the timber. That the inducement for them to do this will be very much greater under the new law, is clear from the added value which such legislation will give to such pulpwood as may be sent out of the country. Naturally, the settler's wood being private property may be shipped to the States, and so its price will go up very considerably when the supply from Crown lands is cut off. There will thus be every temptation for dishonest settlers to take up land in order that they may strip it of its wood. Even under present conditions there has been a great deal of this timber-stealing in Quebec; and it will be necessary to enforce the laws very carefully to save the timber-limits from ruin.

One good way of effecting this would be the extension of the present system of forest-reserves in Quebec. In that province there is much land that is absolutely unfit to bear any crop but lumber, and it would be well to put this land beyond the reach of settlers, who, even if honest, could never manage to live on it after the timber is gone. On the other hand there are certain sections of the province which might well be brought under cultivation, and to these sections colonization should be directed. The old pioneer attitude of regarding the forest as the enemy of the settler, a thing which was to be destroyed by fire and axe, is everywhere giving way to the modern point of view, in which the forest is regarded as a crop like any other, as something which should be protected and encouraged in every possible way, and whose harvests should be gathered with the greatest care and foresight. And the present intentions of the Quebec Government are a welcome evidence that they realize the greatness of their responsibilities.

AS is usually the case, the members of the Dominion Parliament are doing as much work during a few closing weeks as they did in all the rest of the session put together. They are models of businesslike despatch when they want to be, which is generally about prorogation. That magic word allays party rancour and checks recriminations. The thought of home and their constituents puts a damper on time-wasting methods. Someone with a head for statistics has figured that every minute the House is in session costs the country twenty one dollars. If so, a lot of members have much to answer for. Once prorogation is decided upon by the two leaders measures are rushed through the different stages in quick order. Speeches are cut down to common sense proportions and long winded bores accept the hint to wait for a more fitting opportunity. But are the people's interests looked after in this mad scramble for adjournment?

Frequently some very pernicious legislation is held back until the last minute and then railroaded through. Lobbyists at times resort to this stratagem when everything else has failed. It would be better for the country if the present anxiety to make progress were in evidence throughout the session. It would save the country a lot of money and the Hansard reporters a lot of useless work.

SOME of those who could "die dawning" are likely to have their wish if the present craze for Marathon waltzing continues. One learns that these exhibitions are "stopped by the police," as prize fights are stopped, just in time to prevent their being ended by the grim reaper. The craze for Marathon racing, which started in Canada three or four years ago and spread throughout America, threatened for a time to make angina pectoris a family disease seems to have in a measure abated, although in these spring evenings scantily clad youths may be seen training on the streets. This Marathon dance craze, which will no doubt spread to many cities as soon as the summer parks open, is the more dangerous because it enlists women in the task. It is safe to say that the young girl who goes through a few such contests will in the end be unfitted for the functions of womanhood and will have materially shortened her natural life. The craze for physical endurance tests is the curse of sport of every kind on this continent, and has made "athlete's

heart" a recognized pathological condition. A few years ago one of the brightest members of the Ontario Legislature found himself compelled to undergo a very simple operation. An anaesthetic was administered and before the surgeon's knife had touched him he was dead. "Athlete's heart" was the cause. At college he had been a strenuous football player and later in life nature treacherously took her revenge. The Marathon craze has already laid the mines for one knows not how many sudden deaths. It is customary to make fun of the Englishman's chief diversions, golf and cricket, as slow. But if they are slow and non-spectacular they are at least sensible and involve pleasure and not torture for the participants. Mr. Dooley, in dealing with the Marathon craze, a year or so ago, said that the man of seventy years of age who boasted that he had been a great athlete in his youth was a liar, and that the best exercise to promote longevity was the act of raising one's bedroom window at night. Without going to such lengths as Mr. Dooley,

would find this a choice theme to discourse upon, and such advertisements do more harm than all the multi-form agencies that we have in the East for offering hospitality to the newcomer from the British Isles can counteract. No region where the British flag is flown would profit so much by a preference to cereals grown within the Empire as the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Mr. Balfour only last week declared himself favorable to such a preference, and British sentiment is pointing in that direction. A dozen or so of such advertisements in the hands of the British electorate would do incalculable harm to a cause which means so much to Canada. Would it not be good business for Canadian newspapers to exclude such advertising from their columns? They exercise a supervision over advertisements for traces of immorality, and sometimes exclude them on other grounds. Assuredly in its general effect the publication of such an advertisement as the above without comment should be barred from

At the recent St. Patrick's Day dinner in Montreal, at which Archbishop Bruchesi was a guest, the toast to the Church and the Archbishop was given first; that to the King and the British Empire ranking a bad second on the programme.

Now that we have seemingly started out with the set principle of ranking the Roman Church above the State in a goodly portion of these Dominions, the question naturally arises: where will it end? In France and in Italy this question has already been adjusted. Have we yet to face it on the American Continent? Recent developments would tend to make one think so.

THE ruling of the Court of Appeal in the Ontario Bank liquidation case, by which the stockholders of the defunct bank will be called upon to make good their double liability, while hard upon a few individuals, is certainly in the best interests of Canada's banking system. In the double liability clause depositors have an anchor out to windward which should not be lightly withdrawn. No legal quibble should be allowed to interfere with this double liability clause. The depositor takes this clause into consideration when he puts his savings in the hands of his banker, and anything which tends to make the working out of this section of the Banking Act doubtful, would also tend to make the depositors' money less secure. When men become stockholders in Canadian banks they do it knowing full well that should anything befall their particular institution, they are not only liable to the amount of the stock they hold, but are also liable for twice the original amount; and this very clause should make men more careful in becoming stockholders in banking institutions that are in the doubtful class.

BARNUM, Andy Carnegie, Dr. Orr and all the great advertisers, past and present, must raise their hats to ex-President Roosevelt. He is the king-pin of them all. Ever since he loomed above the level of the horizon of commonplace things he has revelled in the "white light that beats upon a throne." Everything he does is spectacular. He was a picturesque colonel of cavalry during the Cuban war, he was a notable Governor of New York State, and he was a strenuous President of the United States.

Later still, he was the redoubtable hunter, who penetrated the farthest and dirtiest African jungles and made the lion and the leopard eat out of his hand while his son Kermit stood by and snapped the camera. One might reasonably expect that the journey home would be mild in comparison but Teddy was no sooner in Egyptian territory than he began stepping on toes. He was no sooner in Europe than he set the Vatican by the ears, and the buzzing of horns, which he caused, will continue for some time. Mr. Fairbanks raised a row, but Teddy showed his former running mate how to do the thing properly. He is still to see King Edward, and that popular monarch may well await in trepidation the advent of the doctory colonel. If he does not order the Tower of London destroyed, or Premier Asquith from office, the British people may consider themselves fortunate.

By the way, what a fine idea it would be to get him to open the Toronto Exhibition. We commend it to Dr. Orr's serious consideration.

EARL CREWE, son of Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, presided at a unique dinner in London the other day. The guests were all either descendants or distant relatives of British poets. The immortal bard of Avon was represented by a couple of guests. Milton, Burns, Byron and other great names in British literature were called to mind by the presence of certain other diners. The meagre press reports of the affair were to the effect that the event passed off quietly without much eloquence or poetic display, so different from what would no doubt have been the case had the real article been there. Imagine the scene if the galaxy of poets who made British literature glorious for all time could be assembled in one hall—the titanic Shakespeare, the stern Milton, the satiric Pope, the gentle Cowper, the aesthetic Shelley, the youthful Keats, the unhappy Byron, the ploughman Burns, and scores of others little less brilliant.

Perhaps nothing could have emphasized so strongly the present decadence of English poetry than this particular gathering. It was a glorification of past achievement, to which the present can offer little in contrast.

One has to rack his brains to recall the names of half a dozen living English poets, and none of them with the exception of Swinburne stands out with world-wide renown. About all the others who have attained any prominence outside their own little isle are Watson, Kipling, Yeats, Austen, Newbolt and Morris, a bare half-dozen. For a nation which has produced such an undying literature this is a sorry showing truly.

Even the United States, which has most of its national literature yet to create, does not show up any better, and Canada is too busy raising wheat and hogs and manufacturing to find time for poetry.

This materialistic age does not develop great poets, and all nations seem to be suffering alike from lack of lyric inspiration.

A. G. MACKAY, the Ontario Liberal leader, has a fairly picturesque vocabulary at his command, and he produced a very good specimen during a speech in London the other day when he described Premier Whitney as the "Kruger of Canada." The appellation will probably stick, for it has enough truth to make it inoffensive. Sir James has a way of getting his orders carried out which is just as effective as Oom Paul's more domineering methods. No doubt Mr. Mackay intended the analogy should refer to the future as well as to the past, in order to make it complete.

He probably cherishes the hope that his antagonist will go down to decisive defeat some day like the Old Lion of South Africa. No one should be blamed for being optimistic, but I am afraid the Liberal leader will require all his stock of that commodity before he uproots the present administration. This prediction is not the result of political bias but an opinion based on history. If there is one thing that can be banked on in this Dominion outside of death and taxes, it is a staunch conservatism of Canadians in regard to Governments. We



LORD KITCHENER AT WEST POINT, N.Y.

The distinguished British General (in centre) is seen going to the review of the Cadets at the U.S. Military Academy. On Lord Kitchener's left is Colonel Scott, Commandant of the Post, and on his right Butler Duncan, who is accompanying Lord Kitchener on his travels. General Kitchener is generally looked upon as the world's greatest living general.

it may be said that the immature youth of either sex needs all the vitality he can acquire for future use without using it up on heart-breaking feats of strength and endurance. The best time for the police to stop Marathon contests of any kind is before they commence.

FROM Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, comes a protest against an advertisement which appeared in one of the prominent newspapers of Winnipeg. The advertisement reads in part as follows:—

WANTED—At once, a thoroughly competent and experienced male bookkeeper and stenographer, one capable of doing all kinds of office work; good chance for advancement. Will pay big wages to good man. No Englishman or loafer need apply.

Probably it would be hopeless to argue with the man who inserted the above advertisement that there were all sorts and conditions of Englishmen, that where he has had bad luck with one or two of them other employers of labor have found the Englishman diligent and anxious to make his own way, even when he has been stubborn and set upon doing things in his own way. The bracketing of Englishmen with loafers (though the motherland has undoubtedly sent its quota of these latter to Canada) is too wild an assertion to be taken seriously, but the evil of it is that it will be taken seriously in quarters where it will do the most harm. Probably the employer who inserted the advertisement is as objectionable from the standpoint of employees of any color or nationality as Englishmen and loafers are to him; but probably he could be made to see the business side of a proposition. The British sub-editor with "Little England" tendencies

ordinary motives of self-interest. It's bad business no matter how you look at it.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI, of Montreal, is carrying the war into Canada. For months past an active temperance campaign has been under way in that city, Protestant and Catholic alike taking part in the work. A large demonstration in favor of the temperance cause was planned for this week, the same taking place at St. James Methodist church, Montreal, and among the speakers scheduled for that evening was Mr. Justice Lemieux, of Quebec, a relative of the Postmaster-General.

It now develops, however, that Archbishop Bruchesi has forbidden Judge Lemieux from taking part in the meeting. A reason for this action of the Archbishop is not far to seek, when one considers the strained relations between the Vatican and the Methodists in Rome, added to the recent episodes in Rome in which ex-President Roosevelt and ex-Vice-President Fairbanks were concerned. At the same time the drastic action of Archbishop Bruchesi appears strange in view of the fact that the meeting was announced to be of a non-sectarian character.

The question naturally arises as to how much power a Roman Catholic Archbishop of the Province of Quebec can exert over a Roman Catholic Judge of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec. Could the Archbishop, if need arise, command Judge Lemieux or any other Judge of the Roman faith to do his bidding, presuming for a moment that a question of Church or State arose in which the decision of the Roman Catholic Judge was required?

do not believe in overthrowing governments if they behave at all reasonably. Look at the federal arena. The Dominion has had practically only two Premiers since 1878, Sir John A. MacDonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the latter looks to have a strangle hold on the position for some time to come.

Quebec, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island have had liberal governments for many years. New Brunswick changed recently after a quarter of a century under the former regime. Manitoba and British Columbia have gone Conservative steadily for several elections and both look likely to remain in that column. The Liberals had a long term of office in this province, and now there is every appearance that the Conservatives will be in power for many years to come.

That canny statesman, Hon. George P. Graham, knew what he was doing when he accepted a good federal billet instead of remaining to lead a forlorn hope in Ontario, and Mr. T. H. Preston of Brantford, who probably could have had the Liberal leadership by reversion, took a long look ahead, and decided that his newspaper needed his undivided attention for the next ten years or so. It didn't require a Halley's comet to warn these two to hit the trail leading away from Queen's Park.

THE representations made before the International Waterways Commission on April 15 all went to show the preposterous nature of the demands made by those back of the power scheme to exploit the Long Sault on the River St. Lawrence dealt with a week ago. Mr. George Gibbons, K.C., of London, hastened to get from under and explain that the Commission could only act in an advisory capacity and that the matter had come within its cognizance because in the application of the American promoters to Congress, frontier waters were affected. Assuredly they were very seriously affected, since the proposal in reality was to deprive Canada of frontier waters altogether in the neighborhood of the proposed Long Sault dam. The protest of the Ontario Government as voiced by Mr. George Lynch-Staunton, K.C., demonstrated that no mere fear that the project would prejudice the Hydro-Electric Commission's power distribution scheme was back of its opposition. Though the Ontario Government cannot claim jurisdiction over the shores, she does own the waters on the Canadian side of the river and the fisheries therein. Therefore the Government made a righteous demand for delay until the mysterious plans of the promoters could be obtained; a delay which the Commission could not do otherwise than grant. The protest of the residents of the townships of Williamsburg and Matilda in the immediate neighborhood of the Long Sault was most important. It showed the folly of the attempt to represent the scheme as of local benefit to the people of the St. Lawrence Valley and struck the nail on the head in uttering the surmise that the men back of the proposal are seeking a charter that they can hawk in the markets of the world. The more that is heard about the project the more clearly it is demonstrated that it is promulgated by a gang of cheeky and cynical United States privilege grabbers with Canadian satellites to whom the entire internal waterways system of the Dominion of Canada is merely a pawn in the game. The bill incorporating the company has passed the House of Commons, but as one of the correspondents stated it was "dehorned" and its opponents are credited with having saved the navigable channel of the St. Lawrence. And now a word about Mr. F. F. Pardee, M.P., who was sponsor of the original measure. Mr. Pardee is the son of an honored sire, but it will be seen whether the name of Pardee is strong enough in Lambton to enable him to thrust his apologies for this scheme down the throats of his constituents. Mr. Pardee was no doubt picked out to introduce this bill because he is a clever corporation lawyer in private life, and his constituency is at least five hundred miles from the scene of operations. But the town of Sarnia, which is in that constituency is, in some measure at least, dependent for its prosperity on the navigation of the Great Lakes. It is situated at the southern neck of Lake Huron, and a scheme which strikes at the throat of Canadian Lake navigation strikes at the prosperity of West Lambton and of Sarnia. Have not the voters of this riding a word for the private ear of Mr. Pardee?

The Colonial

Grass Matches.

THE fact that lumber for the making of matches is becoming scarce in this country lends special interest, says The Inventive Age to a report from British India that grass is being successfully used for match-sticks:

"At Sholapur, India, there is a factory which is making matches from a kind of grass, which is abundant in those regions. The grass is cut into two-inch lengths, winnowed and screened to obtain uniform size, and then boiled in paraffin for five minutes and dried in a revolving drum. Twenty-four pounds of Burma paraffin is sufficient for 8,000 boxes of matches. Shaken through a horizontal sifter, they are deposited in horizontal layers, which are secured in a frame for the dipping of the ends, and dip in a solution of chlorate of potash, sulfate of arsenic, potassium bichlorid, powdered gypsum, and gum arabic. Six pounds of this mixture provide enough for 7,000 boxes of 80 matches each. By an ingenious contrivance, some of the closely packed stems are forced forward in the dipping so as to avoid the sticking together of the compact mass. After drying, the matches are packed in cardboard boxes. Materials are so cheap that (the boxes of) matches sell for 26 cents per gross."

COMMENT ON COBALTS

THE gyrations of Crown Reserve drew some little attention last week together with the issuance of the quarterly statement. To one who is not altogether lacking in humor this document is interesting. Some time last November I made the statement that the Crown Reserve had quit mining the big Carson vein. My information was very direct; I got it from an officer in the head office, Montreal. It could hardly be more direct.

About the time I made this statement the stock took its first big flop, and in the press appeared all sorts of denials to my assertion. All sorts of veiled insinuations were thrown my way. If I had been a real live wild-cat promoter I could not have been more abused.

Now this statement (quarterly) gives out that work on the big vein is stopped. I said before it was stopped because the ore below the 100 foot level was of low grade and that there was danger of letting in the lake if they shook up the ground remaining above the 100 foot level.

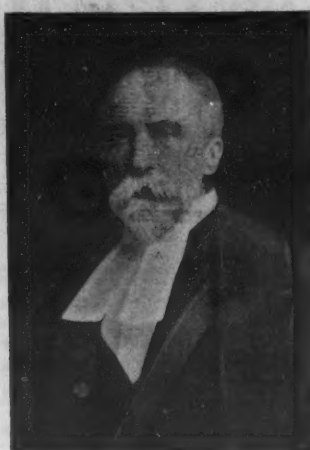
CHANGES IN THE HIGH COURT OF ONTARIO.



HON. W. E. MIDDLETON, K.C., who has been appointed to the High Court Bench.



MR. JUSTICE MAGEE, who has been promoted to the Court of Appeal.



HON. FEATHERSTON OSLER, who on April 18 bade farewell to the Court of Appeal after long service.

The quarterly statement says the reason that the big vein is not being mined is that the company does not need the money. All this is left to the public to digest if they can. But I mention it as being significant from the fact that the last annual report gives no information pointing to the potentiality of the big vein. On the other hand the record of the mine for the last three months is to me surprisingly high, and that it was possible to mine 800,000 ounces from what might be called the tributary reserves is a matter of congratulation. These reserves, though rich, are not shown to be of any extent proportionate with the valuation placed upon the stock on the exchanges, and the quarterly statement leaves without assurance that the mine is worth the money. The \$500,000 odd in the treasury gives assurance for two more dividends, and the difference between that and the market price is to come out of the ground. The output of the mine is not nearly at the rate governing the production of last summer and fall, and unless we are informed differently we cannot but conceive that the mine is in decline. The way I size it up is that the mine has about a dollar or a dollar and a half more in dividends, at the outside two dollars, that is if they are lucky.

Some people continue to wonder at the decline in Cobalts. There is nothing wonderful in it, the stocks are simply following the law of gravitation. The cause of wonderment lies in the fact that they ever went so high.

It is very amusing to see the prominence the press gives to interviews with brokers and others who have been down in the mines. In the first place the great majority of those interviewed know nothing about mining, and in the second place it is impossible for any one to go underground and make a mental calculation of what the mine is worth. In the course of litigation between the Right of Way and the La Rose several years ago, three or four engineers took almost two weeks in arriving at an estimate of the amount of ore extracted. So when you see that this or that man had been to Cobalt and had been down a mine and that it was looking fine, etc., the proper thing to do is to smile. A man goes underground and is shown some ore here and there, and sometimes some here and none there. He is told that it is very rich, he does not know but he comes out and talks about it and looks wise.

In regard to engineers' reports, etc., with which the country is flooded during a mining excitement, it is not necessary that such be dishonest, or rather untruthful, to carry stock selling potentialities. I would be ready to bet that during such an excitement as we had three years ago in Cobalt that I could take forty acres of woodpeckers and Christmas trees with a fair amount of rock exposure and write a description of the same in the language of the mining man without one word of falsehood or deceit and sell stock on it and yet the ground be without mining value. In May or June of 1908 I sent some descriptive matter pertaining to Cobalt Lake and Crown Reserve to a big Canadian daily. As to the description of developments on the latter it was highly laudatory of the mine's possibilities and strongly advising the purchase of the stock, which was then around 45 cents. But the matter on Cobalt Lake, which was rather complete, would tell the mining man that there was not value in the mine for five cents a share. The editor into whose hands my missive fell headed it up as "Two Great Cobalt Mines."

And so the inference could be drawn that I said that the "Slough of Despond" was a great mine. Speaking of those early days in Crown Reserve and my advancing the merits of its stock bring to mind the question: "Why should not a writer be allowed to advise people to sell stocks without abuse as well as buy it?" As I said above, when Crown Reserve was selling at 45 cents I strongly advised its purchase. I bought some myself and was a holder of the stock till it reached \$3.44, when I sold my last 500 shares. I never commented upon the stock again till it reached \$6. Now I fancy there are hundreds of people who bought the stock on my advice, as I was writing for one of the leading dailies in Canada. If I got these people in around 45 cents, why have I not got the right to tell them to get out around \$3 without my motives being questioned. If I do the insiders harm by telling the public to get out now, I must have done them good service in bringing support to their market at a time when they needed it.

Again, referring to those old days in Crown Reserve, it is an amusing fact in history that the only stock the Toronto dailies ever knocked was Crown Reserve when it was selling around 50 cents. The reason for this was that when one day this stock took a jump of 20 cents to 40 the Toronto shorts sold it and then they began to suffer. In this case the subsidized press tumbled to their aid and abused the mine and the directors for declaring a dividend.

This is worth pondering on, the one mine which, beyond all others has justified its existence is the only one that the Toronto press ever "knocked." Now, Mr. Lamb, note this and paste it inside your hat. Note also that I say it is a great mine. Any mine that has produced over \$2,000,000 and can give a value of from \$1 to \$1.50 on nearly two million dollars stock outstanding is a great mine.

The Cobalt Citizen has joined the "Blackmailers' Gazette" in its abuse of the writer. The only thing is that the writer in the former is an educated man and affects a humor different from the latter. The Citizen man even quotes Kipling. I can quote Kipling, too, for instance: "A fool there was." The Citizen man is wrong. I do not claim any technical knowledge of petrology. I do not think I could explain exactly what a

triclinic feldspar is. I am not a mining expert. If I am an expert in anything it is on the Cobalt liar and the Cobalt wild-cat. I think I have got them down to a "T," and the way the market for Cobalts is slumping I think there are others who think so too.

The Davis handbook on Cobalt is out and is an evidence of a great deal of work. The descriptive matter seems uncolored, and for those who have use for such a compilation it will fill a place. In glancing through it I noticed the disbursements of the Silver Queen set down as \$315,000. Some time ago I set these down as only \$75,000 and I would like to make this correction.

Referring again to the quarterly report of the Crown Reserve, I may say that I have made some calculations based upon the figures therein contained. The shipments from the property amounted to 24 cars, which at 30 tons each, gives 720 tons, which at 7 cubic feet per ton of ore, gives 5,040 cubic feet of ore extracted. As 4 inches is a good average width of the usual Cobalt vein, the amount of vein area that would be mined out to furnish this amount of ore is 15,120 sq. ft., an area of about 120 x 120 feet. The average value of the ore shipped works out as \$528.96 per ton net.

The annual report of the McKinley-Darragh Savage has come to hand, and as an example of its kind, it is easily first of all such which have emanated from the camp to date. It is a document such as the press of Canada should insist on every mining company bringing out that seeks toleration with our public, and I would suggest that the different newspapers add a copy to their library just so that they will know what a real report on a real mine looks like.

Next week I will give space to it so that the interested public may realize the points on which the valuation of a mine is based and realize in a way what I have been contending for in the columns of this paper, namely, honesty

\$2,000,000 Company Promoted to Death Motor Bus Co., Ltd., short of assets and crippled by arrears, seeks salvation by entering Taxicab field. How shareholders were deluded.

In the opinion of those who have gone carefully into the matter the time is ripe for the Motor Bus Co., Ltd., capital \$2,000,000, to quit a losing game; let its 800 shareholders take their losses to date, and decorously and legally wind itself up.

The headquarters of this concern is at No. 155 Bay street, Toronto. At present the executive official in charge of the office is Mr. John E. Sweet, who was formerly in the grocery trade.

With a capital of \$2,000,000 and a liability of about \$50,000 in shares allotted, the company has to-day as assets a charter that cost \$700 and might be sold for \$100, office furniture that cost \$500 and won't bring half of it now, a balance of a couple of hundred dollars in the treasury and possible payments in future from shareholders who contracted to buy shares on the instalment basis. It hasn't got a bus to its name.

Unbalanced from Outset.

The very essence of this whole proposition appears to have been unsound and badly balanced from the start, and inquiries set on foot by SATURDAY NIGHT at the instance of a number of small shareholders, make it appear that the sooner Motor Bus joins the company of dead ones, the better. The real mass of shareholders of this concern should, according to the evidence at hand, proceed forthwith to have the company wound up. True, there will be losses. Hundreds of deluded mechanics, clerks, drivers, shopkeepers, with the usual sprinkling of widows and orphans, will see most of their money go. But the alternative is that Motor Bus Co. at a special meeting held April 13 decided to try to retrieve past bungle and losses by cancelling the project of putting out fifty motor busses, and start in and form a Taxicab company. George M. Rose, of the Hunter-Rose Co., Ltd., threw over his job as president at this meeting, and Sweet seems to be in command.

A gentleman named R. L. Denison Taylor—now in California—swept away the real insides of this concern by the way he promoted it. He organized the proposition and was to receive ten per cent. on all sales of stock. He and his sub-agents scattered shares that brought in some \$11,000. Out of this Taylor took some \$8,000 as commissions and for other purposes, and there was besides some \$1,400, which he disbursed, which the company says should have been met by him personally. The company was incorporated in April, 1909. When the directors found at the first statutory meeting that Taylor was raking in most of the cash on commissions and had sold the stock on the four-year instalment plan, he was kicked out of the office of secretary. Mr. Sweet was put in and drew \$25 per week until such time as the directors growled. Then his salary was cut to \$15. For the last seven or eight months the company has kept its office open, but it has just about marked time and has done little more.

Motor Bus Co., Ltd., was organized to buy some fifty motor busses at a cost of some \$5,000 to \$6,000 each to run on the streets of this city. The promoter—who today has a bunch of judgments stacked up against him—

Cut Out Frieze Decorations

The demand for this style of decoration is ever increasing. We have them in great variety. Original and decorative designs in pleasing colorings.

We also have the proper kind of sidewalls to use with "Cut-Out Decorations" in great profusion, and both sidewalls and decorations are very modest in price. We will send to any address our colored folder showing rooms decorated with these goods.

We are Experts in Home Decoration. Estimates Submitted at short notice.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO



Tables reserved on request.

Everybody who calls appreciates the quaint, old appearance which a historic Flemish interior lends to the St. Charles Grill Room. Rare indeed is the person and singularly lacking in taste who is not charmed with the old-fashioned furniture, high decorated walls, beautiful decorative frieze, and bright, cheery atmosphere conveyed by shaded candles and snowy cloths. Not to mention the wholesome and nourishing meals of a chef who can please the simplest or most epicurean palate.

St. Charles Grill

60-70 Yonge St.

and straightforwardness. For after all, the engineer in charge of a mine stands in a position of trust with his duties to the shareholders as a whole.

Of general interest in the McKinley-Darragh report are the possibilities there indicated that its bodies of economic ore extend over and into the Princess, owned and controlled by La Rose Consolidated, and if the Princess is proved to contain any considerable quantity of ore, such as has been developed on the McKinley-Darragh, it should constitute a very considerable asset to La Rose Consolidated, which stock has been subjected to very severe downward manipulation this last week. The technical position of La Rose is strong, and a sharp upward movement may come ere this is printed.

Shepherd

instead of selling stock for cash, so pulling in enough money to purchase a few busses and start operating, issued shares which could be bought for 10 per cent. cash, or \$1 down on each \$10 share, then 5 per cent. for three consecutive months, then 5 per cent. every three months thereafter till shares were paid up. Fine finance that for a company that had to have cash and couldn't turn a wheel till it got it. There could be only one result. That result is: 4,956 shares have been sold, of which 309 are paid up; 765 shares have been partially paid up, and 3,882 shares are in arrears on their payments.

In other words, as every shareholder has four years in which to pay the full value of his shares, and as expenses go on meanwhile, this company never could purchase the motor busses with which to start business.

The New Scheme.

At the meeting of April 13 some 125 shareholders present assented, so it is said, to changing the concern from a motor bus to a taxicab company. Mr. Sweet says if this is done that he can get more capital in the way of stock subscriptions, to purchase the cabs. The plan is to buy five taxicabs at \$2,000 apiece on time. The company has already approached one firm, who refused to deal except for cash, and it might be mentioned that the same trouble was experienced in attempting to purchase motor busses "on tick."

There was one particularly atrocious bit of finessing in connection with this company. They snared numbers of young and old men who were out of work and induced them to buy shares on the promise that when the busses were operated there would be jobs for them as drivers, oilers, mechanics and clerks. These victims were marshalled before a West Toronto doctor to pass a "physical" to qualify for these jobs. Then they scraped together what they could and bought shares. The proposition was half-baked from the beginning and the end is not far to see.

Editor, Toronto Saturday Night: Toronto, April 19, 1910.

Sir,—We have received the proof of the matter regarding the Motor Bus Company, Limited, and appreciate your sending it to us before publication.

One of the companies selling taxicabs said their practice was to sell to all parties, individual and corporate, for cash and cash alone, and as we did not ask this company to supply us with taxicabs, but only asked for prices, as we asked other companies, we do not think this a refusal to sell to us.

A committee of the shareholders, after careful consideration, decided that if the shareholders would pay up their arrears that it would, with other monies which were promised to the company, enable the company to commence on a small scale and make some return upon the capital already paid in by the shareholders. Their action was approved of by the shareholders old board. We think that this new board should be given an opportunity to make a full investigation and see if they can save by an article based on matters for which they are not responsible.

We can see no objection to your attacking the methods of a man who has made a mistake or an error, but think you can do so without putting it in a way that will cause innocent shareholders to lose their investment, and the directors protest against such a course.

MOTOR BUS COMPANY, LIMITED,
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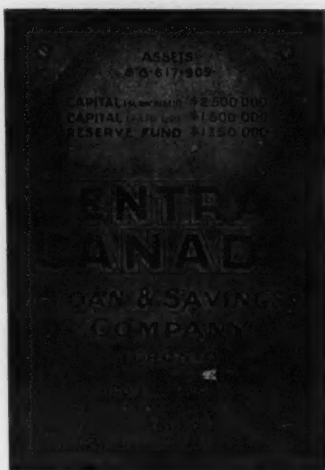
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MONTREAL, APRIL 21, 1910.

THERE may have been times when Sir William Van Horne kept the crowd "guessing" as to his attitude upon some important question, but no one with any claim, whatever to intelligence, could have made any mistake as to where he stood in 1906 and 1907 in the great Steel-Steel fight. The fight is now over, and the remarks are only suggested at this time by the recent re-appointment of Sir William to a place on the directorate of the Coal Co. It is all very reminiscent of the instability of things here below and of the constant changes which occur notwithstanding all the semblances of stability. In this connection, nowhere have changes of importance to the financial and industrial community taken place more rapidly than in the affairs of the companies mentioned.

At the time of the preliminary skirmish of the great fight, very little was known concerning the leanings of the directors of the two companies. It was assumed that those who were directors of the Steel Company, only, or of the Coal Company, only, would naturally side with their respective companies. It was of absorbing interest, however, to learn how the directors who were common to both companies would line up in the struggle. There were five such directors, namely: Sir William Van Horne, Hon. D. MacKeen, H. F. Dimmock, W. B. Ross and F. S. Pearson. The skirmishing line had not advanced very far before at least one of these made it perfectly clear which side he was on. That one was Sir William Van Horne. A meeting was held in November, 1906, to discuss the breach between the two companies, and if possible to repair it. Sir William has never been remarkable for his success in suppressing himself, so that it caused very little surprise when it began to be rumored that he had declared himself by resigning from the directorate of the Coal Company.

"Dear Mr. Ross." After the usual number of denials, the announcement of his resignation was made officially. It was generally understood that his interest in the Steel Company was very much greater than in the Coal Company, his holdings in the latter being in the vicinity of a couple of hundred shares. While this may have dictated his action to some extent, there is little doubt that there were other reasons of a much stronger nature. Now that the fight has been decided, it is interesting to note what were Sir William Van Horne's views upon the matter, as expressed to the president of the Coal Company in his letter of resignation. The letter was dated Nov. 10, 1906, and was addressed to "Dear Mr. Ross." It may be remembered that Sir William, a little later on, expressed his opinion of "Dear Mr. Ross" in unambiguous terms. However, upon this occasion, he addressed him nice and lady like. The letter was in part as follows:

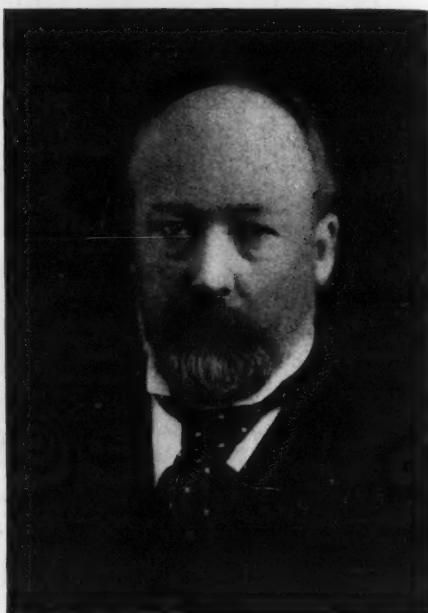
"While the individual action of the managers or even of the executive officers of the companies cannot destroy the effect of the contract which has been ratified by the Board of Directors of the both companies, such action may expose their respective companies to claims for damages, which in the present case are likely to be enormous; and the question of damages is not the only one to be considered, for very important public interests are involved and the effect of the present difficulty is likely to be far-reaching." Sir William then went on to say that the matter being of such importance would likely bring about Government interference; which prediction it may be remembered was at one time believed to be imminent. In conclusion, he said: "As a director in both companies, I am not aware that any of the acts that precipitated the present crisis were known to, or authorized by the Board of Directors of either company. What some directors may have known in their individual capacity makes no difference whatever and apparently this whole question has been governed by the views and temper of individuals."

The breach between the two companies, being the most prominent event of the day, it can be readily understood what a sensation was created by Sir William Van Horne's resignation from the Board of the Coal Co. as well as by the publication of the text of his lecture to the president of the Coal Co. The "street" was divided into two camps and every man was a partisan. Mr. Plummer and Sir William were the heroes of the Steel camp and Mr. James Ross, with J. Reid Wilson and possibly R. B. Angus, occupied a similar relationship on the other side. Some influence was no doubt brought to bear upon Sir William Van Horne, for within a few days we find him making an attempt to withdraw his resignation, the explanation for which withdrawal was that he considered he could do better work as a director of both companies than as a director of but one. It is not improbable that some of the members of the Board of the Coal Company were glad enough to have his resignation, for the withdrawal did not save his job. The Coal Board accepted the resignation, and it was announced that their letter notifying him of their acceptance crossed his letter of withdrawal, so that the step was irrevocable.

After many days, Sir William is back on the Coal Board and James Ross is gone. Those are the principal changes—so far as Wil-

Different Actors. liam and James are concerned. The other big change, of course, is that J. H. Plummer is president. Save for this, the board remains much as in the old days. James Reid Wilson, who backed James Ross throughout, is there; so are Geo. A. Cox, W. D. Matthews, Sir H. M. Pellatt, Lord Strathcona, F. L. Wanklyn, H. F. Dimmock, James Crathern—who if I remember correctly took Sir William Van Horne's place—and Hon. L. J. Forget, who certainly would not have been as welcome in the Coal camp in the old days as he is now.

There is something about Van Horne's attitude in that battle that must appeal to every fighter. He didn't believe in the fight and he knew why he didn't believe in it. Further, he gave his reasons to President Ross and all the rest of us and left the board because he didn't like the way things were going on. And James Ross never said a word but just lowered his head and locked horns with an Oh-just-let-me-at-him air. It did your heart good to see real men quit shaking their fists and employing them, figuratively speaking, to better purpose. So now, William is back and James is gone—I wonder if he is gone. He let 50,000 Coal shares go at \$95,000 net; I wonder how many he could get back at \$70, or how many he is getting back. There's no telling. Things here below are so uncertain.



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

sovereign, and the souvenir value immediately jumped the price of these coins to a high premium. It is just as well that there was at the time no serious attempt to put Canadian gold into circulation based on Dr. Reddick as a source of supply, for I understand that every five dollars of metal that came out of this mine cost ten dollars to produce. Mr. Bannell Sawyer was instrumental in promoting Reddick and shares of the Reddick were in those days bringing half a dollar or more. Now, they can be picked up in fair quantities at most any price one is willing to pay.

Before Confederation and when British Columbia was a colony, prior to the C.P.R. becoming a fact, an attempt was made to start a mint there to coin gold, but for some cause, that is to-day not readily to be ascertained, little, if any, real money was produced. It may have been that the business of getting into the Confederation served to sidetrack the mint proposition.

When the gold output of our mint attains any volume we will have to have an official standard here in Canada as to weight and fineness. At present I believe there is none. It is somewhat curious to note that the United States standard as to weight and fineness was sent over to that country from England many years ago. Recently when an official of the British mint was at Washington, the fact came up that bullion sent from England sixty years before was still carefully preserved in the Treasury as the standard for all American gold. It was kept in an internal safe and was referred to only to test the accuracy of other standards in use. This gentleman, when reference was made to the circumstance, rather astonished Treasury officials by intimating that the official standard might itself be a trifle inaccurate if it had remained untested for many years. Being produced it was carefully weighed and was found to have become, through oxidation of the gold, slightly overweight, to such a minute extent that calculations based on \$800,000,000 worth of gold having been dealt in with this bullion as standard showed that \$325.16 was the discrepancy between the intrinsic value of all this gold and what it had been set down at according to the standard.

On the subject of money it is interesting to note that while a silver twenty-five cent piece, in common with the other silver coins of smaller and larger denomination issued by the Dominion, are in themselves legal tender, that silver is legal tender only to the amount of ten dollars. That is to say, if one chose to rely on his strict rights he might refuse to accept in payment of an account Canadian silver coins to over the value of ten dollars. And the large unwieldy coppers we have in Canada are good as legal tender only to the extent of twenty-five cents. The reason is that the actual value of each coin denomination is not contained in the piece itself, unlike gold coins.

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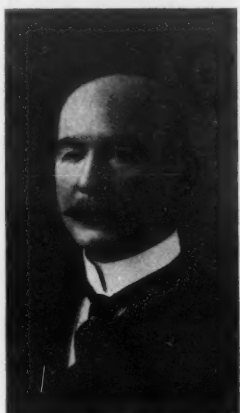
This new gold coinage may prove of some advertising value to the nation. The yellow discs will find their way to distant parts of the earth, and who knows but that as a result a little added prestige may come our way.

As a concession to British Columbia and what is referred to as general sentiment of the West, there will also be a new Canadian silver dollar coined. This "cartwheel" as it is aptly designated in the United States, is a large heavy piece. Three or four of them in a pocket make their weight distinctly felt. Yet it seems to be a popular medium at that.

Colonel James Mason, of Toronto, who, at the recent meeting of the Dominion Coal Company at Montreal, was elected a director of that company to replace James Ross, who retired, is General Manager of the Home Bank of Canada. Colonel Mason has had the somewhat unusual experience of seeing the bank

in the old Toronto Savings Bank, decorated a high stool in that office. The Toronto Savings started business here in 1854 and its first headquarters still stands on Church street doing duty today as a branch of the Home Bank. Colonel Mason began his career there in 1868. When in 1878 Toronto Savings became the Home Savings & Loan Company, Colonel Mason was made manager. After twenty eight years of success the loan company, which had started out to be a bank, decided to follow its original bent and, in the year 1906, it emerged under the title of the Home Bank of Canada with Colonel Mason appointed as Manager. The old loan company had a fine record behind it. One of the last corporate acts of the company was to pay its shareholders in stock in the Home Bank an equivalent of double what they had put in for each share they possessed of the Home Savings & Loan Company. And in addition, shareholders received a thirty per cent. cash bonus on their holdings. The Home Bank has six city branches now and a number throughout the country.

It is no new thing for Colonel Mason to sit on a coal



COL. JAMES MASON,
 New Coal Director.

board. For some years he formed one of the directorate of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, resigning in company with a number of other gentlemen two years ago.

Friends of Mr. E. R. Wood say that he has evolved a new form of rest cure that is working admirably. Instead of slipping off to the country and getting the hammer-knocks out of his brain through solace of silence, the head of the Central Canada Loan & Savings Company has gone to New York city. There Mr. Wood has hired a pocket-edition automobile. He enters it about ten o'clock every morning and whirls around the city and out into the environs, choosing new routes every day and returning to his stopping place late in the evening with the machine. There is much to be said in favor of this. The beautiful roads leading from New York would shame the thoroughfares that run from Toronto. And the ocean near at hand furnishes a breeze that is itself tonic in quality. It may also be that Mr. Wood will return here with a larger outlook as to the future of the combined Coal-Steel companies.

There are those who are inclined to the belief that all will not be plain sailing before the projected consolidation of Dominion Steel and Dominion Coal becomes a reality. Whether the idea advanced by the writer of the following letter will commend itself to any extent to those who have charged themselves with the business of uniting these companies, must be guess work. Here is the letter:—

Dear Sir:—Your account of R. Forget's plans re Scotia stock is very interesting reading. Now would it not be a good plan to try and merge Nova Scotia Steel and Dominion Coal? The two companies virtually control the coal output of Nova Scotia and the iron ore deposits of Nova Scotia would enable them to form a strong competitor to the Dominion Steel.

I think this would be very popular with the Dominion Coal shareholders who have some reason to be disappointed at the treatment now being meted out to them. Probably the holders of the James Ross stock would approve of this move and be quite willing to pool their stock with the others. I would suggest that if any move is made that no effort be made to buy a controlling interest, but call a meeting of the Coal shareholders and carry the thing through fair and above board.

The small shareholders of Coal would, I think, look with favor upon the merger as being more to their interest than the gobbling up by Steel.

The Punster.

PUNS are perfectly awful. Almost any teacher of rhetoric can tell you that. It comes about the middle of the book or maybe it is more toward the back. A punster is, therefore, a person of inferior intelligence. Shun a punster. There is absolutely only one way to treat him and that is with silent contempt, with the accent on the silent. If you encourage him he will haul out his whole stock and fire them at you. If you curse, revile, or upbraid him, he will only congratulate himself that his effort at supposed wit has been understood by his auditors, which, of course, is an insult to you; but don't notice it. If you hit him over the head with a club he will probably come up smiling and remark that it was a "decided hit" or a "funny crack." It is impossible to insult a punster. No matter what you say he falls to work with a zest to dissect your remarks for word plays. No. Keep silent. That's the only way. He might think you are too shallow to appreciate him, but never mind. If you ever feel the desire coming on to make a pun, just remember that you cannot play on words without making a discord, and that's no pun, but a figure of speech.—Exchange.



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 The Quirinal Palace, Rome (in the middle background), where King Victor Emmanuel of Italy received Colonel Roosevelt a few days ago. The photograph shows a State procession.

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E. I. Rosenfeld, President of The Fiduciary Company, Chicago, objects to what was stated in these columns a short time since regarding Aganico mines. The president's letter is much too lengthy to publish. He suggests that if the opinion of competent mining engineers is desired that we note what W. H. Spencer and K. J. Sundstrom have reported. Our statement that no silver values have shown is wrong because assays have shown 100 oz., the president says. We err also, to his mind, in stating that Bucke has never produced a mine, citing Green-Meehan as a sample mine. The property has been purchased, and payments have been made and will be completed in the near future, according to Mr. R. He calls attention to the fact that the Aganico company owns lead and zinc properties at Dubuque, Iowa, and points out that while the authorized capital of the Aganico company was \$5,000,000, that 3,700,000 shares have been replaced in the treasury.

The President thinks our comment was away off. I don't agree. I allowed this company 250 acres. It possesses only 198. Neither of the engineers mentioned in the prospectus has ever been connected with a producing mine, to my knowledge. As for our running 100 ounces—that's a mere aggravation to induce further operating expense. Because Green-Meehan has shipped a car or two of ore doesn't make it a mine, and I repeat no consistently workable vein has yet been found in Bucke township. A block of Aganico was offered last week at 22 cents. If the Dubuque lead and zinc mine has been operating 35 years I should think it about played out.

J. F. G., Hamilton, Ont., thinks there might be money for him in the proposition of the Centreville Mine and Milling Co. of Idaho, which aims to recover Monazite from the placer sands of the Boise River basin.

If I were you I'd feel the water before going in.

B. B., Brucefield, asks about taking stock in the Canadian Dustproof Window Shade Co., Ltd.

This might turn out well. Note, however, that of the directors one is the inventor and the other three are professional men. Think over the statement also that if only a quarter the number of blinds it expects to sell are sold at one-quarter the expected profit, that 25 per cent. dividends will result. When you discover an industrial company paying 100 per cent. profit, let me know.

G. L., St. Thomas: Sorry I can't hold out any hope for you regarding your Century Silver Mining Co. It's been muddling along since 1906. A year ago some people thought there was going to be something doing. The thing is somewhere near Green-Meehan, but it appears to be worse even than that one.

Berlin, April 12.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Kindly give me your opinion of Rochester, Gifford and Cobalt Central as speculations at present prices.

BERLIN READER.

They are all on the bargain counter. Leave them alone.

Emergence from bondage! Don't lose a minute! Get together all the money you can beg, borrow or steal and send it along to J. N. Sechrest & Co., Buffalo, who are cutting a melon. These people have been able to get hold of the Providence Copper Company proposition, and you can get in on the whole circus at the price of a dollar a share marked down from five dollars par.

This "mine" is in Arizona. If you don't believe there's a mine there, go down and see. The Mail and Empire gives over a page for this spring opening announcement of the Buffalo people.

It's a big whoop and a hurrah and it means come on in, the water's fine.

We'll teach you how to swim!

Our old subscriber, GEORGE H. MUNROE, has blossomed out in the oil well business. From New York comes a curb market letter which tells us all about "August Oil." It appears that they tried to call it "July Oil," but someone else had pre-empted that name. Anyhow, August Oil Company has a property, which is said to be right among and a close neighbor to practically all the "gushers" in the State of California. Among a long list of officers of the August Oil Company is that of GEORGE H. MUNROE, who is described as a capitalist. "These gentlemen," says the circular, "are all prominent business and professional men of Southern California." However, I'll bet that that the Munroe referred to is the Munroe who for so long was Toronto's honored guest.

Hamilton, March 31, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Will you kindly let me know the prospects of Gifford, Cobalt, so far as you understand them? A friend of mine in Orillia bought some of this at about 25c., and wants to buy more. The price is now 15c. Any information will be greatly appreciated.

C. T. A.

See "Comments on Cobalt" for Gifford, in last week's issue.

Paul Fahr, Hamburg, Germany, is sending out another "Imperial" live wire about his "Erste Klasse" lottery. This reminds me of the dollars "lucky box" proposition framed up in New York a few years since. For pure nerve, I think that had most other schemes frazzled. The promoters made a contract with a wood-working factory to turn them out by the thousand circular solid boxes. They advertised that the possession of one would bring "luck" to whoever kept it on his person. A lucky box would insure business success, avert accidents and induce longevity. It was so wild that it worked. Thousands were sold at a dollar apiece. Then the cops came on the run. The boxes and the lottery are of the same family.

There are a good many bull tips being handed around regarding the Black Lake Asbestos proposition in Quebec. The industry is an important one, and investors are fully warranted in investigating this and other companies formed to work the asbestos field. When the Amalgamated Asbestos corporation was formed, it was then stated that they controlled eighty per cent. of the yield of this district, which meant about seventy per cent. of the world's supply. Amalgamated has not yet had a clear year to work in, and has paid nothing so far. The following details of Black Lake come from Mr. A. D. Morrow, with

Aemilius Jarvis & Co. They will be of interest to a number who have written regarding this proposition:

The properties comprise some 5,300 acres, situated at Black Lake, on the Quebec Central Railway sixty-five miles from Quebec in the proved asbestos zone. The Johnston and Amalgamated are neighbors. The mill is situated a few hundred yards distant from the railroad, and owing to its elevation can dump waste rock over the sides of the hills. The mill has a nominal capacity of 1,200 tons of asbestos rock per day. The machinery is modern. The Shawinigan Power Company will furnish electric power for the mill, which is looked upon as insuring a saving in operating expense. A great many showings of asbestos have been uncovered and fibres or veins examined. The mill may be in operation by May 1, and its erection may be duplicated by another on the Imperial section of the property, the whole mill property being laid out with an idea of extending economically. The company is in a position to pay cash for all its machinery. The new mill is estimated at 1,200 tons capacity per day. If 1,000 tons per day are turned out for 200 days in the year, yielding 6 per cent. asbestos, the company will thus have for sale 12,000 tons.

The company seems satisfied that with this production good earnings can be made.

Chamby Canton, Que., April 4, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

I got hold of SATURDAY NIGHT by accident, and I think it the best paper published for the small investor, and I feel as though I can't afford to be without it, so I enclose you \$1.50 for six months' subscription, and would ask you if you can give me any information on the Havilah Gold Mines?

The Havilah Gold Mines is, I confess, somewhat of an enigma. Havilah was incorporated quite a few years ago with a million dollars capital, \$750,000 issued. The claim comprises some 169 acres in Calverly township, Algoma, and the patent was issued originally some fifteen years ago. It is said that the records of production were lost when the head office was at Chicago.

I believe it to be true that a matter of some ten years or so



Attention, Geese!

An advertising man of Vancouver with a statistical talent, sends in the prospectus of a proposed Goose-Farm Company, and although the whole thing is fanciful purely, it makes an argument that is about as specious and convincing as ninety per cent. of the stuff loosed by the hot-air department of concerns out after easy money.

Purchase 1,000 geese at a dollar a head. Each goose will lay three eggs per week, or 156 eggs per year. These hatched produce 156,000 more geese. Add to that the original 1,000 and we have 157,000 geese. In the second year, by the simple process of multiplying, the giant total of 12,560,000 geese would be on hand, which could be sold as dressed geese, for \$18,955,500. The feathers would bring in—25,274,000 pounds at 15 cts. per lb.—a matter of \$3,791,100.00. Then there would be the goose livers, quills sold for toothpicks, bills sold to button factories, etc., available for the market. The expense of handling would be about \$75,000.

The net profit in two years would be \$406,903,814.

The country is full of schemers that couldn't earn ten dollars a week in a wholesale house, who are piling up propositions for the "investor" that possess about as much actual merit as the above goose-farm propaganda. Substitute Ozone Oil Company, Massive Cobalt Mine, or Bentless Hair-Pin Co. for the Goose-Farm, cut down estimates of profit, stick in reports of engineers and "experts," and a wily promoter will make in money that has as much chance of ever returning dividends as the goose-farm has of making \$406,903,814 in two years.

ago the Allis-Chalmers people, who had put in some \$55,000 worth of machinery, including a twenty-stamp mill, took the proposition over and worked it or had it worked in their interest till it yielded either a part or the whole of the liability to the company. Then the plant was left.

But within the last several years Havilah again popped into prominence. Some of the most absurd and extravagant statements have been circulated by "insiders" about the value of the ore. One report was there were splashes of gold running through samples as big as a twenty-five cent piece. A certain ultra-enthusiast said a hundred tons of ore had been taken out that would surprise the mining world. Then we have on record the statement from a man interested that a hundred tons had been taken out that would run \$4,000 a ton. He was also satisfied that some would run \$20,000 a ton—and this is years after Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. It is to be dizzy. The curious statement was made by the same optimist that the average would be from \$100 to \$140 per ton, which, as you may know, is so rich that it would pay huge dividends.

I hear that one of the officials took shares instead of money for his salary. The mill was to have been in operation this January, but two months ago the "nothing doing" sign was up on the plant and a man that went down there from this city to witness a test came back disappointed. There you have it in a nutshell.

"Country," Mildmay, holds 500 Cobalt Majestic, 100 Beaver and 100 Petersen Lake, and wants advice whether to sell.

Sell, and get your mind off Cobalt and on to something useful.

Alex., Peterboro, wants to know:—(1) Do I advise purchase of Rio? (2) Will Chambers-Ferland go higher? (3) Is Quebec Railway a good buy?

(1) Rio sagged recently as an expected announcement of increase in dividend was not made. The issue is largely speculative in nature. (2) Possibly. (3) Read last week's page for an answer to this.

J. R. G., Orangeville, encloses some curb-broker-like sheets from the International Securities Company of Winnipeg, and wants advice.

These combination offers of Yukon Basin and Stewart River gold dredging concerns at four cents a share are all buncombe. The market is flooded with gold dredging stocks of companies that never expect to market an ounce of gold, never have and never will.

A question was asked recently respecting Munro Mines. J. E. Carter, of Guelph, a director, informs us that this property is in Munro and Guibord townships, eight miles from Matheson, on the T. & N. O. Railway.

It embraces two claims, has \$750,000 capital, par \$1, with 350,000 shares in the treasury. The Monarch and the Gold Coin

claims comprise the property. The assessment work has been done on the latter. An 83-foot shaft has been sunk on the Monarch, with 70 feet of drifting and 60 feet of cross-cutting. A car of quartz has been taken out and another is said to be in sight. Assays are said to have run from \$20 to \$160 and as high as \$670 to \$7,000 in the pay-streak. The company hopes to have a mill run soon. No bonus stock has been paid to anyone and directors receive no remuneration, Mr. Carter says.

Silverton, B.C., April 9.

Would four hundred dollars put into Victoria Park, Fort William property, be a good investment for an "ordinary working plug?"

Unless you have a good supply of magic, you can't tell whether a thing you have never seen is going to pay you or not, dealing with a land proposition. However, I have secured a report on this property, which is put on the market by J. J. Carrick. This Victoria Park and also Marri-day Park in Port Arthur are both being sold on the expectation that these twin cities will attain rapid and substantial growth. At Marri-day Park, it is said, a large amount of improvement work has been done. They say six miles of concrete walk will be built there this year, and that an electric line will be put through to connect with the city line. Carrick seems to have a pretty good reputation as a live real estate broker, but I know nothing as to what price he will ask for lots in this section.

Victoria Park seems to be in the way of figuring as one of the residential sections of Fort William. Whether both or either of these are "good investments" is a question I would not undertake to answer. I would just as soon buy a horse with the stable door locked, as a rule, as to pick up land without seeing it. If you can't do that, secure a report from some disinterested source.

I have received letters and maps from a Chicago concern who want to sell me a farm in the Santa Rose Plantation Co. of Florida. What do you know about this company?

J. E. H.

You are in wrong. You think you have received a personal letter from Charles E. Cessna. You haven't. They have sent a two-cent stamp on shipping you a communication reproduced by process. Thousands of others have been equally favored. The sunshine-and-clouds picture at the top of the letter spells "fake."

When attempts are made to dispose of "farm" property in this way, though a Chicago agent, the reason is that they can't sell it any other way. Some of these Chicago and New York gentlemen sell lots all over the world without possessing in fee simple a real acre to their credit. They don't hesitate for a minute to sell you swamp or goose pasture worth nothing at \$50 per acre if they can get it and as long as people with more money than brains lay themselves open by answering their cunning communications the game will go on. Suppose instead of letting that "con" talk about "warranty" deed and Iron-Clad-Money-Back Guarantee sink into your system, that you get in touch with a reputable business agency in Chicago and ask them how President Cessna is "rated." "Invest" in Cobalt wild-cats and lose your money nearer home.

Hastings, April 14, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Would you tell me in your "Gold and Dross" column if you think the Combined Goldfields, Ltd., of Larder Lake a good prospect at ten cents per share? Also give your opinion of the management.

J. H.

Combined Goldfields, Limited, is an honest attempt to develop a low grade Larder Lake proposition. The company is well officered and I am informed on good authority that available funds have been honestly and economically spent. Remember Mr. H. that this is not a mine. It is just a prospect, but neither is the management asking mine prices for the stock. The ore is low grade, and this of itself is a favorable indication. How much of an ore body the company will have eventually is, of course, still in the future. The company has completed its assessment work, and there is an assay plant on the property.

F. A. H., Ingersoll, writes in for information about the Colonial Portland Cement Co.

This proposition is at Warton. Has a fine dead plant there. The last time I was in that district I was told that the management had been throwing a good deal of valuable material into the lake instead of working it. That may or may not be true. I understand, however, that this company hasn't made good, and is not operating.

P. H., Whitby. I would not touch the promotion you mention. The restricting of a company to the payment of not over a certain percentage in dividends is sometimes followed by those interested watering the stock. This is seen most often in companies holding a public franchise.

Windsor, April 12, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Dross:

Your exposures are of incalculable benefit to the Canadian public. It seems to me that the enclosed palpable fake should be written up.

(Sgd) H. T. W. Ellis, K.C.

I have taken several cracks at this Sunset Oil Co. sinner. Western papers fairly teem with these page and half-page displays. My opinion is that the nearest Crown Attorney should get right out after such propositions.

P. W. A., Ottawa, says he holds ten thousand shares of Bailey-Cobalt which he purchased at 12 1/2 cents per share. Will he hold?

Bailey-Cobalt is of course a gamble. It may make good and again it may not. The chances are about on a par with the realizing value of the stock. We cannot foretell the future any more than you can.

A Clinton subscriber queries as to whether it would be advisable to put \$500 into International Tool Steel Co. as an investment.

This company has not yet proved in the way of earnings that it is an investment. I told an inquirer last week to wait till it does. I don't know whether it will pay dividends or whether it won't.

A. L. P., Cannington, Ont., would appreciate my view as to whether Hall Gowganda Mining Co. would turn out a safe investment.

My view is it would not.

I am sorry to disagree with S. F. H., of Brantford, who liked the look of the American Co. profit-sharing offer as per magazine advertisement. The thing does not, superficially, appeal to me. But you will never improve your own judgment unless you use it.

R. B. B. writes in from his habitat, which happens to be a steamship in Toronto harbor, asking for information about Silver Bird.

The answer is that Silver Bird is so dead that it would take a George Munroe to revive it. Frank Law got this one off and queried addressed to him concerning it will first be opened by the Warden of Kingston penitentiary.

A reference made in these columns recently to the Hanson silver mine—sort of a suggestion that maybe as a real mine there wasn't any too much to the proposition—resulted in a visit to this office from Mr. J. L. Davidson, secretary-treasurer of the company. Mr. Davidson stated

at the outset, with no beating about the bush, that he had a kick coming, and after a conversation he was afforded the opportunity to point out any unfairness or inaccuracy that had occurred in commenting on Hanson. It was intimated to this official that if Hanson was one of those good things that might some day pay real money to its shareholders, we would be glad to publish any proofs or near-proofs to that effect.

When the official did return, he brought along for publication matter written on one lone sheet of paper. The first paragraph was a statement to the effect that SATURDAY NIGHT was in error in its former reference to this proposition. Mr. Davidson was notified that this would not be published, and stated that he would be perfectly satisfied then to have the second paragraph used. Here it is:

The Hanson mine is a going concern, has a regular day and night shift of miners, is making good progress, and a very live mine. Their pay-rolls for several months past show a good staff of miners working constantly.

Two cars of ore have been shipped since the first of this year and a letter received Monday of this week states another car of high grade ore will leave the property within a few days.

Asked why he had not furnished an intelligible report as to the present status of Hanson, the secretary stated that he did not want to prepare the same without the authority of the board of directors. If there are any facts in the above brief report as handed in that might serve to re-assure shareholders, they are not visible to the naked eye. If Hanson is a "very live mine," it ought to be the easiest thing in the world for an official of the company to prove it by giving facts. The general statement is made that two cars of ore have been shipped since the first of the year. What kind of ore was it? Where was it taken from? What did it yield, or what did it assay? These are a few of the things that it might be expected the company would comment on when it was given the opportunity to furnish facts to offset what was objected to on this page.

BURGLARS & CO., Limited

The difference between a burglar and a man who runs a bucket-shop is that the former has no office and as a rule works only at night. So many queries have come in as to what the term means and what happens to people that go there, that I am making it pretty plain what bucketting is, and what it isn't.

You have heard the expression and you know the uselessness of dropping a bucket in an empty well. That is what every one does who goes into a bucket shop. The term is applied to certain criminal offices posing as brokers, whose assets consist of a blackboard, a lot of nice easy chairs, a few tons of perverted literature and the fact that a sucker is born every minute. When you order a real broker to buy you a stock, he orders the shares from some exchange where shares are dealt in. A broker will hand you over the scrip in exchange for your cheque, and you can do what you like with it: take it to your bank and raise money on it, if the bank's agreeable or the broker will do this for you. But the bucket-shop fakir—the word I imagine comes from buccaneer, a pirate—takes your order but he does not attempt to fill it for you. If you see tickers in his office, they are merely giving quotations. If you trace a telegraph wire leading from the premises you will find it runs either to another bucket shop or to a hole in the ground. You've got to lose every time or the bucketeer can't make money. Just paste that in your lid. Besides trying to steer you onto the stocks that are going to sag, the bucket brigand won't stop at crime to beat you out. Suppose your friend the dentist—seems to be a whole host of dentists engaged in speculation with their eye teeth uncut—suppose he hands you out a hot tip that "Zip" is going up. You enter the gilded palace and buy "Zip." If that stock does rise, Bill Bucket has to pay you real money and he'd almost rather go to jail than do it. So he "coppers" on you. He grabs a handful of money that "Investors" have sent in to him and he sends around to a real exchange and sells this stock like fury. He does this to depreciate the price. That enables him to buy in to cover his short dealings and at the same time it knocks the props away from your estimated profits. A favorite time for bucketeers to work new suckers is when a good proposition that is too high takes a sag. Then every barber, deck-hand and law student that reads financial dope thinks he sees a chance to make a boy Morgan out of himself. The bucket brigand flashes his "con" advice into offices and homes to "buy"—there's a ten or twenty point advance in sight right away. The unbitten one sends along margin. The shares gain two or three points but he won't sell. The bucketeer tells him not to: wait for the real rise. The real rise never comes.

The only real rise the victim gets out of it is when the alarm clock jars him off early to work the next morning. The margins he has sent along puts a crimp in his salary for a month or more to come. These joints infest every city and town.

The people that run them are not as honest as a burglar, because the latter takes a whole lot of chances of getting a soft nose in his anatomy every time he goes out. One's just as much against the law as the other,

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth's plea that a small bell be fastened by a ribbon to the neck of the house cat to give warning of its approach to the thrushes, robins and other tame wild birds that contribute to the attractiveness of suburban gardens should be heeded. Few people realize what an enemy of bird life the cat is. A naturalist is authority for the statement that in Massachusetts many more birds are killed each year by cats than by the pot hunters. The average cat is well fed and cared for, and the gentle thrush with its silvery song or the friendly robin is not essential to the cat's diet; in fact, is a tidbit cruelly seized and grossly eaten.—N. Y. Sun.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

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ALLAN Passion Play, Ober-Ammergau, May to September.
Japan-British Exhibition, London, May to October.
ROYAL Belgian International Exposition, Brussels, May to October.
MAIL World Missionary Conference, Edinburgh, June 12 to 22.
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Births, Marriages and Deaths.
BIRTHS.
DE ROCHE—At Melville, Sask., on Tuesday, April 19, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. P. de Roche, a daughter.
MARRIAGES.
MACDONALD—GOODCHILD—At 22 Bloor street east, Toronto, on Thursday, April 14, 1910, Annie Elizabeth Goodchild, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goodchild, Craigleith, to William Alexander Macdonald, M.D., Windsor, Ont.
DEATHS.
SMITH—At Clinton, on Saturday, April 16, 1910, Sidney H., husband of Nello McHardy Smith, and only son of the late Henry Smith, Reg.

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Rare Old Arms
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Comprising the following famous shah, Tabriz, Shiraz, Kazak, Mousoul, makes: Royal Boukhara, Kirman-Daghistan, Kabristan, Afghan, Cashmere, Seropy, Meshot, Korassan, Goravan, Moushgabot, Mohal, Ardebel, Ferazhan, Iran, Samarcand, Shirvan, Lahore, Battola Rugs and Large Carpets, in all sizes conceivable.
The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the art-loving public and connoisseurs of rare Eastern Rugs that this consignment of 12 bales surpasses any collection previously offered in the city.
Under instructions from a leading Rug Importing House of Montreal, we will sell the entire collection positively without reserve for the account of whom it may concern.

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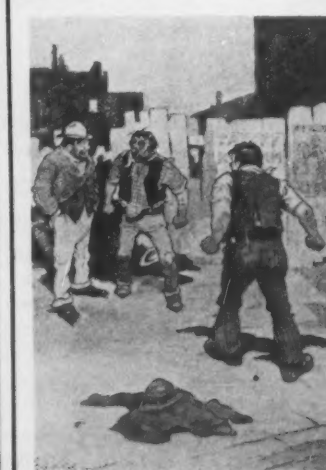
Tenderfoot at Poker.
"Poor Pat Sheedy," said a sporting editor, "used to entertain me when I visited his art shop with gambling tales."
"There was one tale about a sandwich that I rather liked. It seems, according to this tale, that a bar-keeper in Tombstone, or Dead Cat, or some such town, connived with three sharpers, and God help any tenderfoot that ever ventured to sit in a little poker game among that crew!"
"One night the tenderest tenderfoot imaginable after half a dozen drinks in the saloon agreed to take a hand in a dollar-limit game."
"Things went along in the usual way for a while; then an amazing series of nods and winks began to pass about. The bartender had signalled that the tenderfoot held four kings on the draw. There were more nods and winks and betting began."
"In the midst of the betting a waiter brought sandwiches and



SEE "AUNTIE AMELIA'S OWN CORNER."
Pet: "Are you reading the 'Ladies' Home Paper,' Granny?"
Granny: "Yes, pet."
Pet: "Then I wish you'd turn to where it tells you how to get ink-stains out of pug dogs."—The Sketch.

whisky in order to distract the tenderfoot, and while the poor dupe was tossing off his drink the sharper next him slipped a sixth card on to his hand, thus, of course, nullifying it.
"The unconscious tenderfoot took up a huge sandwich, bit off a large mouthful, and began to bet again. Right and left, of course, they raised him. He ate on, and bet away calmly. An enormous sum lay on the table."
"Then, suddenly, the bartender resumed his nods and winks. He was terribly excited. Something was wrong. The sharpers, a little anxious, called the tenderfoot."
"The tenderfoot finished the last bite of his sandwich, took a long drink of whisky, and laid down his original five cards. Then, in silence, he gathered in his vast pile of winnings, and with a cool nod took his leave."
"After his departure there was a terrible time."
"What the dickens did he do with that sixth card?" the sharpers cried.
"Didn't you see? Didn't you see?" cried the bartender, dancing up and down with rage. "He ate it with his sandwich!"

THE ONLY DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE to BUFFALO, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, DETROIT AND CHICAGO.
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His Backer: "Why don't you stop some of 'em?"
The Almost Vanquished: "Stop 'em! I ain't lettin' many pass me, am I?"
The Sketch.



The Absent Minded Reader

Chiefly for the accommodation of those passengers who like to read while they ride, the Toronto Railway Company is altering the present arrangement of lights in the cars. A single row of lights in the middle of the roof illumines the car well enough for ordinary purposes, but a row of lights on each side immediately above the seats makes reading much more pleasant. Not only is the light better, but the shadows of people standing in front of seated passengers are not cast on the page.

The comfort of the passengers who read in the cars having been a matter of some concern on the part of the Company, it is only fair that these passengers should be asked in return to show some consideration, not for the Company, but for the other passengers. If they will be thoughtful in the matter of occupying seating room, the Company will be encouraged to still further consider their convenience.

It is a coincidence that it is in the hours of the day when travel is heaviest that most reading is done on the cars. A passenger boards a car, finds a seat, and instantly is transported to Wall Street, to Ottawa, or to the scene of the Baseball team's operations by the particular news in which he is interested. Engrossed in the paper which is spread out before him, he doesn't notice that other people are standing, and that he is occupying more room than he needs. It is not often that one man takes up the room of two, but it is quite common for two to be spread over seats for three.

Seeing a passenger busy reading, other passengers, rather than disturb him, are apt to be backward about exercising their claim to part of the room he is occupying. At this time, too, the conductor, who is supposed to see that the seating accommodation is fairly distributed, is so busy with his other duties that the proper seating of passengers is apt to be overlooked, with the result that many needlessly stand while others occupy unnecessary space.

For the reasons mentioned, newspaper readers are conspicuous offenders in this respect, but it is to be hoped that, once the matter is brought to their attention, they will be more considerate.

JAMES GUNN,
Superintendent, Toronto Railway Company.

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The Kodak Cameras are so built that they will take the best possible pictures under the worst possible conditions.

But to get good prints, all the conditions must be of the best.

I recently spent two weeks at the Rochester factory of Kodak, imbibing methods.

I have since my return installed the best equipment procurable, and now can handle, develop, and print 600 rolls of film a day.

Every print I make is of the same high class as turned out in the factory, and will have the same fine finish as the prints which are to be on exhibition at Association Kodak Hall by the Canadian Kodak Co., from May 9 to 14.

Call at our store for free invitation.

If you're tired of bad prints, send your negatives or films to me from any part of Canada, and I'll send them back the next day—finished.

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MOTORING

THAT the automobile has come to stay is evidenced by the enormous demands made upon the manufacturers at the present time. Perhaps never in the world's history has an industry reached such an important magnitude in so short a time, as has the manufacture of automobiles, and it is said that the business is still in its infancy. As a money-making proposition the automobile industry has been greater in proportion than the gold discoveries of California and the Klondike. The building of automobiles has probably been the most fertile field in the world to make two—and even ten dollars—grow where one grew before. It has been a legitimate get-rich-quick scheme for many, but for the more conservative a logical, safe and enduring place of investment. The city of Detroit manufactures more automobiles than any other city in the world, but few appreciate the marvellous growth of the industry during the past few months. Previous to Jan. 1, 1909, there were twelve automobile manufacturers in Detroit, with a capitalization of \$7,865,000. During the year of 1909 twenty-one new companies, with a capitalization of \$4,000,000, began the manufacturing of automobiles in Detroit.

IRSHIPS may at some future time be the leading factors in war, but should two nations engage in strife in the immediate future, the automobile would hold a far more important place than the machine which operates through space. In other words, while aerial experts are still arguing among themselves and holding to individual opinions regarding the possibilities of annihilating the foe from the overhead station, the automobiles are constantly being put through new tests which more and more show their availability for war purposes. In the manoeuvres last summer in Southeastern Massachusetts, the automobile played a very important part in the carrying of despatches, transporting of men and supplies, and as the possibilities of the motor vehicle for this line of work become more evident, so do the mechanical experts pursue their experiments the more persistently to learn wherein they can improve upon the present models.

At first, motor-cycles played a more important part than heavy motor vehicles in army usage, and they are still invaluable for despatch riding, for scouting, and for the rapid conveyance of small detachments. But for the task of transferring a large body of men from one point to another in the quickest possible time; for the transference of supplies with the utmost speed, the larger vehicle stands first and foremost. Instances are many in the history of wars where the services of the motor would, in all probability, have completely altered the turn of the war. Had the Boers known the exact strength and condition of the cavalry brigade which cut them off from the road to Bloemfontein at the Modder drift, they certainly could have swept it aside. Detachments mounted on cycles or motor vehicles need only to be thoroughly trained, in order that there shall be no wild confusion in a column, to make them a most formidable factor. In the South African War, when a convoy was attacked, it generally suffered severe loss, if not capture, but the motor vehicle convoy would be an altogether different proposition, for its defenders would only have to turn on the full power of the motors, speed away from the enemy and all except the drivers give their entire attention to preparing a hot reception for the enemy's charge.

Not only would the motor vehicles especially constructed for war purposes be of service in such times, but a multitude of private cars could be utilized, just the same as vessels of the merchant marine are converted into supply ships and cruisers for operations on the water. In Great Britain and Ireland for example, there are nearly 200,000 motor cars and motor cycles, the former slightly in the preponderance. It can readily be imagined what a part the private cars and motor busses might play if England were invaded by a continental army. They could carry thousands of troops to the point assailed, or could be employed in moving detachments of infantry of from 500 to 1,000 men very rapidly, to guard a bridge, railway station, or landing place, until the main body of troops could be assembled.

GET YOUR FISHING TACKLE
READY.

Trout season opens May 1st, and the early fisherman catches big fish. The "Good Spots" are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System. For further information call at G. T. R. city ticket office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone, Main 4200.

Oriental Rugs

Important New Shipments

JUST ARRIVED

WE have been busy in the Carpet Department checking off and pricing a big shipment of Oriental Rugs just received. Everything is now ready and we invite you to come and look over the whole superb collection.

There are rugs of all sizes from silken fireside mats up to large room carpets and palace strips. Many are fine antiques. All have been most carefully selected and can be depended upon as good examples of these various makes.

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MOUSSOUL	KAZAK	STRIPS
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So intricately beautiful are some of these examples of Eastern handicraft and so wonderfully durable that one can only marvel at the smallness of the price at which we find it possible to import and sell them.

Each Rug is tagged in plain figures with our one and only price. The range is a broad one, beginning at \$17.50, at which figure you can select a handsome Shirvan and ascending through many grades to \$450.00 for a beautiful Kiermanshah.

We invite correspondence with regard to these Rugs from out-of-town residents.

JOHN KAY COMPANY

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TORONTO

Limited



Oakville Jottings—Being a Narrative Concerning Tuxedo Park, which is on the River Sixteen, near the Shores of Lake Ontario.

AND lo! it was in the days of the comet that these things happened which are herewith set down.

A certain section of the town of Oakville, which is sought after by the great and influential citizens of the city of Toronto, was secured and divided into building sites for the benefit of the man of moderate means.

And these same sections, known as building lots, are offered to the prudent buyer who would have for himself a home in a delightful part of the land, and at the price of \$6 to \$10 the foot front.

This same Tuxedo Park, being easy of access from Toronto, only forty minutes by railway coach over the steel highway of the Grand Trunk Railway, enableth the busy man of trade to reside therein with comfort and profit to himself, and much enjoyment unto his family.

The lots being of the extent of 50 feet one way by 147 feet the other, do give ample room for the putting up of a bungalow or a lasting structure in which to live throughout the year.

There are commutation tickets, on the

purchase of which the railway will carry one to or from Tuxedo Park for 13c. This is much to be preferred to street cars, which are afflicted greatly with dirt, much people hanging to straps, and ill-fitting seats. The railway coaches are large, warm, not unduly filled, and withal comfortable to ride upon. The merry school children may travel in the same way for 6c.

Electric tramways connect Tuxedo Park with the neighboring city of Hamilton every hour, and it has been decided that in the time soon to come the two railways known as the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern will likewise pass between Toronto and Hamilton, touching at Tuxedo Park.

To the man who is engaged all through the day in the arduous pursuits of business in the metropolis, a home 'midst the charms of the country like unto those of an English village, will be to him a thing of much content and joy.

Tuxedo Park is in a land of flowers and fruit and honey. The large, luscious, early strawberry comes from Oakville. The near-by farms abound in fruits, large

and small. The Park itself was a large orchard, and every lot has its goodly portion of trees and shrubs.

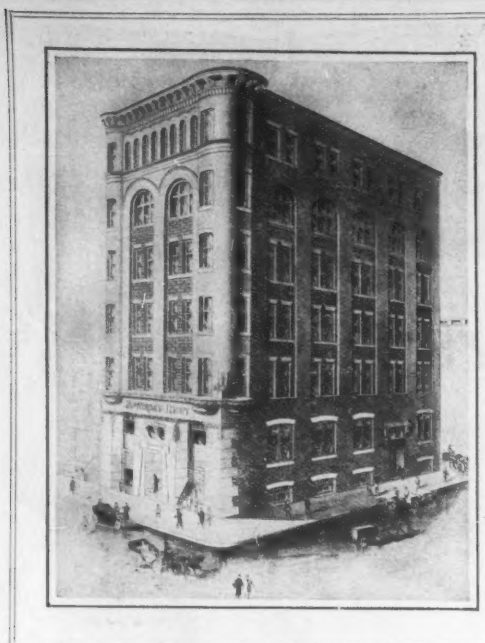
Much land adjacent to Oakville has fallen into the hands of men of great wealth, who have built thereon castles—but luckily for the man who has the same desire for a home in this healthful and convenient spot, Tuxedo Park remains.

And Saturday, the 23rd day of April, has been set aside as Visitors' Day, upon which all who would view the property will be made welcome.

Furthermore, they will be transported there on the train leaving the Union Station at Toronto at 2 p.m., and brought safely back, free of charge, upon any train of the Grand Trunk Railway.

The tickets, however, must be obtained at the office of Goulding & Hamilton, which is at 106 Victoria Street, in Toronto, at the corner of Richmond Street.

Notice is also given that parties may at once inspect the plans at the office, and have reserved for them the lots which they deem most desirable. They may then on Saturday see the lots and give their decision in respect of purchase.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Private Branch Exchange con.) Main (6640)

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.
"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors. Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$3.00
Six Months.....	1.50
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Postage to European and countries other than Great Britain and Colonies \$1.50 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 23, 1910. No. 28.

! DOCTORS ABOUT PEOPLE !

This Consul Keeps Moving.

MAXWELL K. MOORHEAD, United States Consul at St. John, N.B., who has been promoted to the consulate at Rangoon, British Burma, has seen service for his Government in many parts of the world.

Mr. Moorhead entered upon his consular career in St. Thomas, Ont., where he married a daughter of Judge Ermatinger. When the office there was abolished he was transferred to Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. After serving for two or three years with distinction he was sent to Acapulco, Mexico, and about a year ago was promoted to St. John. The policy of the State Department evidently is to keep the younger officers moving.

Rangoon is the chief town and principal seaport of Lower Burma, and had a population of 232,326 in 1901. It covers an area of 22 square miles, and is populated by Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians. The town, which was founded in 1753 by Aloung Choosa, the founder of the Burma dynasty, occupies a long stretch of high lands with wide, boulevard streets. Its name is chiefly familiar to most readers because it is mentioned in Kipling's "Mandalay."

A Famous Theatrical Strain.

STUDENTS of theatrical history were interested to note in the company of Mr. William Faversham, who gave so stupendous a production of "Herod" recently the names of two scions of noted families in the annals of the English-speaking stage. Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe, who played the role of Gadias with such finish, is remembered here as a member of the company of Mr. Wilson Barrett on his many visits to this country. He was also in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and has been associated with Mr. Faversham not only in "Herod" but in "The Squaw-Man" and "The World and His Wife." He is a brother of Frank Cooper, a noted English actor, who was seen here more than ten years ago in support of Sir Henry Irving. His mother was Agnes Kemble, a daughter of Henry Stephen Kemble, who in turn was the son of Stephen Kemble, the comedian, brother of Mrs.

Siddons, the tragedienne, and John Philip Kemble, the great tragic actor. The progeny of Roger Kemble, the actor (1721-1802), who was the father of these latter, was large, and the family has given innumerable actors of more or less distinction to the stage. The theatrical pedigrees as published in the Green Room book give over one hundred actors and actresses as the direct descendants of Roger Kemble. By marriage Mr. Cooper Cliffe is connected with another noted family in British stage history, the Belmores. He married Alice Belmore, who used also to appear in Wilson Barrett's productions, and is a sister of Lionel Belmore, the stage manager of "Herod." The Belmores are directly descended from the first great English circus proprietor, Thom Cooke, who was born about 1752. George Belmore a noted character actor of his day, was the father of Lionel and married into the innumerable Cooke family, which is also closely intermarried with the Rignold family of actors. The Belmores and Rignolds are all actors, and through the Cooke strain owe distant cousinship to many of the most noted riders and clowns in the history of the sawdust ring.

Hamar Greenwood's Scoop.

REGARDING stories of great newspaper beats, which have recently appeared in this page, another Canadian, who is entitled to rank in the honor-roll, is a former Toronto man, Hamar Greenwood, of whose reverse at the polls in York during the late British elections many Canadians learned with sincere regret. In his early campaigning tours in England, he had done considerable journalistic work. Three or four years ago he was one of a party of English M.P.'s who, under the direction of Sir Alfred Jones, visited Jamaica to study conditions on the island. During their sojourn a large portion of Kingston, the capital city, was destroyed by an earthquake. Mr. Greenwood had left his hotel for a short walk from which he was returning, when the cataclysm occurred and the building was shattered. So destructive was the shock that many lives were lost and property damaged to the extent of millions of dollars. It did not take Hamar Greenwood long to size up the news value of the terrible catastrophe, but the perplexing problem was how to forward a despatch. Every telegraph and cable line connecting Jamaica with the outside world had been sundered by the quake. Resource and tact must be resorted to. He had covered important assignments for the London Daily Mail and, if he could only get the news through exclusively to that paper, it would mean many shillings and pence to him. Correspondents of all the leading American and European dailies were on the island, but to scoop them was the all-important question, especially as communication of all kinds had been cut off. Greenwood, however, kept a cool head and knew how to be diplomatic. In the harbor was a United States warship and near by a swift cutter. The M.P. for York hastily pencilled a three hundred word report of the disaster, and going aboard the man-of-war he addressed the commander in official tones, declaring that he was a representative of the Imperial Government and must get an important despatch through to Mr. Winston Churchill, who was then Under-Secretary of State.

"Have this conveyed to the nearest cable station at once," requested the smart, stalwart and soldierly appearing British visitor. The officer offered no serious objection, and soon the despatch was being conveyed to Cuba, the nearest cable station, by the speedy cutter. Here, the message was sent to the Home Office and, by private instruction, found its way to the London Daily Mail, which thus secured the first story of the calamity—hours ahead of any of its contemporaries. Mr. Greenwood, who was not in regular newspaper work, being a full-fledged barrister, did not suffer financially from his stroke of enterprise. On his return to London he found a Harmsworth cheque awaiting him for the "scoop." Well, never mind how much, but it was generous enough to meet his board bill for a week or two.

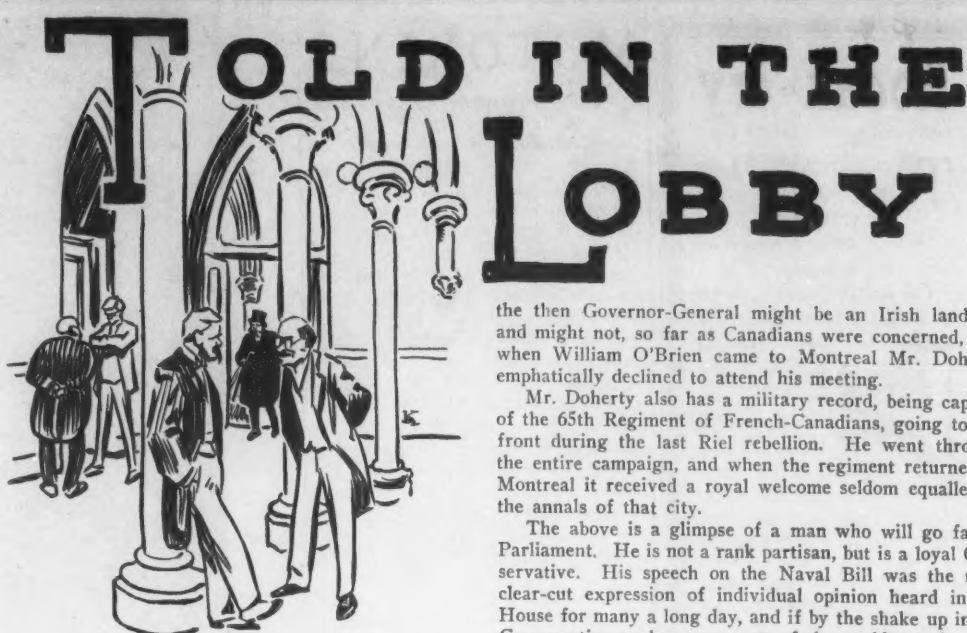
How to Enjoy Ginger Ale.

DOWN in Ottawa Parliamentary banquets come as often as a shower in April. Nearly every day an item appears in the society columns that Mr. So and So gave "a jolly dinner last night." At most of these functions it is customary to have wines included on the menu, but not always. Hon. William Paterson, Minister of Customs, was once host at what he was proud to call a "dry" banquet. Ginger ale constituted the sole line of refreshments, or was supposed to. Not a few of the guests felt that they could not do justice to the dinner without something a trifle stronger than ginger ale, so they entered into a conspiracy with the waiters at the cafe to have their favorite brands smuggled to the table with all the approved methods of those conscienceless travellers who manage to evade the customs duties which the collectors under the minister of the Crown are paid to levy.

The waiters received special instructions to serve Scotch and soda to certain guests, but not to use anything but ginger ale bottles, previously tampered with, of course. The plan worked to perfection, and the dinner was one of the jolliest of the jolly. In fact, it has passed into the annals of Parliamentary entertainment as a record-breaker for merriment, but the climax was reached at an early hour in the morning when Hon. Mr. Paterson, in rising just before the time came to sing "Auld Lang Syne," took occasion to remark: "I am delighted that we have all had such an enjoyable time with nothing stronger than ginger ale, and it only goes to show what remarkable advances the temperance cause is making in this country."

New Uses for Moving Pictures.

THE uses to which the moving-picture machine is now being put add another chapter to the age-old conflict between romanticism and realism in literature and life. In Chicago there are now public moving-picture shows conducted by the Board of Health for the purpose of "exposing the habits of the common house-fly." From its first appearance in this vale of sorrow, through its entire buzzing, criminal career, the fly has been caught by the camera and thrown upon the film as a warning to mankind. Before this we have been told of the application of the moving-picture idea to bacteriological investigations, whereby the processes of the malignant microbe might be dramatically revealed to the human eye. Will the daily programme in the moving-picture theatres henceforth include an educational film or two, illustrating an advanced case of tuberculosis or the effect of neglected plumbing on the tissues of the body? Will there grow up a school of critics to maintain that precisely in such hygienic lessons does the moving-picture theatre attain its highest function? And will other critics maintain that the moving picture theatre is no place for clinical instruction and ought properly to confine itself to the adventures of milk-maids and lords and the laughter-producing antics of the bad little boy? The house-fly versus the dancing girl in the moving-picture show is but Ibsen versus Sardou over again.—New York Post.



OTTAWA, APRIL 20, 1910.

CHARLES JOSEPH DOHERTY, the eloquent member for St. Ann's division of Montreal, is the man of the hour in the ranks of the Opposition in the House of Commons. When a few weeks ago the sword of the first lieutenant, Hon. George E. Foster, was quietly sheathed, the man who represents more Irish men, women and children on the floors of Parliament than any other member, was pushed to the front, and is now recognized as the captain of the forces to the left of Mr. Speaker, under the generalship of Mr. R. L. Borden. If ever there was a case of the office seeking the man, it is that of the translation of Mr. Doherty from a mere private to first lieutenant. This is his second session in Parliament, and from the first day he took his seat after signing the roll and taking the oath (or as Sir Charles Tupper once confused it, when introducing a new member, "he has taken the roll and signed the oath") he has occupied a place on the front opposition benches. A quiet, unassuming man, with the Celtic gift of eloquence, and a grasp of public questions, he speedily became a marked man. In intellectual ability he has no peer in the House with the possible exception of Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.

And now a word about the man who, in two short sessions has come to the forefront of Opposition fighters in the House. He is still in the prime of life, being 55 years old. Born in Montreal, the son of the late Judge Marcus Doherty, for many years a member of the Court of Appeals, he studied law at McGill, and afterwards took the Arts course at the Jesuits College. After graduating, Mr. Doherty speedily became the most prominent young Irishman of his day in Montreal. Ardently patriotic, he took up the cause of Home Rule with enthusiasm, and when he accepted the presidency of the Land League, was sent for by the late Father Dowd, the beloved Irish priest (who held the affections of his people to a greater degree than any of his predecessors or successors in the parish of St. Patrick's), who remonstrated with him.

"I believe in my work and shall stick to my guns," was the reply of the brilliant young Irish lawyer to the venerable priest.

This stand of Mr. Doherty doubtless caused his defeat when he ran for the local Legislature in the division of Montreal West in 1881. He was then in the early twenties, and a large number of good Roman Catholics did not like to see him oppose the stand taken by the pastor of St. Patrick's. When Chateau appealed to the province, after the defeat of the Joly Government, Mr. Doherty ran again in the Conservative interest in the Centre division of Montreal. This was in 1886, and he had against him the redoubtable "Jimmy" McShane. Although he was then a mere stripling, 27 years of age, he was defeated by the narrowest of majorities. This was the last attempt of Mr. Doherty to enter public life until the general election of 1908, when he redeemed St. Ann's division for the Conservative party, after a strenuous battle, by a comfortable majority.

When Mr. Doherty was appointed to the Superior Court bench he was by far the youngest man to receive that honor. During the fifteen years he occupied a seat there, few had a more worthy record. Both on the bench and as a professor of McGill, his judgments and addresses were invariably scholarly. But though he is still a firm believer to this day in Home Rule, ex-Judge Doherty is a strong constitutionalist, and has implicit faith in British institutions. When William O'Brien followed Lord Lansdowne to Ottawa, and organized demonstrations both here and in Toronto, Mr. Doherty took the strong ground that

the then Governor-General might be an Irish landlord and might not, so far as Canadians were concerned, and when William O'Brien came to Montreal Mr. Doherty emphatically declined to attend his meeting.

Mr. Doherty also has a military record, being captain of the 65th Regiment of French-Canadians, going to the front during the last Riel rebellion. He went through the entire campaign, and when the regiment returned to Montreal it received a royal welcome seldom equalled in the annals of that city.

The above is a glimpse of a man who will go far in Parliament. He is not a rank partisan, but is a loyal Conservative. His speech on the Naval Bill was the most clear-cut expression of individual opinion heard in the House for many a long day, and if by the shake up in the Conservative ranks, more men of the probity and worth of Judge Doherty are brought to the surface, the better it will be for that party.

HON. WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING proved during the discussion of the anti-combine bill, that he is still in the cradle stage of statesmanship. His three and a half hour oration was deluged with pedantry, and he handled his somewhat unwieldy measure in so clumsy a manner, as to practically kill any chance it had of becoming law this session. There is a great deal of the college professor about Mr. King. He suffers from the fatal political habit of indulging in dreams. There is little room for the sleep walker in the Canadian Parliamentary hurly burly, and Mr. King has not yet emerged from that stage. He gave the impression during his Marathon-like speech on this bill, of an industrious silkworm winding itself inside a cocoon of words. But Mr. King is still young, and his star may yet rise in the political firmament. He will never be a comet, however, and as Glen Campbell, the six-footer from Dauphin, exclaimed the other day, referring to the youthful Minister of Labor: "I wonder who left the window open and let that blow in?"

MR. FISHER, who holds the Parliamentary record for lengthy speeches, although he has close competitors for this doubtful honor in his colleagues, Messrs. King and Lemieux, must look to his laurels. His supremacy in the straight away talk race was seriously challenged this week by Mr. George H. Bradbury, the member for Selkirk who occupied four hours and a quarter of the time of the House in explaining the circumstance surrounding the filing of 21,000 acres of land from the St. Peter's Reserve Indians by the Department of Interior, who sold it to a group of political friends at an average of \$5 an acre; the Indian agent who was supposed to look after the wards of the Government helping the thing along by himself buying some of the lands thus obtained. It costs no less than \$21 to run Parliament for a minute, so Mr. Bradbury's speech was expensive, costing \$5,355. If there was some pedometer system which would tax each member so much on his indemnity for these long trials of the patience of the House, Parliament would not find it necessary to sit for six months in the year. But then such "three mile limit" performers as Messrs. Fisher, King, Lemieux and Bradbury would be deprived of the privilege of exercising their hobby, which happens to be their mouths. And as is invariably the case when a man uses his mouth too frequently, the brain gets a rest.

WHEN Sir Wilfrid Laurier finally decides to derrick the Naval Bill out of dry dock, where it has been since the first week in March, the end of the session should arrive speedily. Mr. Fielding has definitely decided not to tinker this year with the Banking Act, which will be welcomed in business circles, as the Minister of Finance in the past has shown himself to be an adept at meddling with things as they are, just for the sake of finding out what they might be. The second week of April should see the curtain rung down on the not very entertaining comedy, which has been running continuously since November 9. The western members are beginning to show signs of the spring prairie fever and the hankering for the smell of the newly turned furrow is becoming epidemic. And with the Maritime Province men hungering for the tang of the salt sea breeze, these halls will soon be given over to the charwomen and the permanent messengers, who are paid the year round on account of their "permanent" qualities. Some of them it would take a good sized crane to move.

THE MACE.



"I've had a glass of lemonade and a biscuit, waiter. How much is it?"
"There's no charge for refreshments, sir."
"No charge! An' there's ma wife sittin' doonstairs aw night and never eatin' a bit of anything."



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THE RIALTO, GRAND CANAL, VENICE, ITALY.

CANADA'S BIGGEST FILTRATION PLANT

JUST now the germs are having the time of their young lives. The water is in just the right condition—nice and thick, with lots of body to it—and they are all in it. The mains are full of them, and the pipes are full of them, and the taps are choking with them. They are thus coming in contact with all classes of Toronto society, bobbing around in Mrs. Finnigan's wash-tub, and splashing on the aristocratic person of a Justice in his morning tub. Nor is this all. They might come into even more intimate contact with him, and have the high privilege of splashing around in his legal insides, if he were to violate the traditions of the Bench so far as to drink water. The sun is shining for germs, big and little, typhoid and measles. And while the sun shines, the doctors—as their representatives—are making hay.

But their knell has sounded, so far as Toronto drinking water is concerned, and over there on the Island a little brown-faced man with grey hair is preparing their doom. Mr. Ritchley his name is, and he is directing the construction of the new filtration plant. Rapidly are the filter-beds being laid, and the big mains connected up, and the pumping-station built, and by the beginning of next winter the signal will be given for the fell slaughter to commence. Then will the armies of germs, entangled in the fatal sand and gravel, perish miserably in bacterial scum; and their camp-followers, the doctors, will be reduced to working for their living.

Being inspired—by the Editor—with a certain unscientific interest in the future of these germs, I went over to the Island the other day to see how their mechanical Nemesis was coming on. It's a fine walk around from Hanlan's Point on these drab days of spring, with all kinds of fine greys and greens and soft blues and purples on the water and in the sky. The steam is coming out of the sand, and the buds out of the trees. And the gulls



Some of the big sections of iron and concrete piping, made on the Island.



A view of part of the filtration works, from the top of the Toronto lighthouse.



The laboratory building and the canal used to drain the filter beds.



A gang of men engaged in rolling the big sections of pipe into place.

are putting in their time in dalliance on the sand-bars. In a word it is April, and if there is any response to spring left in your system, you put some of it into your stride as you swing around the Island on the concrete walk.

Just beyond the Children's Hospital—a big, brown building on the Point—the walk makes a sharp turn, and all of a sudden you are brought face to face with a conglomeration of buildings which look like a sort of mechanical gypsies' encampment. There are tar-papered shacks in all directions, huge sections of concrete piping through which a tall man might walk with his hat on, pieces of machinery lying about everywhere, concrete buildings being rushed up, pits being dug by horse and man, and sand, sand under foot, sand in the air, sand in your throat and your eyes and your hair and your vocabulary.

Mr. Ritchley was standing on the end of a line of pipe when I saw him. His attitude was dimly reminiscent of Napoleon on board the Bellerophon taking his last view of France. The only difference was that Mr. Ritchley had his hands in his pockets instead of arms crossed on his chest, and he was glaring at a man who was driving a team hitched to a scraper. But the expression of command was unmistakable.

I told him what I wanted to do and see—putting all the blame on the Editor.

"Come along then," said Mr. Ritchley, and he started along that line of pipe as if he had spent his life walking a tight-rope. I am not built for acrobatic exploits, nor am I accustomed to a path quite so straight and narrow, but I did my best to keep up.

"See that line of pipe?" asked Mr. Ritchley, "Well, that's the pipe that brings in the water from the lake. The pumps drive the water down through that and it flows out over the filter-beds. There they are."

I looked and saw that the floor of the big excavation was covered with a series of squat pyramids. They were made out of concrete, and were placed about two or three yards from one another. Even my unscientific mind grasped the fact that this was for purposes of drainage.

"This is the control-house where the flow of water is



Preparing for the laying of the pipes in the filter beds.

regulated," continued the superintendent, and he proceeded to skip nimbly about the edge of a series of deep concrete pits, at the bottom of which lay water and huge steel valves. The control-house seemed to be mostly underground. With a brief mental prayer of thanks for an early training in sobriety, I followed him with extreme caution.

His explanation had that deceitful simplicity which so often strikes the layman in the statement of scientific propositions. They sound wonderfully clear and simple, but you don't seem able to grasp them entirely. But Mr.

Ritchley was very patient, and didn't seem to mind saying the same thing over and over again. And finally I understood—wondering how it was I hadn't seen it all along.

The water comes in through the big seventy-four-inch pipe under the pressure of the powerful centrifugal pumps in the pumping-station. From this pipe it is distributed to the various filter-beds, of which there are twelve in number. The action of the filters is very simple. The water drains down through various thicknesses of fine sand and coarse sand, fine gravel and coarse gravel, until it reaches the bottom and is then sent to the reservoir of pure water, to wait the time when Toronto shall be pleased to consume it.

place are of concrete, which makes them at once the most sanitary and solid that could be built.

The walls of the pumping station are already up, and they are now engaged in putting on the roof. In the floor are great pits with concrete sides, in which the big pumps will be installed. Mr. Ritchley pointed out with pride the provisions that had been made for the extension of the plant if it should be found necessary. It is so constructed that its capacity could be doubled with very little trouble.

As to how the place will look when the work is completed, there will be nothing but two or three moderate-sized buildings of concrete to give evidence of the work of germ-destruction that will be going on under the grass. Because all those various filter beds are to be roofed over and covered with earth. Already a number of sturdy concrete pillars have been built on top of the low pyramids described above. They are so close together that when they are all in position, the place will look like a petrified forest. The work of filtration will thus take place in the moist darkness of subterranean caverns. But the filters will all be equipped with a system of electric lighting, so that the men can see to work when they go in to clean the filters out.

Just about this stage of Mr. Ritchley's explanation, a bell rang loudly somewhere or other. Instantly men in all directions dropped tools and started hurriedly for one of the larger shacks. Mr. Ritchley's expression grew somewhat anxious. When a man spends all his time hopping on and off concrete pipes in the open air, he takes a deep and genuine interest in the dinner-bell.

"Well, I guess that's about all I can tell you," he said "or is there anything else you want to know?"

Even a reporter has some bowels of mercy, and I said that there wasn't anything else in the world I wanted to know just then. He seemed very much relieved, and we shook hands cordially. Then I went and sat on the end of the wharf at Hanlan's Point for a week until the captain of the ferry had digested his dinner and was ready to start his old scow again. But, of course, that has nothing to do with filters or germs. P.O.D.

NOTE:—These pictures of the filtration works were taken immediately after one of the last snowfalls of the winter.

Prince Louis of Battenberg.

REPORTS from England state that Admiral Sir W. H. May, one of the most eminent officers of the British navy will relinquish his post as chief in command of the Home Fleet, and that his successor will probably be a sailor agreeably known to Canadians, Prince Louis of Battenberg. He has indeed been personally known to Canadians for more than a generation. As a young man in the seventies being then a younger scion of an impoverished German principality he had a project of marrying and settling down in Toronto. Thirty years later he came back and spent a really happy holiday among old friends at Quebec Montreal and Toronto and incidentally touched the button at the opening of the Canadian National Exhibition. It is said that he has not benefited in the least in his career in the Navy through his relationship to the Royal Family. Indeed it is not too much to say that the reverse has been the case. Had he possessed another and less German name there is no doubt that he would have been First Sea Lord of the Admiralty before to-day. Years ago he was passed over for command after command for which he was eminently fitted in every way owing to the German atmosphere that surrounds his name. If he succeeds Admiral Sir W. H. May in the Home Fleet there will no doubt be some outcry raised, says Modern Society, but as a matter of fact the Prince is thoroughly British in his sentiments and aspirations, otherwise he would have accepted the throne of Bulgaria when it was offered to him several years ago. He is one of the most popular men in the Royal Navy to-day. Not only is he noted for the possession of all those kindlinesses of heart and tender delicacies of feeling which endear him to all who serve under him, but his natural sense of justice is so true, and his administration is so lenient, and tempered with so full a consideration of all extenuating circumstances, that if the Prince says a thing has to be done that is all the men want to know. And it has always been so, ever since he was a midshipman, when his "command" consisted of a boat's crew ashore. He is said to have never lost a man on these occasions. With all, he is a strict disciplinarian—none more strict—but not through fear, and is perhaps the best and most thoroughly up-to-date officer in the Royal Navy to-day. Everything new in science, so far as it affects his profession, he has at his finger ends. His knowledge of mechanics is that of a skilled expert, and many of his inventions and improvements are in daily use in the Navy at the present moment. His modesty is as great as his ability. In every way he is a "good" man—that is what the sailors call him.

The Air-Craft of Dreams.

I SELDOM took stock in the beautiful talk

Of joys when my ship came home;
Seemed I never could see a boat coming to me
No matter how fancy might roam.

But now they declare that the ambient air

With vessels will soon be alive;
And it's less of a strain on my practical brain
To believe that my craft will arrive.

As a matter of fact my dreams now are packed

With sights of fleets heading for me,
And often by day I give fancy full play
On what form the arrival will be.

Some glorious dawn I shall find on the lawn

The cruiser in dreamland I see,
Or shall find in the yard my air-steamer stuck hard
In the midst of the old apple tree.

Now 't will be quite a note if my fat ferry-boat

On a telegraph pole meets its doom,
Or my greyhound may break through the window to make
An entrance, part way, to my room.

On some dark, silent night I may wake in a fright

And go into a horrible fit,
When a crash on the roof gives the rude, welcome proof
That my much-wished-for schooner has lit.

My fine craft I shall see, but meantime it may be

I am going to feel mighty mean
When I greet as my boat someone else's fine float
That just stopped for some more gasoline.

—W. A. Clarke.

Sweetens the Stomach
and, best of all, it makes you
yourself feel sweet.

Abbey's
Effervescent
Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

27

**ROYAL
ALEXANDRA**

Mats. Thur., Sat., 25c. to \$1.00

Week April 25th

**MISS
MAUDE FEALY**

supported by

JAMES DURKIN

and a notable cast, in a
splendid revival of Hall
Caine's masterpiece, **THE**

CHRISTIAN

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily 25c. Week of April 25 Evenings 25c. & 50c.

Jesse L. Lasky Presents

"AT THE COUNTRY CLUB"

A Musical Sketch by Geo. Spink.

BEDINI AND ARTHUR
Comedy Jugglers.

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The Hebrew.

MINNIE ST. CLAIR
Original Character Comedienne.

MILIE MARTHA
The Beautiful Gymnast.

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All New Pictures.

Special Extra Attraction

McCONNELL & SIMPSON
Presenting "A Stormy Hour."

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HIGH CLASS
BURLESQUE**
DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10c.

WEEK OF APR. 25

The Novelty Show

The Star and Garter Show

IN THE

Fantastic World

Prices: 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c.

WEEK OF MAY 2

Phil. Sheridan's Big Show

THE MARATHON GIRLS

SINGING

HASLAM

Professeur de Chant, Teacher of Fierence
Easton (Royal Opera, Berlin; Covent Gar-
den, London), Ruby Cutter-Savage (Op-
era, Boston) and other great singers.
Special Course, Artists and Teachers,
June to September.

PARIS (2 rue Malleville), FRANCE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given pur-
suant to the provisions of an Act
respecting the property of religious in-
stitutions, that the Trustees, the Rector and
Churchwardens of the Church of the Re-
deemer, in the Diocese of Toronto, intend
to sell the land, being part of Lot No. 1
on the east side of Avenue Road, Plan
289, York, having a frontage of 61 feet,
more or less, on Bloor Street, by a depth
of 134 feet, more or less, known as 160
Bloor Street West, and that the same will
be offered for sale by public auction on
Monday the 23rd day of May, 1910, at the
hour of 12 o'clock in the forenoon, at No.
57 and No. 59 King Street East, in the
City of Toronto, by Charles M. Hender-
son, Auctioneer.

Upon the property is a detached brick
and stone dwelling, commonly called The
Rectory for the Church of the Redeemer.
The property will be sold subject to
certain restrictions as to building, and to
the performance of certain agreements as
to fencing, etc., set forth in the Condi-
tions of Sale.

The Trustees reserve to themselves the
right to bid.
TERMS—10 per cent. of the purchase to
be paid down at the time of sale; balance
to be paid in cash within 30 days there-
after.

For further particulars and Conditions
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rance & Kingsmill, 19 Wellington Street
West, Toronto, Solicitors.
Dated at Toronto, the 20th day of April,
1910.

C. J. JAMES,
A. D. PARKER, Trustees.
J. HARGRAVE,
Rector and Churchwardens of
the Church of the Redeemer.

THE DRAMA



MISS MAUDE FEALY.

Starring in "The Christian," at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

THE modern American school of dramatists has discovered for less enlightened folk the land where high ideals are born and flourish, the land where those whose souls are sick with practicing the shams of effete societies may find moral health. They have not as yet fixed its exact location and here some disagreement creeps in but all are at one in placing it west of the Alleghenies. The difference among them is as to how far west this land where men grow to a vast moral stature lies. Booth Tarkington would have it that ideals are to be found as far east as Indiana; Paul Armstrong and Eugene Walter declare for Colorado; Miss Geraldine Bonner and Mr. Elmer Harris, the authors of "Sham," are all for Idaho. Have it as you will, the East according to the American dramatist is rotten, only in the West are nature's noblemen to be found. This is encouraging. A course in the literature of muck-raking has induced one to believe that Ballinger, the Guggenheims and the Western Federation of Miners had acted on the west as a moral blight and that the highways of olden times were still to be found out west more numerous and in a more corrupt form. As a good playgoer, one must have faith in the dramatist, especially when he regales us in so cheering a way as he does in "Sham." Its heroine is a young woman with all the natural endowments of wit and beauty, who, because she has been brought up in the fetid atmosphere of the East in the expectation of recouping vanished family wealth with a fortunate marriage, becomes a dead beat. She meets two young men from Idaho, one, a crude fellow without charm, but with millions that have escaped the clutches of the Guggenheims; the other a mine manager who has apparently led a charmed life when miners were planting bombs. The latter is limited in wealth, but rich in all the qualities that make a man. By his noble inspiration, the girl abandons her mercenary aims, contrives to pay her debts, and forsakes the gilded shams of New York society for a life of high ideals in a little white-washed cottage near a mine shaft in Idaho. While the authors might have made their story a preachy one, they have on the contrary, confined themselves to being amusing and the touches of sentiment are prettily done. The comedy owes much to the all-round excellencies with which it is acted. Miss Henrietta Crossman's charm and finesse were never more manifest than in the role of the heroine. She is gracious, winsome, various, and handles her sentiment with a sure touch. The performance of Mr. Albert Brown, as the lover whom she leads on and then discards, was a genuinely artistic portrayal. He let his imagination play around the part, overdid none of the boy's crudities, and gave a deft touch of pathos to his final scene. Mr. Paul Dickey has the elements of manliness in his personality and should make an actor with a little more experience. The ripe artistry of Charles Walcott, Marguerite St. John and Henry Bergman also added materially to the interest of the production.

IT IS quite obvious that the political play has come to stay in the United States, and when it is intelligently written it is a welcome relief from the average emotional play with a sex-theme for its motive. The ideal political play would be one from which women were absent, but since the public is not yet prepared to endure a whole evening without women on the stage, it is well that they should be utilized as they are by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise, the authors of "A Gentleman From Mississippi." In two instances there are clever uses of natural feminine impulses to implement the plot; the one is where the unscrupulous politicians make use of the ambitions of the daughter of their hero, Senator Langdon to get her into a deal which involves her father's vote. The other is when the younger sister who doesn't understand what is going on, but girl-like, wants to have her finger in the pie, quite innocently reveals the whole conspiracy. Love episodes are dragged into the play, but the dramatists treat them as interludes, a sop as it were, to the less intelligent playgoer and dispose of them as quickly as possible. For the most part, they stick to their main theme consistently and it deals with the adventures of an honest politician in Washington. That such fine types as Senator Langdon do exist in the politics of every country no one can deny but usually through their qualities of heart they are bamboozled into supporting less scrupulous party friends and their very virtues are made the cloak for the wrongdoing of others. In this play, however, the courteous, unsuspicious, old gentleman, with kindly feelings toward everybody, turns out to be a first-class fighting man, with plenty of resource when it comes to a genuine conflict. "A Gentleman From Mississippi," is a good play apart from its humor and the accuracy of its types because it deals with the clash of will upon circumstance, and thus possesses the essential factor of all vital dramatic writing. The junior senator from Mississippi will remain a pleasant memory, not only because he is a vitally dramatic figure but because he is full of human and engaging qualities and seems to have been sketched by men with a wider outlook on human life than the average commercial playwright. Nor should one overlook the cleverness with which the young newspaperman who becomes his secretary, is depicted. His wit, his supreme self-conceit, his all-round contempt for politicians, and his belief that he has a mission, are qualities which actually exist in certain born journalists, who, fortunately for everybody's comfort, are somewhat rare. No doubt in sketching this character the authors had definitely in mind some newspaper man who has come into notoriety in the last five years as a "muck raker." Beyond these two characters, who are vital and convincing, the scene is filled in with lav figures sufficient to serve the purpose of the dramatists. There are a few episodic characters that are uncommonly good. No succeeding act evokes so much atmosphere as the first, which is laid in the lobby of

the old International Hotel at Washington. During the three succeeding acts the machinery creaks at times, especially when the comic relief in the way of the foreign vocalists is dragged in, and the love stories make their appearance; but suspense is splendidly maintained and it would be a gloomy soul that could escape enthusiasm at certain moments.

Burr McIntosh is capital throughout. His only defect is a tendency to drop into inaudibility in certain of the Senator's side comments. He gives a general effect of illimitable good humor, kindness and manliness that absolutely wins every listener. Besides him the other actors, with the exception of Will Deming, (who played the secretary with delightful verve and spontaneity), seem artificial. Only one or two of the young women are competent but capital acting of small character bits is done by Harry S. Robinson and George B. Miller.

THE hero of "One of the Family," the latest play of Mr. Charles T. Dazey, sets out to do four things: 1. To save the estates of his benefactor, General Warrington, from the hands of the despoiler; 2. To secure the street railway franchise of Danville, Georgia; 3. To find the villain who wronged his mother, an innocent mountain girl; 4. To win the heart of General Warrington's daughter. These are his main objectives and they only involve a few minor issues. When one states that before the end of the second act the hero has accomplished all these things against odds, it will be seen that there is always "something doing" in Mr. Dazey's drama. Though the characters are fiery and chivalrous southerners they do not produce their shooting irons until the final act and then to the disappointment of many do not use them. There is something in the tone of the play that seems to call for gunpowder. It is told in a cheerless, turgid way, with comic relief dragged in. Were it not for three good actors the piece would be absolutely impossible. Charles J. Richman has splendid qualities of manliness and sincerity with a clear crisp utterance; Henry S. Northrup is an actor of authority and distinction and Frank Burbeck a veteran artist in whatever he attempts. They succeeded in making some of the scenes go but the result is not worth the effort involved. The other actors are men of more or less note who are handicapped with their roles. One takes exception to the well-known comedian, William McVey. One does not believe that there ever was a lover, classic or romantic, young or old, black, white or yellow, so demonstrative as he. The gambols of a goat are phlegmatic compared with his wooing of the comic old maid.

First-Nighter

Miss Maud Fealy will make her first appearance in Toronto as a star, at the Royal Alexandra on Monday evening, in a notable revival of Hall Caine's play, "The Christian." The role of Glory Quayle is the same in which Miss Fealy made her appearance a few seasons ago when the piece was revived by an all-star cast including many of the original company. A few seasons ago, when Mr. Willard appeared in "David Garrick," "The Middleman," "The Professor's Love Story," and "The Cardinal," Maud Fealy appeared in the opposite roles in all the eminent English actor's productions. Miss Fealy is supported in "The Christian," by James Durkin and a capable company of players.

At the Princess Theatre next week, with the usual matinees, the public will have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Thomas Dempsey in his widely heralded "travel talks" entitled "Rambles Through Ireland." The management of the Princess wishes to inform its patrons that this entertainment is not the stereotyped cut and dried lecture that has been dished up to the American people for years, but instead, it is an evening's amusement that once seen will long be remembered.

For next week Manager Shea has booked one of the best bills of high-class vaudeville witnessed by lovers of that class of entertainment in this city for a long time. "At the Country Club," a bright one-act musical comedy will be the feature act. Others on the programme for the week are McConnell and Simonson, Nat Carr Rodini and Arthur, Minnie St. Clair, Milie Martha, the McGregors and the Kinetograph.

"The Great Star and Garter Show" an organization of fifty people all new to this city, will be seen all next week at the Gayety theatre in a musical spectacle entitled "The Fantastic World." Rice and Cadv, the popular comedians will be seen in German comedy roles, as will likewise Murry Livingston, character actor.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

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MINERAL WATER

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A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

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"Every Instrument a Masterpiece"

THE illimitable repeat-
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The Bell Piano

imparts a delicacy of
touch, and elastic respon-
siveness equalled only in
the finest Grand.

You are invited to call and hear
the Bell Piano played without
obligation—except the obligation
you owe to yourself to hear the
Bell before you buy.

THE BELL PIANO WAREHOUSES

146 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Russell

Watch the cars
you see go by on the
street — count the number of
Russells.

It will surprise you, perhaps, to see how many Russells there are—that is, if it hasn't yet been driven home to you that the Russell is distinctly the success of the year—that it is selling away beyond its biggest previous record, more than double last year's number, in fact.

Can a car sell like this without being away better than the usual run of automobiles?

Can an output double—can a factory be kept at record-breaking speed 23 hours a day for months without significance to you as an automobile buyer?

We invite you to visit our nearest branch—see the cars—have them demonstrated on the road and then come to your decision in the light of the knowledge you will gain.

The Russell represents the best value in the market this year and we are ready to prove it.

Complete range of models from \$2,350, fully equipped, to \$5,000. Full standard construction.

Write for the catalogue.

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WHISKY

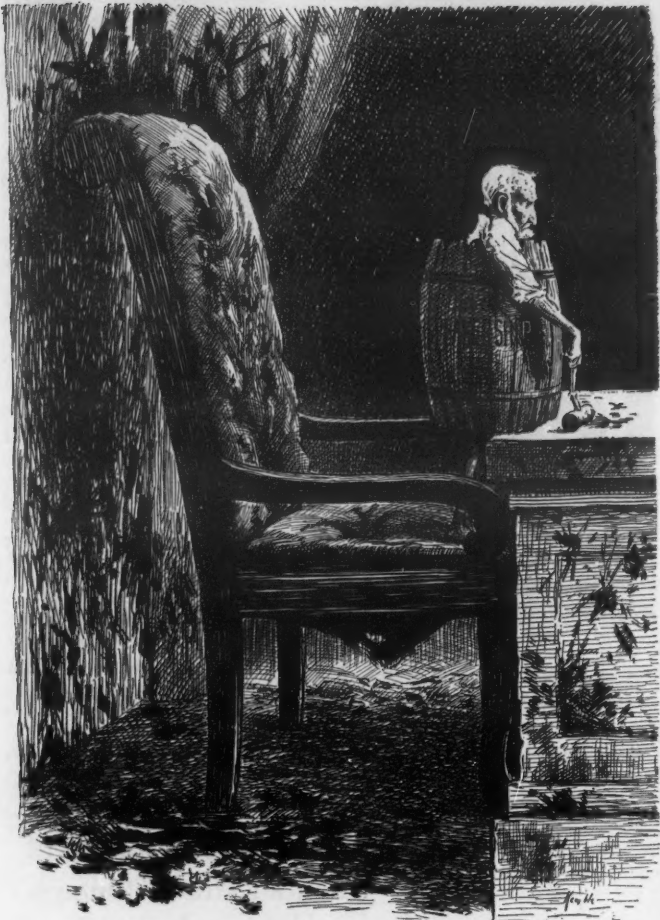
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity
are its recommendation.

ALWAYS ASK FOR **WHITE HORSE** SPECIALLY
IF YOU WANT IT.

SOLD BY ALL WINE MERCHANTS, GROCERS, AND HOTELS.

Topics of the Day Told in Cartoon



Once clothed with power, now almost bare. He's lost his soul, but saved his chair.—Harper's Weekly.



"The utmost secrecy will be observed."—John Bull.



GUESSING COMPETITION. What is this gentleman saying to himself?—Montreal Star.



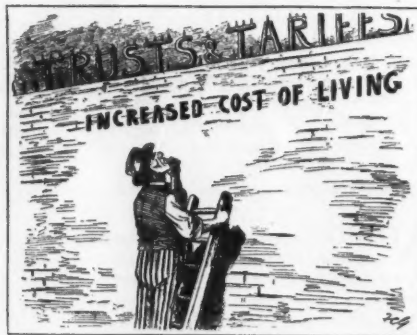
NERVOUS WORK. Peer (loq.): "Well, I suppose they'll go on missing me as usual; but I must say it's getting rather warm"—Punch.



Reaching.—Portland Oregonian.



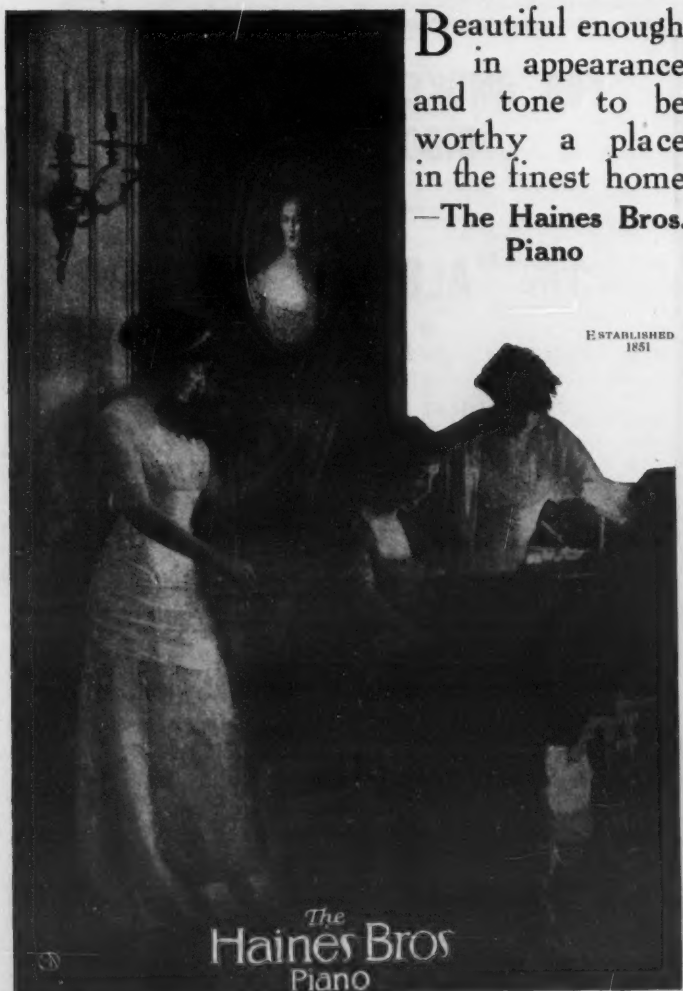
Back in the old place.—Brooklyn Eagle.



American Workman: "I guess that ladder will have to be lengthened or the wall will have to come down."—Westminster Gazette.



IRRESISTIBLE! The farmer of the Western States casts sheep's eyes at the Canadian West.—New York Herald.



Beautiful enough
in appearance
and tone to be
worthy a place
in the finest home
—The Haines Bros.
Piano

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1851

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Piano

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TORONTO, CANADA

CITY DAIRY'S GOOD SHOWING

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the City Dairy Company, Limited, was held here on Tuesday, April 5th. The directors reported a profit for the twelve months ending Dec. 31, 1909, of \$52,154.47 which, added to a balance of \$44,609.35 brought from 1908, gives \$96,853.82. Deducting from this \$44,882.08 for dividend payments on preference and common shares and allowing for depreciation, and the balance carried forward is \$51,971.74. Mr. A. E. Ames in the course of his address as president of this company, stated that the year 1909 had been the best in the company's history both as to volume of business done and in the net earnings for the year. The net earnings have grown from \$18,651.24 in 1904, to \$52,154.47 in 1909, and dividends of two per cent per annum were paid for the first time in 1909 on the common stock. In 1906 the ice cream business reached the limit of the company's plant and a new building has been added to look after this department, allowing for future increase. It is interesting to note also that 21,000 visitors inspected the dairy plant last year.

OPENING OF LAKE OF BAYS NAVIGATION.

Commencing Monday, April 25th, connection will be made with steamers at Huntsville by Grand Trunk trains leaving Toronto 8.05 a.m. and 10.20 p.m. Return connection is made with train arriving Toronto 7.30 a.m. and 3.10 p.m. Full information at Grand Trunk city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone, main 4209.

The death, at Raynes Park, of Baroness von Garies, who, as Mme. Fanny Gardoza, was a prima donna in the early forties and sang with Jenny Lind, is announced. Dumas wrote songs and Gounod composed for her.



Have you ever noticed the effect of a coarse broom on your expensive hardwood floors and polished bannisters?

To eliminate this "worry," invest in a Boeckh Hair Broom—especially made and designed to do the work efficiently without damaging the "polish" on the woods or leaving any scratches whatsoever.

Boeckh's Brushes

This is the ideal Brush for waxing polished floors in your home or for large halls and ballrooms.

The Brush itself is weighted sufficiently and needs no pressure from the operator. An outer band of rubber protects the furniture from scratching, while the handle is reversible—allowing free use of the brush in any position.

Every home with hardwood floors should have a Boeckh Waxing Brush to keep them in the best possible condition.



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ELY GOLF SHIRTS

We supply exactly the correct shirt for the game at \$2.00 and \$2.50 each. Other specialties include Scotch Heather Golf Hose, very comfortable for long walks, at 50c, 60c, and 75c per pair. Black Bridle Leather Belts, \$1.00 each.

King Edward Hotel
TORONTO

JAEGER Pure Wool

Fine Spring Weight Gauze
Special Value, \$1.50 garment
Medium Weight, Fine Soft Finish,
Extra Value, \$3.75 suit.

A new addition to our line of Jaeger is a Combination Suit with short sleeves and short legs which will sell for \$3.00 suit.

Jaeger's Taffeta and Cambric Shirts
Double Cuffs in neat and exclusive patterns

In Men's Half Hose we have a large range of plain, tan and greens, also blacks with neat embroidery designs. They range in price from 50c. to \$1.00 pair.

WREYFORD & CO.
85 KING ST. WEST

MEN'S 3-eyelet Ties

for summer wear bid fair to run a neck-and-neck race with 2-eyelet Ties for popular favor. The shape we picture—"The Ricci"—is a particularly fashionable last—embodying as it does the desirable features of smart style, easy fit and thorough workmanship. "The Ricci" is made up in attractive tan shades and oatterned after New York's most exclusive custom-built models. It offers excellent value at \$5.

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Mail orders carefully filled. Men's fine Hosiery, 50c. pair.



...NECKWEAR...
Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST



CARLING'S
LIQUID
MALT EXTRACT
A Strengthening and Stimulating Tonic for invalids and convalescents Indispensable for nursing mothers.
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.

Men's Wear



SPRING HEADGEAR.
A style of soft felt which is likely to be very popular this Spring and Summer.

THERE are some garments which are very popular in London this season despite the fact that they find little support from the members of the Royal Family.

A notable example of this kind is the morning coat, which this year is more popular than it has been for years, although neither the King nor the Prince of Wales favours it.

It is now being freely worn by the younger class of men, and especially those whose figures are tall and slight, whom they suit admirably, though it can be easily adapted to stouter figures, but in that case loses much of its smartness.

The popularity of this garment in the present Parliament is noteworthy, it is worn by men of such varying tastes as Mr. Asquith and Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Haldane and Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. John Burns, Sir Edward Grey, and scores of others; whilst the Smart Set in the West End clubs looks upon the low rolling type as quite the thing for morning dress, and this style has now become the correct fashion for weddings.

The new style for this spring is made with long tails, and has the fronts well cut away. As a general rule the really smart coat turns in at the waist where it fastens with one or two buttons, and shows the vest both above and below the opening. The ultra dandy and the stage hero have the front arranged to fasten with links, which presents a more symmetrical front and shows a little more of the vest, but this is not much patronised by the West End gentleman—at any rate, up to the present.

The lapel that finds most favor is rather narrow and decidedly neat, the end is finished with a right angle step or notch where it joins the collar, and the outer edge is almost straight. The pointed lapel finds a few patrons; it is very dressy and is consequently preferred by some, but they are very limited in number.

The edges of these coats are finished in many different styles. The daintiest of them all is that which is bound with a ribbon binding, which makes a splendid edge but is expensive, does not wear well, and would probably require re-binding two or three times. A much larger number are finished with flat braided edges, thus making a very smart garment. This is rather more showy than the ribbon binding, but it is not too much so, though neither style can be compared for neatness with the stitched edge, which is the finish preferred by most men, and as it also combines durability with style, it is not to be wondered at that it is the prime favorite. The sleeves are always finished to match the edge; thus the stitched edges have a row



SPRING HEADGEAR.
One of the newest models of derby. Note the wide brim and slight curve.

of stitching round the cuffs and two or three buttons at the bottom of the hind arm seam, whilst the braided and bound styles have turn-back cuffs about two inches deep finished at the top like the edges of the front.

The new materials for this spring are either black or dark grey, of a very soft finish and having an "invisible" pattern such as a fine plait, twill, or basket pattern; these, however, can only be detected by close examination. As the season advances, lighter greys and drabs will be worn, but such are much more fitted for occasions in June and July than in April or May. At present most of the vests worn with these coats are made up from the same material and are, of course, finished in har-

mony, but as the spring merges into summer lighter materials will find more and more favor.

The single-breasted, no collar style finds the largest number of patrons, but the double-breasted style is now looked upon as rather more select.

SILK and satin "stocks" to accompany the dining suit denote that Parisian dictatorship in men's dress, the growth of which has been traced in this column. These new "stocks," one of which is worn in the musical comedy, "The Arcadians," resemble a double-band bow. They go twice around the neck and are knotted softly in front with outspread ends. The effect is very "smart." It is impracticable, of course, to adjust the Tuxedo "stock" under a double-band collar, the wing being necessary. One of the good-form haberdashers has adapted this idea to formal dress and shows a "stock" of white silk, which is tied in the same manner and worn with a poke collar. As a fundamental departure in evening dress, the "stock" is worthy of more than fugitive note. It exemplifies the drift toward old-school and old-world standards of which the Inverness or Cape Overcoat was the forerunner.

VARIOUS circumstances have combined to make luncheons a more or less popular way of entertaining nowadays, and men who were a few weeks ago quite indifferent to their appearance in the middle of the day are now paying considerable attention to dress at that hour.

Of course such luncheons are in a measure an informal meal. Men who are in business may come in tweed sack suits, although they are likely in such cases to select some solid color such as brown or dark blue. Nowadays the black sack coat is possible only with dress trousers. One no longer sees in the fashion of a few years ago a black sack suit combined with rough gray trousers. Men who wear a black coat are certain to have on striped cassimere trousers of some dressy pattern and design. So the black sack coat has become a garment for dress rather than anything else, and it is particularly appropriate for these midday meals. The London tailors are still sending over these sack coats with braiding all about them, but that style is rather pronounced and such coats are not for the man who has not others in sufficient numbers. They are well-suited, however, to the midday meal. With them is usually worn the waistcoat of the same material relieved by the white duck collar. This addition to the waistcoat is smart only when in white.

More informal than this black braided coat is the sack suit of brown or gray tweed. The white collarettes are not well suited to such garments. This line of white duck implies a certain degree of dressiness.

Of course, men who want to be somewhat more formal than the sack coat allows may always be appropriately dressed in the braided cut-away. That is also worn with the waistcoat of the same goods and the white band of duck within the waistcoat collar is almost indispensable. Trousers of white and black stripes in some width not too striking are the best possible style to accompany these coats. Trousers of the same material are, of course, unknown. These coats are now cut very low, two buttons are the greatest number possible, and the waistcoat is well cut away and pointed at the bottom. Trousers are still tight-fitting and worn short. That is to say they are

so tightly pulled up as to fall on the lower part of the instep. In the breast pocket it is again customary to wear a colored handkerchief of not too striking a color.

White gaiters are smart when the weather permits and still more appropriate are the patent leather laced boots with the fair leather tops. It is true that the patent leather, or for that matter the calfskin boots with the light colored cloth tops, are no longer in style. White duck uppers are of course very striking in style and are suited only to warm, bright weather. They are at their best in Newport and Narragansett in the summer.

The colored waistcoat, while it has passed for the time being the period of its greatest popularity, it is still seen occasionally, and more often still in the way of a fancy waistcoat one sees a plain white duck ornamented with braid down each side of the front and outlining the pockets. Tailors predict that the temporary neglect of the colored waistcoat is sure to be followed by a revival of plain white duck waistcoat.

Nothing has yet proved sufficiently attractive to rob the soft bosomed shirt of its popularity. There are stripes again this spring as possibly the smartest note of novelty, although there are new effects in the same color that surpass these in distinction. Some of these are in soft, white materials with designs embroidered in the same color. Cuffs are still doubled back over the wrist. They are not stiffened and when



A NOVELTY STICK.

The head of this stick contains a match-box. Cigarette-cases are constructed in the same way.

made of the striped goods the stripes run horizontally about the cuff. These shirts are especially appropriate to the dress of the luncheon hour because they are not altogether formal. Soft shirts are worn now on so many occasions that they may be said to be as much dress as a stiff shirt, although they cannot be worn, for instance, at a wedding with as much propriety.

AMONG the light-weight top-coats for spring the Chesterfield model, from moderately shaped to full in back, and medium in length is undoubtedly the most generally made; some buttoning through others under the fly—and the sloping shoulder of the old raglan style is by no means unusual for informal garments. The waist-line overcoats, such as the Paddock, are now little worn, but the short, loose covert coat is an excellent one for spring, if of good cut and fabric, and there are many styles intended more especially for rainy weather, motoring, etc.

IN hats for formal dress there is the silk, showing a somewhat higher, less belled crown and slightly flatter brim, and the "opera," of ribbed silk, showing no change other than a tendency to follow the lines of the silk; for informal wear the black or tan derby, also showing, as a general rule, a crown a bit higher and brim a little less curled, and several styles of soft hats, of which perhaps the most fashionably correct are the gray felt and English cloth in modified Alpine shapes. But, as has been intimated, there are many models showing slight variations in line, which cannot be characterized as incorrect, if becoming to the individual wearer, and there will be at least several styles of straight and curling brim straw hats about equally entitled to be described as generally fashionable. Regarding the latter, it may perhaps be said that the rather wide brim shape of rather coarse sennit in the straight, and the medium width brim shape of softer and more flexible straw or Panama grass, in the curling styles, promise to be the leading designs, but, after all, this is saying nothing more than might have been said of straw hats for the past six years. TUXEDO.

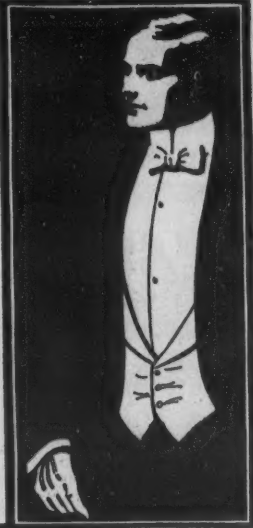
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PORTER



ANECDOTAL

ONE day an unannounced caller who had managed to evade the porter downstairs opened the door of James Payn, the famous editor of The Cornhill Magazine. His hair was long, and his clothes were shabby and untidy. He had a roll of papers in his hand. Payn, surmising a poet and an epic several thousand lines long, looked up. "Well, sir?" "I've brought you something about Sarcoma and Carcinoma." "We are overcrowded with poetry—couldn't accept another line, not even if it were by Milton." "Poetry!" the caller flashed. "Do you know anything about Sarcoma and Carcinoma?" "Italian lovers, aren't they?" said Payn, imperturbably. The caller retreated, with a withering glance at the editor. Under the Land Revenue Record Office he got his first taste for romance. It was as a lecturer that Mr. Hewlett first became famous, and many an amusing anecdote he tells of those days. Once speaking at a small Scottish village, the chairman, having referred to "the mon wha's come here tae broaden our intellects," remarked that a short prayer would not be out of place. "And, O Lord," the good man went on, "put it intae the heart

mother, and his ducal blood through his father, praised American journalists. He gave me an example of our perseverance. No less than forty-seven American correspondents called on him at the board of trade offices for an interview one week on the American tariff, and, as none of them had sufficiently good credentials, he refused to see them. Finally a correspondent came with a letter from Mr. Lloyd-George, and him Mr. Churchill saw gladly. 'Do you know,' he said to the young man, 'that I have refused to see forty-seven of your compatriots on this very subject?' 'I ought to know it,' the correspondent answered, 'for I'm the whole forty-seven.'

"IGNORANCE of the law," said the judge, "is no excuse for crime." "May I enquire of your honor," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whether your honors remark is directed at the defendant or his counsel?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

HARRIETT A. KAYSER'S "Bishop Potter, the People's Friend," retails not a few anecdotes which illustrate his keen sense of humor. For example, in one of his public speeches he told the following story at his own expense:

A few days ago I was going up on a West Shore train. Two young women were standing on the step of the car, and it was at the last minute. "Is this train stopping at Orangeburg?" asked one. "Yes, get in, get in," I replied rather impatiently. One of the young women asked me if I was the conductor, and I told her I would at least conduct her to a seat. "Well," she remarked, "if you are, you are the sassiest conductor I ever met."

And at another time he told how, as he passed two small boys on the street, he heard one say to the other, "There goes the Bish; he's no chump," as to which remark the Bishop added: "Now, I don't know what the word chump means, but I am gratified that the boy was able to identify me."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Thomas Hardy has lived for so long in Dorsetshire, among the very scenes that he has described so graphically, he is of such a modest and retiring disposition that his great fame is practically unknown to a number of the quiet country folk.

An amusing story is told of an enthusiastic admirer of the author who visited Dorset, and approached an old dame who was sitting outside her cottage door.

"Mr. Hardy lives near here, doesn't he?" he inquired.

"Which Mr. Hardy?" asked the old woman.

"Why, the Mr. Hardy who writes books," replied the astonished pilgrim.

"Oh, I know nought about him," said the country woman, "but there be a Hardy near by who rears grand pigs!"

der the same roof as the Cornhill, was the office of a medical and surgical journal, and it was this that the caller sought for the disposal of a treatise on those cancerous growths with the euphonious names, which, with a layman's ignorance, Payn ascribed poetry.

A WELL-KNOWN Southern judge revives a story about a white man, who, during reconstruction times, was arraigned before a colored justice of the peace for killing a man and stealing his mule. It was in Arkansas, near the Texas border, and there was some rivalry between the States, but the colored justice tried always to preserve an impartial frame of mind.

"We've got two kinds ob law in dis yere co't," he said. "Texas law an' Arkansas law. Which will you hab?"

The prisoner thought a minute, and then guessed that he would take the Arkansas law.

"Den I discharge yo' fo' stealin' de mule, an' hang yo' fo' killin' de man."

"Hold on a minute, judge," said the prisoner. "Better make that Texas law."

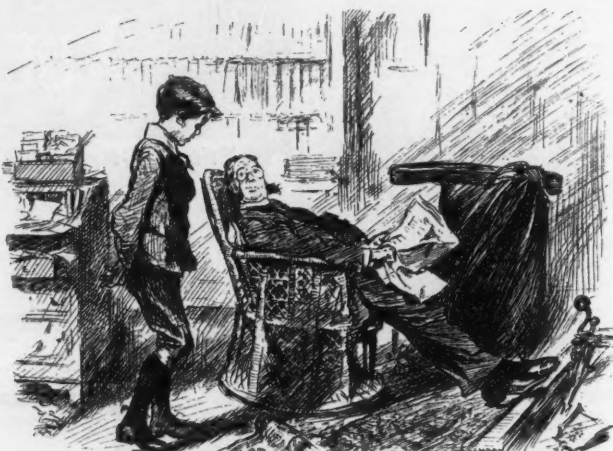
"All right; under de law ob Texas I fin' yo' fo' killin' de man, an' hang yo' fo' stealin' de mule."

LUTHER BURBANK, at the Cactus dinner that he recently gave in Santo Rosa, said:

"As we all see, the fruit of the cactus is not bad. Some people, though, would turn from the cactus with horror. Tastes differ. One man, such a man as myself, for instance, finding a single wife too many, remains unmarried. Another man, like Cetewayo, finds a thousand wives scarcely enough."

"When Wolseley conquered Cetewayo, he took nearly all his wives away from him. I believe he left the monarch only a half-dozen or thereabouts. Cetewayo, day after day, sent piteous messages to Wolseley, pleading for the rest of his wives, but the British soldier refused sternly. When Wolseley came to leave the country, Cetewayo, in desperation, sent this message to him: 'If you will not send me any more wives, will you not be gentlemen enough to exchange the six I have for six others?'"

MAURICE HEWLETT, who is mentioned as a probable Liberal candidate for a Welsh constituency, is one of the many famous literary men who have spent a portion of their lives in government offices. Perhaps from the archives of



Scene—Schoolmaster's study.
Master: "Why were you late for early school, Wright?"
Wright: "Please, sir, I must have overwashed myself!"—Punch.

o' this mon tae speak the truth, the hale truth, and naething but the truth and gie us grace tae understand him." Then, with a glance at Mr. Hewlett, he added: "I've been a lecturer mesel!"

THE late Sir Charles Todd, Postmaster-General of South Australia from 1869 to 1905, was generally known as "Punmaster-General," there being a legend to the effect that he perpetrated a pun or propounded a riddle every day of his life. On one occasion a deputation waited on him to ask for better postal facilities at Ororoo, and after several earnest speeches had been made by members of Parliament and others, Sir Charles replied, with a twinkle in his eye—"I am afraid, gentlemen, I shall not be able to grant your request. You have overlooked one important item. There are only two letters in Ororoo."

"I lunched with Winston Churchill at the Ritz, in London," relates a New York journalist, "during his remarkable campaign. This brilliant young cabinet minister, with his American blood through his



Motorist (who has over-lubricated at wayside inn): "I'm confounded car sheems devilish stiff to start."—The Tatler.

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THE BURGLARS' CLUB



BY HENRY A. HERING

IV.—THE FELLMONGERS GOBLET.

"MR. SEPTIMUS TOFT—Sir," the letter ran. "The 'tocs are on the scent. If you want any further information meet me at the Blue Lion Monument, at nine-thirty to-morrow evening without fail—Yours, etc., J. Driver."

"Nine-thirty to-morrow evening," Mr. Toft smiled feebly at the humor of the situation. To-morrow evening at eight o'clock he was advertised to take the chair at a Young Men's Mutual Improvement meeting, and the gentleman who was to deliver the evening's lecture occupied the post of his Majesty's Solicitor-General. "He will probably have to prosecute me on behalf of the Crown," thought Toft; so he determined to propitiate him by special attention to his discourse and by frequent applause.

On the following evening Mr. Toft made his way to the Blue Lion. The lecture had not been a success so far as he was concerned. Try as he might, he could not concentrate his thoughts on the subject. He had applauded at wrong places. Once a titter from the audience had resulted and the Solicitor-General had turned on him a look of pained surprise. In the agony of the moment he had pulled the table-cloth, and the glass of water thereon had upset, incidentally splashing the lecturer. The titter developed into a laugh, through which a legal glare had petrified him.

At nine o'clock the lecture was over. The Solicitor-General listened in silence to Mr. Toft's apologies, and then bowed coldly. Mr. Toft felt that he was lost indeed if it came to the Law Courts, and hurried away to his appointment in a state of feverish anxiety. He had come to the lecture in a soft wide-awake hat and the oldest top-coat in his wardrobe. He now donned a woolen muffler, and put on a pair of smoked glass spectacles. This was his idea of disguise. It was simple, but ineffective; for the highly-respectable mutton-chop whiskers, the weak mouth, the cut-away chin were as noticeable as ever. His most casual acquaintance would have recognized him, and would merely have concluded he was engaged in something disreputable.

At the Monument he dismissed his cab, and made his way to the Blue Lion Inn. It was a fifth-rate house in a fourth-rate street. Mr. Toft had never been in such an unpleasant place in his life, and he groaned as he thought that the exigencies of commerce had driven him there in his old age without even the excuse of foreign competition.

It was 9.45 when he entered the inn, and he hoped that the quarter-hour he was late would impress J. Driver with the conviction that he, Toft, was not at all particular about keeping the appointment. Apparently it did strike Mr. Driver in that way, for as the be-muffled and bespectacled gentleman in the soft hat entered the tap-room, a sarcastic voice loudly expressed the hope that he hadn't permanently injured his constitution by running. Mr. Toft was grieved at the publicity given to this remark. He sat down by the speaker, and murmured excuses; but Mr. Driver, if it were he, would have none of them. "When I say 9.30, I mean 9.30, and not 9.50, nor 9.60, nor yet 9.70. If my time won't suit you, yours won't suit me. I'm off," he said.

Mr. Toft was alarmed. "Sit down, please," he said, clutching the rising figure. "I'm sure I'm very sorry. I had made an engagement before your letter came, and I couldn't very well put it off. What will you have to drink?" he added adroitly.

"Gin and bitters," was the prompt response, and Mr. Driver sat down.

Mr. Toft now had leisure to take stock of his surroundings. J. Driver was a dark-haired man with a bold, clean-shaven chin. His voice was deep and emphatic, and his eye was piercing. He was broad and muscular, and would probably be a good boxer, thought Mr. Toft. He glanced at the drinkers at the other tables but finding their eyes fixed stolidly on him, he looked elsewhere. He had noticed eyes and noses—that was all.

"Now to business," said Mr. Driver. "You know my name, and I know yours. That's where we're equal. You're in a beastly hole and I aren't. That's where the difference comes in."

"I don't understand," said Mr.

Toft. "In fact, I haven't the faintest idea what you are alluding to."

"Garn," said J. Driver, with a dig in the ribs that made him jump. "Garn! you old dodger. What about Government contracts?"

"What about them?" asked Mr. Toft, shrinking from his familiarity. "What about them?" echoed the other. "What about work you never did, for which you got false receipts? What about contracts executed with inferior stuff? What about commissions to officials, tips to men, and plunder all round?"

Mr. Toft paled at this catalogue of his business achievements. "You are misinformed," he said. "My firm does not do such things."

J. Driver thrust his tongue into his cheek. "Then how did you get your contracts, Septimus?" he asked.

"By honest competition in the open market," replied Mr. Toft loftily.

Mr. Driver laughed derisively. "Lord!" he said at last. "I wish I had your artless style. Stick to it, Mister, in the prisoners' dock. It may pull you through."

"I presume you haven't asked me here simply for the purpose of insulting me?" said Mr. Toft, with some dignity.

"What a man you are!" Mr. Driver replied, with unstinted admiration. You must be a thought-reader, Septimus, a bloomin' thought-reader. You're quite right; I haven't. I've come for the loan of a key, and one of your visitin' cards."

"A key?" said Mr. Toft, relieved, though much surprised.

"The key of the plate chest of the Fellmongers' Company."

Mr. Toft raised his eyebrows. "You're joking," he said.

"Do I look like a joker?" replied his companion fiercely. "Do I look like a joker?" he repeated loudly, banging his fist on the table so that all turned their eyes in the direction of the noise. Mr. Toft implored him to restrain his feelings.

"Don't rouse 'em, then!" said the man. "Have you got the key on you?"

"Er—yes," responded Mr. Toft. "Then hand it over."

"My dear sir," began the unhappy Septimus.

"I'm not your dear anything," said the other; "so don't you pretend that I am. I'm as meek and pleasant as a cow to those that treat me fair and square, but when I'm irritated I'm a roarin' bull. Hand me the key."

"I can't."

"You can't. Right'o!" said Mr. Driver, rising. "At present the Admiralty only suspect. To-morrow they'll know, and you'll know, too, Septimus Toft when you get five years without the option of a fine."

"Please, please don't speak so loudly," begged Mr. Toft, beside himself with fears and anxieties. Then, to put on time whilst he collected his scattered thoughts, "What do you want to do with the key?"

"Wear it with my medals, of course," said the man sarcastically. "If you want further pettifogers you won't get 'em, but I promise to return the key within forty-eight hours and all your plate'll be there."

"It's a very extraordinary idea," said Mr. Toft incredulously.

"It is; and I'm a very extraordinary man, and you're a bloomin' ordinary one. Will you let me have the key and a visitin' card, or not?"

"If anyone asks you how you got them, what will you say?"

"Say I took 'em from you while you were asleep in an opium den, or when we met in a tunnel—any blessed thing you like."

Mr. Toft scarcely heard him. He was thinking over the pros and cons of the situation as rapidly as his nervous system would allow. He was Treasurer of the Fellmongers' Company, and he alone had the key of the plate safe. In the ordinary course of events, he would be elected Prime Warden next year, but if there were any trouble about the plate he might not be. Better that, though, than a public exposure of his business methods. The key might have been stolen from him. Everyone lost keys now and then. Of course, no one could think that the theft was to his advantage, and it would save him from all bother at the Admiralty—but would it?

"If I let you have the key," he asked, "how do I know that you won't come in a similar way again?"

"Give it up," said Mr. Driver.

"Never was good at riddles, and I didn't come here to be asked 'em, neither. What the blazes do I care about what you'll know or what you won't know? I know what I know, and that's enough to account for your hair bein' so thin on top. If you don't hand me that key without any more rotti'n' I'll just drop this in the first pillar box I come across."

He pulled out a fat blue envelope and flourished it in front of Mr. Toft's blinking eyes. It was addressed to the Financial Secretary of the Admiralty, and was marked on one side, "Important," and on the other, "Private and Urgent." There was an immense seal with the impression of a five-shilling piece.

"Your death-knell's inside," said Mr. Driver. "Hear it rattle," and he shook the envelope in Mr. Toft's ear. "But it wants a stamp or the Government might not take it in. On such trifles do our destinies depend, Septimus. Have you got a stamp?" He put an anticipatory penny on the table.

Mr. Toft hesitated no longer. From one end of his watch-chain he detached a gold key, which he handed covertly to Driver.

"Now your visitin' card."

Mr. Toft produced one, and handed it over. "You'll give me that letter, now," he pleaded.

J. Driver shook his head, tore up the packet, and put it into the fire. "Better there," he said oracularly. "Now, Toft, my boy, don't worry. You'll have that key back by Friday, and all your spoons'll be in the box. If you don't interfere, you'll never hear of me again, and the Admiralty won't either; but if you take one step behind my back, I'll do all I've threatened, and a lot more, and you'll be building Portland Breakwater on Christmas Day. By-bye, Septimus."

With this, Mr. Driver rose, and stalked out of the room. After a modest interval Mr. Toft followed.

At 9 a.m. on the following morning the bell of the Fellmongers' Company pealed vigorously. The porter hurried to answer it, and found a lady on the doorstep. She was neatly dressed, and was strikingly handsome. She might be twenty-five years old. A boy carrying a portfolio and a strapped-up easel stood behind.

"Is this the Fellmongers' Hall?" she asked.

"It is, Miss."

"I want to know if you will be good enough to allow me to copy a painting you have on your walls? I do not know if it is necessary to have any written permission, or where to apply for it."

"The 'All is open to the public under my supervision," said the porter pompously. "Come inside, please."

"Thank you," replied the lady. "Put those things down, Johnnie. That's right. I'll let you know when to come for them. Good morning."

"We don't often 'ave artists 'ere, Miss," remarked the porter, "and I sometimes thinks as pictures is wasted on gentlemen dinin' with City Companies. They ain't runnin' petic'ler strong on hart just then. Which one is it you want?"

"I don't know the title," replied the artist, "but I shall know the picture when I see it. It's a portrait."

"Praps Nicholas Tiffany," the porter suggested, "the first warden of the company, painted by 'Olbein. Born 1455. Lived to the ripe age of ninety-four, and died regretted by his sovereign and his country. His estates were seized by his creditors. Here he is, miss."

The man opened the door of the Livery Room, the walls of which were hung with many pictures. "This is a Tiffany," he said, pointing to a disreputable-looking portrait.

The lady looked at it doubtfully. "The painting I want is the one nearest to the door of the plate room," she said.

"Then it's a good bit away from it, miss. The plate room is off the Banqueting 'All, and they are all windows on that side. The pictures are opposite."

"Dear me," said the lady. "How very stupidly I have been informed. Please show me the room."

The porter led the way, and threw open the door with pardonable pride. "The Banqueting 'All of the Honorable Company of Fellmongers!" he exclaimed. It was the famous hall in which the heads of City Companies and ruling sovereigns are intermittently entertained. Down one wall were ranged portraits of eminent fellmongers. The other three were pierced by doors and windows.

"Which is the plate room?" asked the lady.

"This is the door of the plate room," the porter replied. "Any-one enterin' without authority, day or night, sets in action two peals of electric bells, and automatically discharges a revolver shot through the sky-light."

"How very interesting!" the lady remarked. "Now I must find my picture."

She looked around the room and finally selected one.

"Jeremiah Crumpey," said the porter. "A haberdasher by birth, but eventually Junior Warden of our Company. Painted by Merillo. Never gettin' beyond pot'ooks 'imself, he founded the Company's Schools at Ashby de la Zouch."

"I'm sure that's the man," said the artist. "I'll bring my things in, if I may. Is there a Mrs. —? Jeckell, thank you. I should like to see her about some water for my paints."

"I'll tell you what, Maria," said Mr. Jeckell some hours later. "If she's a hartist I ought to be President of the Royal Academy. I never saw such drawin' in my life. She can't get his face square nohow. He's smilin' in the picture, but she's made him lockjawed an' moonstruck. She says if she can't get him right, she'll have to turn him into a shipwreck. She must be what the papers call a himpressionist. She spoke twice about the plate room, so I've wheeled my chair into the 'all to keep my eye on her. I'll go back now to see what she's hup to."

Mr. Jeckell would have wondered less at her drawing if he had seen the note the lady had referred to in his absence:

"An attempt will be made during the next three days to steal a cup from the plate chest at the Fellmongers' Hall. For certain reasons, warnings of this must not come to the authorities from without. Apply for permission to copy painting or to sketch interior, and watch. Should any other than the company's servant enter the plate room suggest doubt as to his credentials, and do all you can to secure his arrest. Another agent will watch the premises from 5 p.m. to 9 a.m."

While Mr. Jeckell was on his way to his chair there came another peal from the front-entrance bell. A man in a bowler hat, and carrying a handbag, was outside.

"Mr. Toft has sent me for the Nelson Goblet," he said.

The porter was surprised. "Got a note?" he asked.

"The guv'nor gave me this," said the man, handing a card, "and the key."

"What does he want it for?" Mr. Jeckell asked.

"Got a big guzzle on at 'ome. wants to cut an extra dash in centrepieces."

Mr. Jeckell shook his head gravely but made no remark. "Come along," he said shortly.

He led the way across the vestibule into the Banqueting Hall, where, behind her easel, a lady was evidently busy with her picture. He stopped at a door, which he unlocked, and both men passed through. Barely had they done so when the artist ran from behind her easel into the outer hall. "Mrs. Jeckell! Mrs. Jeckell!" she called out.

The porter's wife appeared. "A man has gone into the plate-room with your husband. I'm sure he's a thief. Warn Mr. Jeckell to get full authority before he does what this man wants."

"Gracious me!" cried the alarmed Mrs. Jeckell. "A thief! He may be murderin' Samuel!"

She rushed across to the plate-room, and in a minute a storm of voices proceeded therefrom. Finally the three emerged, two hot and flurried, and the stranger looking cool and determined, carrying a bag in one hand, and a gold cup in the other. The porter hung onto his arm.

The artist was in front of the door. When she saw the man with the bag and the cup she gave a little gasp of surprise, and a wave of color overspread her face.

The man seemed equally astonished. "You!" he said at last.

"They're both thieves," whispered

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Mrs. Jeckell to her husband. "They are acting in collusion. I'll shout for the police while you keep 'em." And she ran from the room.

"You are in danger," said the artist rapidly in French. "Put the cup in your pocket. Give me the bag, and knock the porter down."

The man obeyed with the promptitude of a soldier. Leaving Mr. Jeckell prostrate on the floor, they hurried from the Hall. At the street door was Mrs. Jeckell, wildly beckoning to a distant policeman.

"You take down there," said the artist. "Good-bye." She ran off in the opposite direction, still holding the bag, and dived down a side street.

Mrs. Jeckell grew frantically insistent to the policeman, who now came up. "Which one," he puffed.

"The man. No, it's in the bag. Both of 'em," she cried.

At this moment her husband appeared at the door, with blood streaming from his nose. "They've killed Samuel," cried his horrified wife running to him; but the policeman, though he wore the badge of St. John of Jerusalem on his arm, dashed down the street after the lady.

By the time he returned, after a fruitless pursuit, Mr. Jeckell's nose had stopped bleeding. "Did you hever?" said the porter. "What the

blazes did she mean by first givin' the alarm and then aidin' and abettin'?" And she looked so innocent-like, too. The first hartist as I've ever encouraged and the last. What- ever will Mr. Toft say, Maria? It's as much as my place is worth. After all these years of faithful service, too!"

But Mr. Toft was less demonstrative than might have been expected. The next gathering of the Burglars' Club proved the most important in the history of the club since its foundation. Every detail of it is firmly impressed on the memory of each member present; yet they never by any chance refer to that meeting. One and all would like to forget it—if they could.

It was held at Marmaduke Percy's rooms, his Grace of Dorchester, the President of the year, being in the chair.

The Secretary read the minutes, and concluded: "The business of the evening is the payment of an entrance fee—the Nelson Goblet of the Fellmongers' Company—by Martin Legendre Craven, fourth Baron Horton, a cadet member of the club."

Lord Horton entered, bowed, and amidst general applause, placed on

(Concluded on page 16.)



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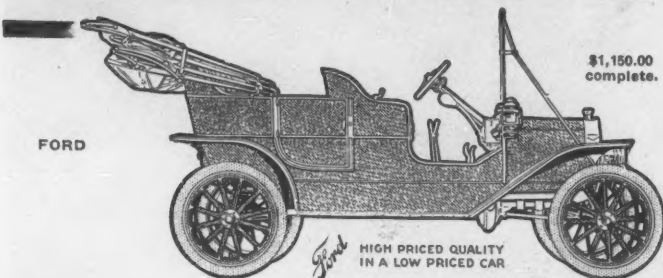
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And there's the additional pleasure of drinking an ale that will not make you bilious.
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O'KEEFE'S Extra Mild Ale
"The Beer that is always O. K." 127

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"A Modern Chronicle." A novel of the problem type. By Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "Coniston," etc. Published by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited. Price, \$1.50.

It is a far cry from "Richard Carvel" to this extremely modern study of feminine psychology. But though the material is so widely different, the method of treatment is still the same. Mr. Churchill is a novelist in the leisurely Victorian fashion. He is never in any hurry with his plots, and he does not feel called upon to file down his work to the last hairbreadth. Even if incidents and characters are superfluous and have really no vital connection with the working out of the theme, Mr. Churchill is still satisfied so long as they are interesting in themselves. He seems to feel that there is much that is superfluous and purposeless in life, and that a novelist may, without harm, follow somewhat the discursiveness of nature's method.

All Mr. Churchill's work gives one the feeling that it was written in great comfort of body and mind. His chapters run along so naturally



BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON,
The great Norwegian poet and novelist, who is said to be dying.

and comfortably, with so little evidence of haste or strain, that one naturally pictures the author writing them under green trees and with dogs lying about, after the custom of the good Sir Walter. And, in spite of the famous dictum of Sheridan, that "your easy writing is cursed hard reading," Mr. Churchill's books gain rather than lose from this impression of ease.

Of course, this may merely be a case of the art that conceals itself. But unfortunately there is much that is slovenly and careless in this author's work to dispel the idea that he spends a great deal of time polishing his books. He is more apt to put that time in on another volume. It is true, his work shows a very steady advance in finish, and his art is growing finer; but there is still far to go in this respect. Mr. Churchill, however, has many good qualities to compensate for his defects of detail.

The story of "A Modern Chronicle" is not a startlingly novel one. An American girl of Virginian and Kentuckian stock, which shows itself in a superabundance of temperament, loses her parents when a baby and is brought up in St. Louis by an uncle and aunt. She marries a young New York stock broker, who proves a very ordinary sort of American husband. He provides a fair living, but fails signally as a companion in the higher life. Of course, the "other man" comes along. In the first place he is a picturesque pirate of finance, who courts the lady in dashing, insolent fashion. He makes a great effort, but is repulsed—firmly, but not unkindly. With a lady of such temperament, however, the end is certain. In this case the end proves to be a young Englishman of good family, tremendous physique, and a masterful disposition. There is a Nevada divorce after the required period of residence, and then the two affinities are united with the approval of the law. As for the first husband, one is given to understand that he viewed the departure of the lady with something akin to relief. Of course, the second husband is merely a sensual bully, with a little more of brains and kindness than usually goes to such a make-up. She suddenly comes to realize this—rather too suddenly for artistic effect—and the result is disillusionment. But hubby number two is killed very opportunely by a horse, and the lady is left free to marry again. The third and last—or so the ending of the story would lead one to hope—is an American, a friend of her youth, and the one really worthy man among all her suitors.

The story is spun out for five hundred and twenty-odd pages. Naturally there is a great deal of extraneous matter, but the interest of the story is well sustained throughout. It is a very pleasant, though not exactly exciting occupation, to follow

the fortunes of Honora Leffingwell and her various matrimonial ventures and this is the season of the year when one's fancy gently turns to soothing literature. But there are times, I must admit, when one looks back with something like regret to the more stirring deeds of "Richard Carvel," and "The Crisis."

"The First Great Canadian." The story of Pierre Le Moine, Sieur D'Iberville. By Charles B. Reed, author of "The Masters of the Wilderness." Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price, \$2.00.

THERE have been few more romantic figures in Canadian history than Le Moine D'Iberville, and few who had a greater influence in shaping the destinies of the infant colony which grew to be the present Dominion. He was a most remarkable man in every respect, and the story of his career reads more like the account of a hero in some Ruritanian or other land of romance, than the matter-of-fact narrative of actual happenings. Of course, Parkman and other historians have dealt at considerable length with the career of this greatest of the Le Moynes, but Mr. Reed's work is a pleasant and welcome contribution to the literature of the subject. He does not pretend to advance anything new or to treat the subject in an exhaustive manner. But he manages to make the figure of "the first great Canadian" a very human and impressive one, and to tell his story in a lucid and thoroughly interesting way.

It was a great family, that of Charles Le Moine, the son of an inn-keeper of Dieppe. He himself was a great figure in the early days of New France, and his work was nobly continued by his eleven sons, of whom D'Iberville was the third. All of them either rose to eminence or met glorious deaths in the service of the colony and the Crown. But D'Iberville early proved himself to be the strongest and bravest and wisest of even this unusually wise and brave and strong family. From his early days at Longueuil opposite Montreal, the author follows him through all that great career of conquest in which he carried to victory the banners of France on the frozen waters of Hudson Bay, in the fog-wrapped Gulf of St. Lawrence, and under the torrid sun of the Gulf of Mexico. Sailor, woodsman, warrior, statesman, and colonizer, he was pre-eminent in all these varied fields of activity; and yet he died at the height of his powers in his forty-fifth year. This means that his life was filled full with deeds of daring and high enterprise. And this is why the story of his career reads like a novel of adventure. As presented by Mr. Reed, it is a well written and intensely interesting book, which should appeal very strongly to Canadians and all who are interested in the early history of the North American continent.

PAUL ADAM'S new novel, "Le Trust," shows us the Transatlantic institution through French spectacles, and represents the results of the author's visits to the United States and Cuba in 1904. He saw the emigrants disembark at Ellis Island, he interviewed them in the Homestead works, in Pittsburgh offices, on the railroads of Pennsylvania, and the grounds of the St. Louis Exhibition.



JEROME K. JEROME.
The author of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," as he appears in T. P.'s portrait gallery.

biton. The galvanisation of the younger generation of Cuban creoles into new life by the electric thrill of American suzerainty, the spectacle of the motley mass of workers of all nationalities, climes, and colors pressed into the service of the "captains of industry of the States, the fact that the ruin of a trust implies the creation of an army of unemployed—such are a few of the salient features he noted and has embodied in his tale.

Tom Folio

WOOD BEDS

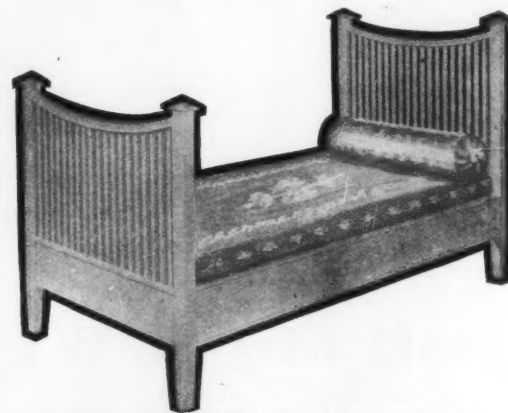
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PIANO SALON:

115-117 King St. W., : TORONTO

The Burglars' Club

(Continued from page 14).

the table a richly-chased goblet of gold.

"Lord Horton's entrance fee being paid," said the President, "I now move that he be enrolled as a full member." Carried unanimously.

"My lord, you are now one of us."

Lord Horton advanced to the table and looked round with calm deliberation. He was a notable man—the best amateur low comedian of his day, a traveller who had pressed far into Thibet, a diplomatist at the mention of whose name the Turk shifted uneasily on his feet and fixed his eyes dependently on the floor. He had won his V.C. in China. He had done many things.

"Your Grace, my lords and gentlemen," he said, "I thank you. In accordance with the usual custom of your Club I will explain how I have been able to fill my appointed duty. I received an appointment that the Nelson Goblet of the Fellmongers' Company was my entrance fee, and at once took steps to procure it. The matter was hardly difficult. A list of the Company showed me that the treasurer and plate keeper was a certain Mr. Toft. The directory informed me that he was steam-tug owner and a contractor to the Admiralty. Inquiry there told me he was under suspicion of bribery and corruption. I played on this little weakness of his, and if I am not mistaken, I frightened him into the paths of virtue for the rest of his days. In return he lent me the key of plate safe of his Company. In broad daylight I proceeded for my booty. To my surprise, I found that I was expected. Someone had placed an agent on the spot to warn the custodian of the building of my intention. An alarm was raised. My lords and gentlemen, at whose instigation was that alarm raised?"

Lord Horton paused. Members looked at each other in mystified amazement. What on earth was he driving at? Was he waiting for a reply?

The silence grew painful. "Who instigated that alarm?" again the speaker asked.

A voice replied, "Presumably Mr. Toft."

"Presumably Mr. Toft," Sir Francis Marwood, I thank you for the suggestion. To continue. An alarm was raised by the agent of someone unknown. This agent was a lady who did not know that she was betraying an old friend. A minute later we were face to face. Instantly she pierced through my disguise, and by her presence of mind

and fertility of resource alone did I escape.

"Like Sir Francis Marwood, I thought my betrayer was Mr. Toft, and I hastened to interview that gentleman. I found him in a state of extreme nervous prostration, but I left him convinced that it was not he who had betrayed me. So your suggestion, Sir Francis Marwood, is wrong. Can you give me another clue?"

Sir Francis did not reply. He looked uncomfortable at the attention bestowed upon his remark.

"My next step was to trace the lady who had helped me. That also was not difficult. I did not know she was in England, but being here I concluded that the Foreign Office would have her address. I was not mistaken. I found my friend, and learnt that she had her instructions to raise an alarm from—mark the name well, gentlemen—from Sir Francis Marwood, a member of this Club."

Had a live shell fallen into their midst it would probably have caused less consternation than did this announcement. There was an involuntary exclamation from everyone. For a moment all eyes were fixed on Sir Francis. Then each man drew himself up and stared blankly into space.

"The fame of your Club had reached me, and the novelty of its membership appealed to me." Again Lord Horton was speaking. "I felt that its risks would give a pleasing zest to civilian life, but I did not know that members were allowed to pay off old scores on each other through its medium. Last year I considered it my duty to advise against Sir Francis Marwood's appointment to Lisbon. This was his revenge. I was prepared to run any and all risks from without, but did not anticipate betrayal from within. Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to elect me as a member of your Club. I have paid my subscription. Now I beg to tender my resignation."

"No, no!" responded on all sides. Then cries of "Marwood! Marwood!"

"Order," cried the Duke. "Sir Francis Marwood, we are waiting."

Sir Francis rose. He was a man of some distinction in the diplomatic world.

"Gentlemen," he said, making a desperate attempt to speak his words lightly; "I really did not anticipate the matter would be taken up in this serious way. I do not dispute the accuracy of Lord Horton's statement, though I absolutely deny the motive he has ascribed to me. The reason

of my action was simple. This Club was formed by us, not merely for passing time, but for keeping up our wits in degenerate days. To such a man as Lord Horton I felt that the purloining of the Fellmongers' Goblet must fall flat indeed. I have read the marvellous account of his adventures in Thibet, and I felt that some further spice of danger in this particular affair was necessary to make it worthy of Lord Horton's reputation. I took the liberty of supplying it, though perhaps in so doing I exceeded my rights. If so, I tender my regrets."

Sir Francis resumed his seat amidst loudly expressed disapprobation.

The President rose. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have heard Lord Horton's charge and Sir Francis Marwood's reply. Our Club can exist only as long as there is absolute good faith between its members, and I never dreamt of anything less than this being possible. Two duties are obviously mine. The first, Sir Francis Marwood, is to inform you that you are no longer a member of the Club. The second is to express our sincere regrets to Lord Horton, and our earnest hope that he will reconsider his resignation."

Sir Francis rose, pale and defiant. "So be it, Duke. Some day you may regret this. Horton, you and I have a big score to wipe out now." Then, with an ugly sneer, "It is hardly necessary to say that the F.O. will no longer require the services of a lady who cannot be depended upon; but Lord Horton's interest will no doubt find her another situation."

"Stop!" thundered Horton. "A lady has been mentioned. Two years ago this same lady saved my life in Russia. I asked her to marry me, and she refused, because, absurdly enough, she thought it would spoil my career. We did not meet again till yesterday. Marwood, instead of an injury, you did me the greatest service in the world."

"A week ago I was offered the post of British Agent at Kabul. It was a post after my own heart, but single-handed I should have failed in it. With this lady as my wife anything would be possible. Yesterday I begged her to reconsider her decision, and to help me in my career. I am proud to say she consented. We are to be married at once. Because bachelors alone are eligible as members of your Club, I am forced to confirm my resignation. Gentlemen, and Sir Francis Marwood, good evening."

Thus did Lord Horton leave the Burglars' Club for married life, happiness, and his brilliant after-career.

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CHESTER D. MASSEY'S PAINTINGS

It was some ancient Greek worthy in a moment of inspiration who said that people should sit down to pray, because the gods should be worshipped in comfort. He pointed out—with a wisdom sometimes sadly lacking in the orthodox—that a mere human could not be expected to encompass the requisite elevation of the soul, if all the time he was suffering from a pair of sore knees, or from the weariness of too long standing erect. He therefore advised that they should first snare their souls such reminders of corporeal things, by putting their bodies to sleep in perfect comfort, in order that the spirit might be free to soar to the empyrean, to the feet of the gods who know not pain.

However this may hold true for the solemn exercise of prayer, it certainly is a dictum to be followed when it comes to admiring fine paintings. The humble lover of art can hardly be expected to forget himself in ecstatic admiration for the beautiful in line and color, if all the time his aching limbs remind him that he has walked much and stood long. One of the first requisites for a proper appreciation is that a person should be at ease to make it. Sympathetic insight implies bodily comfort—say, a Morris chair.

All this is merely by way of leading up to the statement that there are few places in Toronto where an art-lover can spend a pleasanter hour or two—if the Fates are kind to him and he gets in—than in the picture gallery of Mr. Chester D. Massey, in his beautiful residence, 519 Jarvis street. It is a big, comfortable room, this gallery, with high, long walls where many pictures may hang at peace, without the conflicts of tone and design which arise when they are crowded together. In the day time the light falls softly through the big skylight of stained glass. In the evening there are well placed electric lights to bring out the colors of the paintings.

At one end of the room is a large bay-window, and at the other a roomy fire-place to give it a touch of cosiness and comfort, and take away from it any trace there might be of the bareness and coldness of the usual picture-gallery. And all around there are easy chairs of every description and variety, to fit any width or length of art-lover that may be studying the pictures.

Of course, this is a Philistine and unaesthetic point of view to take in an account of a fine collection of paintings, but physical comfort is not to be overlooked. And it plays its part in making a visit to Mr. Massey's gallery, something to be looked back on with great pleasure.

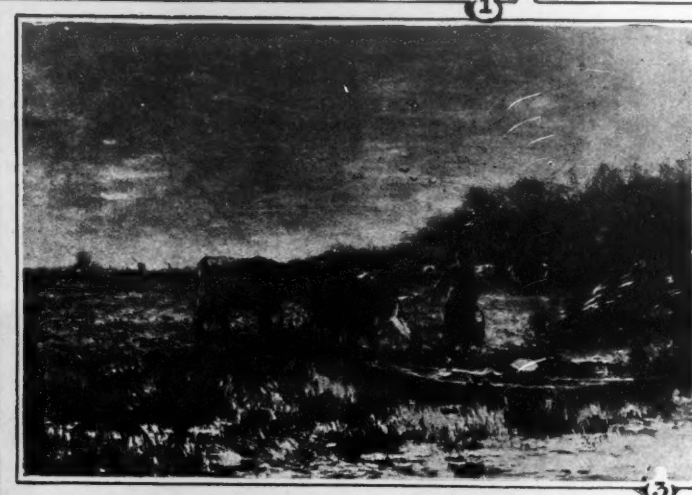
And now, the baser and more material man being snugly tucked away in the depths of a big chair, or a succession of big chairs, according to his progress about the room, the pictures come in for the undivided attention which is their due. And, right here in the beginning, let it be said they are a goodly company. They are nearly all of comparatively modern Dutch and French schools, and are as a rule excellent specimens of the work of the various artists. This is enough to indicate their distinction, when it is understood that they are by such men as Israels, Weissenbruch, Willem Maris, de Hoog and Tholen, among the Dutchmen; and Corot, Courbet, Jacque, Frere, Henner, Harpignies and Fantin-Latour, among the French painters.

If it is possible to pass any general judgment on a collection of pictures by artists differing so much in methods and temperament, it would be that Mr. Massey's pictures are eminently pictures to live with. They have evidently been chosen with their destination—the decoration of a house—always in mind. The result is that they are the sort of pictures which can stand being seen day in and day out for years. There is nothing flashy or garish about any of them, either in substance or treatment. Quiet landscapes, peaceful family groups, done in rich soft tones—there is no conflict either between the pictures themselves or between them and the decorations of the rooms, for they are not all contained in the gallery. On the contrary several other rooms are enriched by the overflow from the main collection. But wherever they are placed, they fit comfortably into the general scheme and give a fine effect of variety in repose.

Among the very finest pictures of this beautiful collection are two by that very great Dutch artist, Josef Israels. Of these, one is an interior, "The Mother's Return," and the other a view of a country road in Holland, along which stray a young girl and man. It is called "The Bashful Suitor." Both are excellent and typical specimens of the artist's work.

In "The Mother's Return," a little child is standing beside a cradle in which a baby is lying. A dog is on the floor, and at the back of the cradle looms the big fireplace. What gives the picture its dramatic quality, however, is the figure of the woman at the window to the left. She is looking in at the peaceful scene, and from her attitude and air of anxiety is evidently the mother of the little family, who has just come back from a short absence, and who is looking in to assure herself that all is right before going around to the door.

The whole thing is a beautiful study in composition and coloring. The clear, impalpable light flows in from the window, and gently suffuses the whole apartment.



THE GALLERY

1. "The Mother's Return"—Josef Israels.
2. "The Moonlight"—C. Emile Jacque.
3. "Milking Time"—Willem Maris.
4. "Happy Hours"—Albert Neuhuys.
5. "Lagoon at Venice"—J. B. Pyne.
6. "The Shepherdess"—C. Emile Jacque.
7. "The Tower"—J. B. C. Corot.

The figures of the children and the dog stand out softly. The spirit of the picture is a charmingly sentimental one; and the sentiment is expressed with superb mastery of the medium. For Josef Israels is a great artist, as well as a sincere student and lover of simple and homely things. He represents the Dutch spirit at his best, and this picture is in his own best manner.

In "The Bashful Suitor" there is the same delightful

feeling and the same mastery of paint. The simple lines and rich modeling of the two figures, reminds one very much of some painting of Millet; and the whole picture is suffused with the soft grey atmosphere which is typical of the Dutch school. These two rustics dawdle awkwardly along the road, and they express the very spirit of youth and love, which seems to brood over the whole scene.

Probably no landscape painter is so popular on this side as Corot. Almost every collection of any importance possesses one or more works by this wonderful landscape artist. It is, therefore, no surprise to find among Mr. Massey's pictures an excellent specimen of Corot's work. The accompanying reproduction gives a good idea of the arrangement of the picture, but no reproduction in black and white could give the slightest notion of the liquid atmosphere, and the wonderful quality of the light which fills the vista. Corot painted so much that his work was not always at its highest level. But here is a specimen which enables one to appreciate and understand his great gifts, his mastery of his material, his superb composition, and above all his wonderful command of light and atmosphere.

Another great French landscape artist who is excellently represented in Mr. Massey's collection is Courbet. The picture shows a tree-covered slope, running down towards water. A village nestles near the water's edge; and over all there is a red-flecked sky of late afternoon.

It is a charming study, painted in the very best style of this master of atmospheric effects, who excelled so greatly in his delineation of trees and woodland.

A third member of the great school of French landscape painting which includes Corot and Courbet is Harpignies, who is especially famous for his painting of moonlight. This painter is also represented in this collection. The canvas is a tiny one, but its artistic merit is very high. It shows a dark landscape with trees. A running stream gleams dimly in the foreground. In the middle distance a picturesque group of trees raise their heads in the silvery flood of moonlight, which pours down from a full moon just above the tree-tops. The conception is a striking one, and the mastery of light and atmosphere is wonderful. Altogether it may be regarded as one of the most beautiful little pictures in Toronto.

A beautiful picture of sheep is the painting by Jacque of a shepherdess and her flock, reproduced in the accompanying group. Jacque was a master of this particular branch of animal painting, and he managed to invest his sheep with a poetic charm not often found in such compositions. This was probably due in large measure to his skilful handling of light.

Another excellent specimen of this painter's work is a moonlight scene, showing a shepherd with sheep and cattle in the foreground on the banks of a little stream. There are thick woods to the left of the picture, and the moon is high in the centre of the sky. The whole scene breathes of repose and the coolness of night.

A beautiful picture of one phase of Dutch coast-life is the painting by Blommers, called "On The Dunes." It shows a mother and child seated amid the grass on the sand-dune. The mother is busy knitting, while the youngster sprawls about comfortably. In the distance is the sea with the sails of vessels. The light is the soft light of a mellow afternoon. This is one of the simple scenes in which Dutch painters have particularly excelled, and it is done with exquisite feeling and skill. It is a delightful picture to pore over—still better to possess and live with.

In spite of the somewhat peculiar quality of the light, with its strange, greenish cast, the picture by Willy Martens in the Massey collection is a very clever and interesting one. It is, of course, a Dutch scene, and deals with peasant life. A woman and a child are standing outside a thatched cottage, in the shadow of the low wall. In the distance to the right the sun is shining on a hay-stack. The detail in the picture is very skilfully done, and the shadows are remarkably luminous.

A big collection of the work of Albert Neuhuys might be rather tiresome. For nearly all his pictures turn on Dutch babies. There are grown-ups in the pictures, of course, but they are either nursing a baby, or dressing the baby, or playing with the baby, or looking at the baby, or spanking the baby, or doing something or other to direct attention to the little chubby morsel which is the main interest of the canvas. There are babies in every conceivable position in the house and out, but they are nearly always the same plump little tow-headed rascals, who might all be brothers and sisters. This sameness of theme and treatment may be taken to indicate a certain lack of invention on the part of this very clever Dutch artist; and, as was said above, a whole gallery of his Dutch babies in various attitudes and conditions might become rather tiresome. But certainly one or two of his canvases at a time are wholly charming.

The Massey collection boasts an excellent example of his work in the picture entitled "Happy Home." A mother is sitting beside a cradle sewing. The baby is asleep, with its little fat face all puckered up and its little fists shut tight. The light flows in over them both from a window to the left, and the figures are enveloped in the soft glow. It is an unusually pleasing picture and is perfectly adapted for the decoration of a home.

One of the best known and most popular of Dutch landscape artists is J. H. Weissenbruch, who has done so much to make familiar to all the world the polders and dunes of his native land. It is, therefore, no surprise to find him represented by two excellent pieces of work in Mr. Massey's gallery. The pictures are typical Weissenbruchs, especially the water-color, which shows a stretch of water and reeds, a windmill on a point of land, and a grey sky over all.

These are not by any means all of the pictures in this valuable and interesting collection. But enough has been said to give the public some idea of the fine works of art which are contained in the collection of paintings gathered together by Mr. Chester D. Massey.



The Point of View

PRESIDENT TAFT certainly seems to be getting in wrong. When he announced his intention of addressing the American Women's Suffrage Association Convention at Washington, the ladies who are "agin" being granted a voice in the Government of the United States, protested as violently as real ladies can against the proposed action of the Chief Executive. The protest was signed by nine women prominent in the "anti" movement, but the President continued on the course he had laid out for himself, and when the time came he spoke. Unfortunately he addressed the meeting in a manner the delegates didn't approve of, and in consequence he was well hissed. The part of his address which roused the ire of his hearers was to the effect that "one of the greatest dangers in granting the franchise to women would be that the women, as a whole, were not interested, and that the power of the ballot as far as they were concerned, would rest with 'the less desirable class.'" The President's hearers couldn't stand for the President's views and apparently nearly every woman present showed her displeasure, although not all of them joined in the vigorous sounds of disapproval which came from all parts of the hall. Evidently the "antis" think President Taft scored, especially as he added as soon as his voice could be heard: "Now, my dear ladies, you must show yourself capable of suffrage by exercising that degree of restraint which is necessary in the conduct of the government, by not hissing." One can see a picture of President Taft calling down a meeting of voters by any such expression of opinion; moreover, it does seem as if quite a lot of qualified voters in the United States had been expressing disapproval of President Taft himself in terms that are even more unmistakable than was the hissing of the women at the convention of the Suffrage Association.

The members of the convention disclaim any responsibility for the hissing incident, and have sent him a letter of apology. And the President has replied expressing his regret, not "because of any personal feeling but because much more significance has been given to it than it deserves, and because it may be used in an unfair way to embarrass the leaders of your movement."

THE path of woman still leads upward. In Paris some serious discussion is being given to the question as to whether women shall be admitted to membership in the Academie Francaise, and while the suggestion is meeting with a good deal of good-humored opposition, the mere fact that it can cause a discussion proves that the idea is being really entertained. The suggestion to admit women to the Academie was made by Emile Faguet, who in his discourse expressed his regret that the rule of sex had excluded such women as Madame de Sevigne from membership. The opponents of the idea point out that the founder of the Academie, Cardinal Richelieu, did not wish women to become eligible for membership, while the upholders of M. Faguet's opinion declare that France has had many great and illustrious women who would have been ornaments to the Academie. It has been suggested that the best way to dispose of the question, once and for all, would be to establish a distinctly feminine section of the Institute de France, but that as anyone knows would never satisfy women.

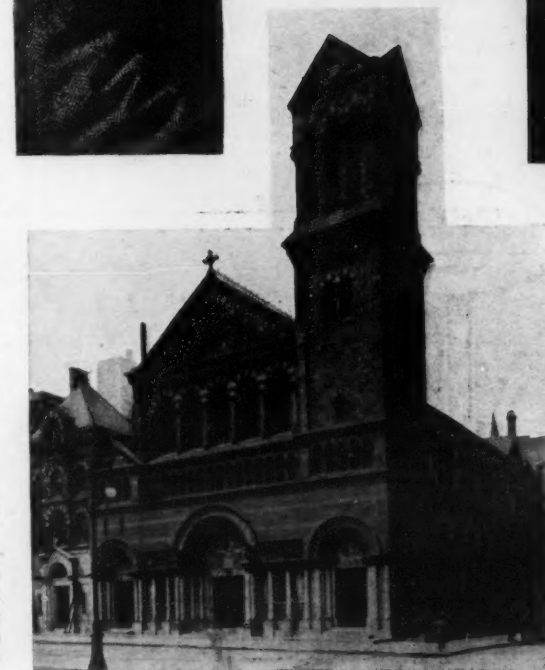
It is not likely that women will gain the opportunity to join the ranks of the Immortals, at least not at present, but it speaks well for the intellectual standing of the sex that the idea has found many warm supporters, some even among the members of the Academie itself. The doctrine of patience is one which women dislike. It is their nature to wish to hasten to their goal; they hate anything which impedes their onward march. This tendency to "rush their fences" has spoiled many of their best laid plans and probably will render many more quite useless before they learn the great lesson to "make haste slowly." The suggestion of their possible admission to the Academie will soon expand until many a woman will learn to believe that it is the right of their sex to have at least one representative among the Immortals. If they coax or urge or canvass at this stage of affairs the chances are the gates they wish to open will be closed more tightly than ever against them, but if they will only bide their time the day may come when in spite of the wishes of the founder, their sex will be eligible for admission, as a right instead of a favor. But women are tired of waiting. They have stood still so long that they want to be ever moving onward. For them there must be no more marking of time if they are to be content. But if they want to succeed they must learn—in the widest acceptance of the words—"to labor and to wait." For in working and in biding one's time lies the secret of all great achievements.

THERE is certainly nothing much more reprehensible than a disinclination to pay one's debts, but the desire to discharge one's obligations may be carried too far. At least it looks so when one inquires casually into the case of Dmydriule Ulemek. This gentleman with the unpronounceable name seems to have something rather mediaeval in his make-up, that is if the police are right in their charge against him. According to the story that comes from Indiana, Ulemek seems to have a horror of having any outstanding bills, and is so honest in money matters that he will go to any length in order to free himself from the burden. According to one of the favorite copy-book precepts of our youth there is no doubt that "honesty is the best policy," but even honesty apparently can be carried too far.

Ulemek, it seems, owed a board bill amounting to the generous sum of \$150, and naturally enough it seems to have got upon his nerves and weighed heavily upon his mind. At any rate it is evident that he suffered under his financial burden and welcomed any possible chance of getting rid of it. One day when the bill had been run-

ning on for some time he—according to the story—was approached by his landlord, who kindly promised to "forget" the bill provided that Ulemek did a little job for him. Naturally Ulemek consented, and furthermore he kept his word, and in order to liquidate his debt killed a gentleman to whom the landlord had taken a dislike. Now Ulemek is in jail.

Evidently after all there is something to be said for the man who doesn't pay his bills as promptly as they are presented. Perhaps he keeps on owing just because he hasn't the wherewithal to settle, and possibly the reason that he lets his "little account" keep on gathering interest is because he has a greater regard for the sanctity of human life than he has for filthy lucre. There's still another moral in the story, for Ulemek's victim called down his fate upon himself by playing cards with Ulemek's landlord until he had won \$40 of Ulemek's landlord's good money, and then insisted on quitting the game. Some people would say that Ulemek's victim shouldn't have played cards; others that he should not have stopped playing when he did; but apparently the real answer is that some people are possessed of a temperament which makes it just impossible for them to endure a burden of debt if any personal effort on their part can lift it.



MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, JR., AND THE CHURCH WHERE THEY WERE MARRIED.

KISSING has to go, so it is said. And oddly enough the most recent blow dealt this popular custom fell in France of all places in the world. Osculation has held its own in spite of the onslaughts of scientists and philosophers, but the Government of France has decided that the habit is a mistake at least under certain conditions, and is said to have determined to place signs in conspicuous places to that effect so that both French folk and tourists may read in large letters "Defense de s'embrasser." The reason for this sudden determination on the part of the French Government is ascribed to the fact that trains are constantly late in starting because of the affectionate farewells that take place between members of the same—or even other—families just as the trains are about to depart. This custom of bidding an over-fond adieu at the point of departure is held responsible for the late arrival of many trains at their destination, and as complaints have been frequent, it has apparently been decided that in future it will be strictly forbidden passengers and their fond relatives and friends to indulge in kissing in the stations, on the trains, platforms, or even in the waiting-rooms of State-managed railway lines. In order to enforce punctuality in the departure of trains all kissers and kissees are to be liable to prosecution.

The kiss has survived the microbe theory, and every other reason advanced for its abolishment. The French Government, however, has many times achieved the seem-

ingly impossible, and it now remains to be seen if it can succeed where preachers and teachers have lamentably failed. While it is quite possible that women will object to the new rule on the ground that it interferes with their personal freedom, it is quite probable the innovation will be hailed with delight by the husbands and sweethearts who have to submit to being publicly kissed whether they like it or not. It is even believable that some degree of pressure has been brought to bear upon the Government by the long suffering men whose fate it is to be hugged and wept over whenever a departing train carries with it some female member of their respective families. Kissing itself needs no defence—it being a matter for or against which every individual must decide for himself; but kissing in public! Well, too much pressure cannot be brought to bear in order to suppress a decided nuisance that, nevertheless, has its amusing side. From now on may the trains of State-managed railways run ever on time in France, and the "Defense de s'embrasser" signs be strictly obeyed—in public places.

IT would be of deep interest to discover just what influences are responsible for the increasing number of suicides among children. There was a time when such an occurrence would have been something more than a nine days' wonder. At present it is dismissed with a paragraph in the local papers and the matter ends there. One of the most recent of these cases to be reported happened in Pittsburgh, where a little thirteen-year-old girl took her own life last week because she was not as successful as she had hoped to be in her studies. The child made the most careful preparations for her death, and not only put away all her books and playthings, but left a note stating the reason for her act. She then took carbolic acid, and when discovered she was dead. No normal, healthy child is likely to end her life because of failure to pass certain examinations or to reach certain school standards, unless she has become familiar with the idea either through hearing it discussed in her presence, or through her reading. Nowadays children haven't much childhood left, and are grown-up in mind even before they are out of their teens. Everything seems to point to the fact that the reading matter placed before children should be carefully censored, and yet it is the exceptional home where this is done. It is bad enough when a man or woman decides that life isn't worth living



The marriage of Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of Mr. George Gould, to Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, took place in New York this week. The ceremony was performed at St. Bartholomew's Church, one of New York's most fashionable places of worship. The bronze doors were presented by the Vanderbilts, while the pillars and frieze were designed by the late Stanford White. Photo of the bride, copyright, 1910, by Marceau, New York; other pictures copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

and acts upon the decision; but when children begin to take unto themselves the power to deal out death it is time they were taught a sense of responsibility along with their "a. b. -a. b. s."

THE Province of Quebec rather prides itself on the size of some of the families raised in that quarter of the Dominion, but a Missourian, Gottlieb von Renselear, seems to be the father of one of the biggest families on record in these days of much talk concerning race suicide. Possessed of fifteen daughters and eight sons, he has found the problem of educating his, interesting family rather serious, and in order to give his children an opportunity to receive college educations has decided to remove to Ann Arbor, Michigan. While the educational facilities there are all that Mr. von Renselear demands for his progeny, the question of housing them all under one roof has become something of a problem as no house in that college town is provided with a sufficient number of rooms to accommodate a family of twenty-five. In order to solve this problem satisfactorily Mr. von Renselear is said to intend to purchase a four-acre suburban tract and there erect a homestead of the necessary dimensions.

It is the custom to denounce the ever-growing tendency in both the United States and Canada towards flat life, and the modern apartment house has been blamed for much of the loss of the home atmosphere bewailed

by every writer on social conditions. If twenty-five, however, was the average, instead of the exceptional, number in a family it would be necessary to build skyscraping apartment houses in order to meet the demand for room. The bungalow would be an impossibility, and the cottage would soon be out of date, while the seven or eight room flat would not be more than large enough to use as nurseries. Happy as the man undoubtedly is whose quiver is full, a family of twenty-five is not without its drawbacks.

WOMEN have long been tired of being classed with paupers and lunatics when it comes to a question of voting, but perhaps none of them have hit upon so successful a method of "pointing a moral" as that employed the other night in Paris by that well-known leader of the Feminist movement, Mme. Durand. She is standing as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, and even if elected, would probably not be allowed to take her seat on account of her sex; but that she is as capable of filling the position as ably as some of the men who are elected to the Chamber, she definitely proved by her latest election move. She accomplished her little coup by presenting to the audience at one of the meetings she was addressing—one Marest, the latest candidate against her. She brought him on the platform, and it was soon seen that the man was an imbecile. Some of the people in the audience protested against the cruelty of making an exhibition of her opponent, but Mme. Durand explained her object by saying that Marest—who is said to be the son of a dipsomaniac and absolutely stupid—"is an imbecile whom the law allows to vote and be a candidate for the Chamber. By his side," she added, "there stands a woman in the full force of her intelligence, and yet she is denied the same privileges by the same law." As some of the women at the meeting protested against Mme. Durand's action in bringing Marest to the platform, she has decided to exclude women from her next meeting. Thus are the tables turned. In England the Parliamentary candidates won't allow women to attend their meetings, and now if French women take the same point of view and keep members of their own sex away from their meetings, soon every woman who wants to attend a political meeting will have to hold it in her own drawing room, and she herself become a sort of political Pooh Bah and combine in her own person the offices of speaker, opposition, audience, and claque.

STRENUOUS affection seems to be in fashion just now, and one hears constantly of over-loving young women who are ready to end their own lives or other people's through jealousy; of men who—bereft of the objects of their affection—prefer death to separation; and of married people one of whom being fonder than the other, decides that existence is a bore and a nuisance and ends it. Perhaps this determination to die or to inflict death is sometimes the result of real love, but the chances are it is more often the result of hysteria. But a woman who can't live because her fiance prefers some one else to her, or a man who decides that being jilted is a good excuse for committing suicide, at least does not meddle with the existence of anyone else. And there are people in the world who would believe that society was well rid of persons capable of such foolishness. There is however, a certain class of people who think murder a mere bagatelle in the way of punishment to the man or woman who has proved fickle or unfaithful. To this class belong the many men and women who, at various times, are charged with murder and who find their punishment either in confinement for life or in the swifter and perhaps kinder fate which speedily wipes them out of existence.

Women seem to be as numerous as men among this class of offenders and it is practically impossible to pick up a newspaper without finding a story of some young woman or other who, inspired by jealousy, has done her best to prove her love by attempting to kill the object of it. So frequent are these cases that it seems to be becoming a sort of epidemic. It is apparently the belief of these unfortunates that as soon as one finds oneself deserted one has a perfect right to take the law into one's own hands and go gunning for the dear one who has caused all the misery by a mere change of mind. There must be some explanation for the remarkable lack of balance shown by so many people when their love affairs go wrong. And yet if there is it apparently has never been found; certainly no steps have been taken to prevent or cure it. Of course jealousy will last as long as life exists upon this planet, and while men and women live so will love. But surely some method might be devised by which ill-advised young persons might be prevented from exercising their desire to do each other dangerous injury when love ceases upon one side or the other. The loss of self restraint and the tendency towards hysteria are surely things which could be prevented or at least modified if girls and boys received the proper education and were taught, as they should be, that the world was not created simply for their happiness and pleasure, but that they themselves are but units which go to make up a great whole; that they, in fact, are but of small importance in the great scheme of things and that their love and their unhappiness are of absolutely no consequence to others and should not be in any tremendous degree to themselves.

Women and men of all classes give way to a spirit of revenge once they believe themselves flouted. Indeed, revenge seems to be the natural sequel of misplaced affection. All classes are afflicted and historic instances may be matched with many modern ones. In Algiers the other day, for instance, a woman who thought she had good reason to be jealous of her husband's attentions to another and prettier woman bided her time until she found herself seated behind them at the theatre. To express her disapproval of their conduct and to emphasize her opinion of a lady who would go to the play with another woman's husband she poured vitriol over her rival and then tried to finish her with a razor. At almost the same time in Patterson, N.J., a girl nineteen years old became annoyed because her fiance twice postponed the wedding and to show that she differed from him and thought the reasons he advanced for another postponement rather futile, waited until she met him casually one evening and then filled him as full of lead as a rather poor aim would allow. And there have been other instances nearer home.

Juries are prone to be sympathetic and make allowances, and only too often the punishment does not fit the crime. As a result, agitated young men and women take the law into their own hands and frequently in their excitement take a life they did not mean to. Something ought to be done to put a stop to it, and if punishment was swift and certain in every case where jealousy ended in crime the chances are that so many cases of disturbed affection would not end in attempted murder.

Madame



The woman who gets "the cold shoulder" may also usually count on "a roast."

Pretence is merely what reality should be.

A bigoted man is usually very little else.

Why condemn the small minded? There have to be deuces in every pack.

Man regards matrimony as a speculation; to woman it is an investment.

To get the best out of life one must forget the past and look for nothing from the future.

Many a man who never notices a pink flush on a girl's cheek will make a fuss over a royal flush in another man's hand.

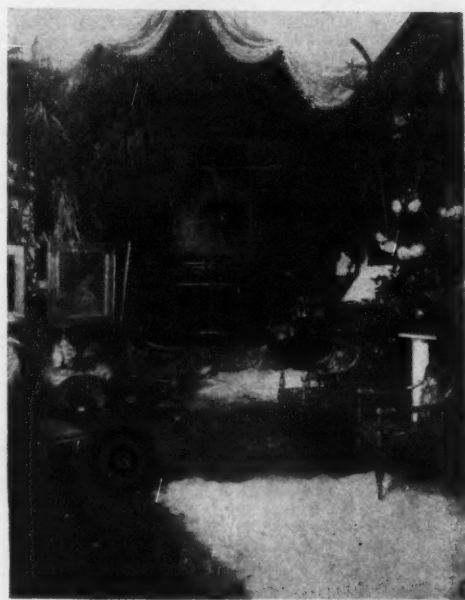
The obvious is that which we have brains enough to think out for ourselves.

The average mind is like a kaleidoscope, which the slightest disturbance changes utterly.

Most of us pride ourselves on our determination instead of excusing our obstinacy.

Imagination is the mental sunshine which transforms the commonplace into the ideal.

—C. C. M.



A CELEBRATED SALON.
The reception room in Mme. Bernhardt's beautiful residence in Paris is said to be one of the finest apartments of its kind in Europe and contains many mementoes of her numerous trips to various parts of the world. The above photograph gives a general view of the room.

Parade Service in the Guards' Chapel.

London.

IF ever a plain casket held a lovely jewel it is the building known as the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, Birdcage Walk. It stands bare and unadorned, towering over the soldiers drilling in the barrack square, gloomily frowning upon the maids who have come to catch a few words from the lips of the special "Tommy" of the moment. The passers-by who stop to see the drilling through the railings, or watch the carriages come and go when a big wedding is on, do not dream for the most part of what is to be seen inside, in the way of color and richness and interest. The indefatigable, ubiquitous American tourist, who haunts the Cheshire Cheese, pesters the policemen at Buckingham Palace, and stumbles about in the gloom of the city churches, seems to have missed this interesting but less well-known sight. She, for the woman tourist is more obviously a tourist than the man, looks with interest at the uniforms, and sometimes follows the soldiers after the changing of the guard or the trooping of the colors, but seldom penetrates to the interior of the Chapel.

A notice-board near one of the gates states that the general public is admitted without orders, after the troops are seated at the morning service, and without orders at the evening service.

If, however, you have the good luck to be a military person yourself, or, failing that, know what Mulvaney calls an "or'cer," the case is different. You enter the barrack square with your head erect, in the proud consciousness of being envied by the persons waiting humbly at the gate to see the soldiers march in, after which they get seats if they can. You pass the soldiers at the door and walk up to the seats reserved for the officers of the battalions and their families. There is a pause while you gaze about at the richness and color around you, and then the troops tramp in with a clatter and a scuffle. In the niche set apart for them is the splendid band of the Grenadier Guards, and presently the choir, all in uniform, marches in, and the chaplain takes his place.

"When the wicked man" brings the mass of scarlet and the gleam of gold to its feet, the band crashes and rolls out the familiar chants; the hymns ring out with a swing and a spirit not often heard in London churches; the prayers, associated with one's earliest recollections, fall upon the ear with a new meaning as one thinks of the men listening.

All over the world, wherever there is an English church, in England, Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, India, the South Seas, away to the uttermost parts of the earth, wherever "two or three are gathered together" who claim the Church of England for their Mother, that prayer goes up to Almighty God, "King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the only ruler of Princes" that he will behold "our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King Edward," and that He will bless "the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family." You are listening to that prayer now within a moment's walk of the home of the ruler of one-fifth of the surface of the globe, but some of



A POPULAR HOSTESS.
The Countess of Dundonald, whose husband was so well liked during his residence in Canada.

those who hear the old petition have heard it when England and England's King seemed like a dream; when they were fighting under foreign skies for the honor of that King and country.

How many of those whose memory is preserved by tablets on the walls of this beautiful chapel have listened to that prayer for the Sovereign, and died at last for England?

Around and above the congregation are reminders of the noble dead—dumb reminders that are more appealing at times than the loudest words. The glitter of gold and blue and scarlet, the richness of marble and mosaic, are only the setting for the gems—the tablets to the memory of the brave and noble men long since dead. Away up above the heads of the people, over the chancel, now alive with color lent by the uniforms of the choir, your eyes rest on the tribute of the late Queen, to the memory of the Guards who gave their lives for their country. In front of you is a tablet to one who was killed more than one hundred years ago fighting for England; close to it is the record of a young life cut short by war of more recent years. There is a memorial to a father and son, both in their day, serving the Crown in far-away lands at a time which is already misty, and for causes now history. Here is a familiar name; it is of the great-grandfather of a man who still upholds the traditions of his family for courage and high ideals.

Young or old they did their duty, and died that Eng-



The beautiful mantelpiece, which is a feature of the room.

land might be what she is. No one of British blood can look unmoved at these memorials to the noble dead. But there are many of this great army of brave men who have passed on and "have no memorial—but their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore."

The chaplain turns slowly, and the band rolls out gloriously "God Save the King." The service is over; the troops disperse, and soon the congregation is out in Birdcage Walk, and strolling in the Park where Charles II. used to feed his pets and be amused by his courtiers.

MARY MACLEOD MOORE.

Lady McLaren and the Women's Charter.

THE Women's Charter drawn up by Lady McLaren has naturally aroused tremendous interest among English women, and its future will be carefully watched not only in England but in every country where women are striving to better their condition.

Lady McLaren has long been interested in the cause of women's suffrage, and is one of the most eloquent speakers in a land where it is the exception to find a woman on the public platform who is not able to give a clear, concise and clever address, and hold her own in debate.

Lady McLaren drew up the charter some time ago and presented it first at the International Women's Suffrage Congress held in London last May. Twenty-three countries had sent delegates to this convention and all these representatives not only accepted the charter but agreed to establish a common platform of proposals and reforms for women. They passed the following resolution by an overwhelming majority:

That this alliance urges the National Women's Suffrage association of each country to prepare a comprehensive statement of the laws which place women, both married and single, at a disadvantage in regard to property, earnings, marriage, divorce, guardianship of children, education, industrial conditions and political rights, and to explain when demanding their immediate enfranchisement from their respective parliaments that

they consider these injustices can be effectively removed only by the joint political action of men and women. This congress recommends that this action shall be taken simultaneously in all countries in the year 1910.

It was Lady McLaren's original intention to introduce the charter as one bill, but as it was finally decided instead nine bills were drawn up and these, which embody the most important reforms necessary to materially improve the position of women in England, were introduced last month in the British House of Commons by Sir Charles McLaren. Though there is no chance of a serious consideration of the bills during the present session of Parliament they will be taken up for debate later and many prominent members have promised their help and advocacy in the discussion which will be waged over them.

The principal sections of the charter are as follows:

Maintenance.—A wife shall be able to recover maintenance from her husband by an order direct from a magistrate without having to go to the poor law guardians, and in default of payment, then a magistrate can make an order deducting the sum due from the wages before they are paid the husband.

Payment as Housekeeper.—A wife devoting her time to housekeeping shall be able to claim from her husband's estate at death a sum equal to the wages of a housekeeper in her station of life.

Where the wife is a wage earner, earning only the minimum necessary for her own support, she shall not be legally liable for the support of her husband and children, and no widow shall be obliged to maintain her children where the father's estate is sufficient for that purpose.

Business.—Where husband and wife are employed jointly at the same business the profits, unless it is agreed in writing otherwise, shall be regarded as the joint property of both husband and wife.

Brutality.—Husbands convicted of brutality shall be liable to severer penalties and their wives and children entitled to support (not as paupers) while their husbands are in prison.

Divorce.—Either party shall be entitled to divorce on the ground of unfaithfulness alone.

Guardianship of Children.—The mother shall be a joint guardian of a child with the father and be recognized as a parent for the purposes of the vaccination act.

The death of an illegitimate child within a month of birth due to the violence or neglect of the mother shall carry a penalty on the mother of not more than two years imprisonment, followed by two years' industrial training.

Illegitimate children shall, as in Scotland, be legitimized by subsequent marriage and shall succeed in cases of intestacy on proof of formal adoption.

Inheritance.—In cases of intestacy the surviving partner shall take one-half the remaining property, real or personal, and the children the other half, and where there are no children the survivor shall inherit the whole of the property.

The ancient right of wives to dower shall be restored, shall be extended to personalty and shall be made independent of the husband's disposition by will or deed.

No person shall have the power wholly to disinherit his or her children, and testamentary power shall extend to no more than half the property of either parent.

Education.—Every facility given to boys to obtain technical education shall be extended to girls, and all universities, colleges, societies, inns of court, institutes and other public bodies shall open their advantages equally to men and women.

Marriage.—Legal marriage shall not be permitted before 16, and the age of "consent" shall be raised to 18.

The Working Classes.—Parliament shall compel municipalities to establish creches, cheap eating houses and kitchens, wash-houses and schools in the domestic arts, and to supply pure milk for children at such charges in all cases as will cover the annual cost.

Factory Workers.—Where the law forbids a mother to continue at work before and after the birth of a child it shall provide for her support whether recoverable from the husband or not.

Municipal Rights.—The right to vote at all municipal and local elections, together with the power to serve on local bodies, shall be accorded to women equally with men.

Political Rights.—Finally, in order to secure and protect these rights and privileges, no woman otherwise quali-



Mme. Bernhardt's favorite god-daughter, photographed amid works of art.

fied shall be excluded by sex or marriage from exercising the parliamentary franchise.

Of all these reforms which she suggests Lady McLaren believes that the most vital is that which makes mothers joint guardians of their children. At present in England the father is sole guardian of his offspring. The mother is not considered a parent according to law, and is therefore unable to decide any question of her children's welfare without their father's consent. Of course in many cases this leads to great brutality on a man's part. He can coerce his wife through his children.

Lady McLaren has long been an ardent and very hard working member of the Women's Liberal Association, and is keenly interested in the political rights of her sex. In consequence, she is particularly keen about the passing of some law which will give women the right to vote.

The report steadily grows that we are to have a return to the wasp-waisted fashion, and that the day of the slim, hipless, woman is about over.



Crown Princess and Hockeyist.

WHEN that most popular and charming of British Princesses, the elder daughter of the Duke of Connaught, who is now Crown Princess of Sweden, went to her new home she is said to have greatly surprised the ladies of the Court by forming a hockey club and proving to them that a Princess—even a future Queen—can play hockey without losing any of her dignity, or depriving herself of any of that charm which lies in well selected clothes suitable to the occasion for which they are donned. An excellent horsewoman, the Princess has added to her amusements skiing, skating, and sleighing, and it is largely owing to her example that ice-yachting has become a perfect society craze in Sweden. Upon the Crown Princess devolve many duties, and in performing these she has shown herself fully qualified for the high position in which she finds herself, for in spite of her fondness for outdoor sport and exercise she can be a great lady when occasion demands it. Her marriage to the Crown Prince took place in June, 1905, and the Royal nurseries now have as inmates their two sons, Princes Gustaf Adolf and Sigvard, as well as a little Princess who was born last month.

The Duke of Connaught has always been one of the most popular of the British Royal Family, and his son and daughters have shared his charm of manner, for



MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE.
One of the two ladies recently elected to the London County Council. Miss Lawrence is well known for her interest in educational matters.

Princess Patricia is one of the best liked of the granddaughters of the late Queen Victoria, while Prince Arthur of Connaught seems to take his welcome with him wherever he goes, and has the happy faculty, like his sisters, of making friends wherever he may be.

Not Meant for the Groom.

MONTREAL society is still chuckling over an incident that happened at a church wedding celebrated just about Easter. Among the guests were the wife and nineteen-months old daughter of one of the ushers.

"If anyone knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together let him now speak or forever after hold his peace," said the officiating clergyman, and then paused impressively. Just at this critical moment the Littlest Guest, who had good sight, although her vocabulary was limited, espied her father lined up with the other groomsman at the chancel steps. Her eyes danced with delight and the old church resounded to her shrill ecstatic treble as she shouted at the top of her little lungs:—

"Daddy! Daddy!"

Nobody missed it, and the wave of suppressed laughter that rippled through the pews has extended in ever-widening circles until now all Montreal knows the joke.

Evidence has been unearthed proving that domestic dogs, resembling more or less the dogs of to-day, existed in Europe not only during the age of iron and the age of bronze, but even in that exceedingly remote time known as the Neolithic period, when man made his best tools of polished stone.

In South America also, according to the opinion of Rutimeyer and Woldrich, man had cultivated the friendship of companionable dogs long before the extinct mammals, whose wonderful remains are now found in the pampas, had disappeared from among the living forms of the world.



A quaint and artistic corner of the reception room.

Our Public Library

By ARNOLD HAULTAIN

There is one little book which our Public Library ought to have on its shelves—not only in the reference department, but in the circulating. Perhaps the library authorities will themselves be surprised at the book we mention. It is their own Annual Report; the first issued since the opening of the new and gorgeous buildings at the corner of College and St. George Streets. This report is of course filled with statistics. But it also contains a lot of shrewd common sense not untinted with a lot of shrewd good humor. It ought to be obtainable by every rate-payer; for the rate-payer will by it see how his money is spent and what he is getting for his money.

The Chief Librarian, Mr. George H. Locke, has done and is doing wonders. One experiences a new pleasure every time one consults himself, his staff, or his books. He is courteous intelligence personified; so is his staff. In fact his courtesy is elastic in the extreme. For example, in all the branch libraries the public has access to the shelves; but he tells us there is not a little "abstraction of books." This really means that some people in our good City of Toronto actually "steal" books. We do not intend to be as courteous as our chief librarian.

Mr. Locke has introduced many new features. Go into the large, well-lighted, well-served, and quiet Reference Library in College street and you will find on every hand the latest books on the latest subjects. You will find even the last word written by professor William James, on his pet subject, "Pragmatism." And at the western end, enclosed in cupboards, you will find enclosed all those art treasures which have for so many years been hidden from, and absolutely unknown to, the rate-payers of Toronto.

Our Public Library has entered upon a new era in its history. For the first time in its existence its owners are able to look upon and handle, without let or hindrance, the treasures which their own wealth, administered by their own officials, has accumulated.

To catalogue these treasures and to preserve them in accessible form is a task which probably requires more knowledge and ability than the ordinary ratepayer thinks for. Of knowledge and ability, there is abundance in the public library staff. And there is a great deal more. The sympathy and interest with which every member of the staff aids you in your search reflects the greatest credit, not only upon the staff but upon their head, the Chief Librarian, and upon the Board.

But who in the world was it who proposed to cut into two the Public Library of Toronto, and put one-half of it about two miles away from the other half? Was he an eremitic researcher into unedulvian archives, or was he a rapid and vacuous skimmer of novels? Fancy cutting a library into two! Surely both the researcher and

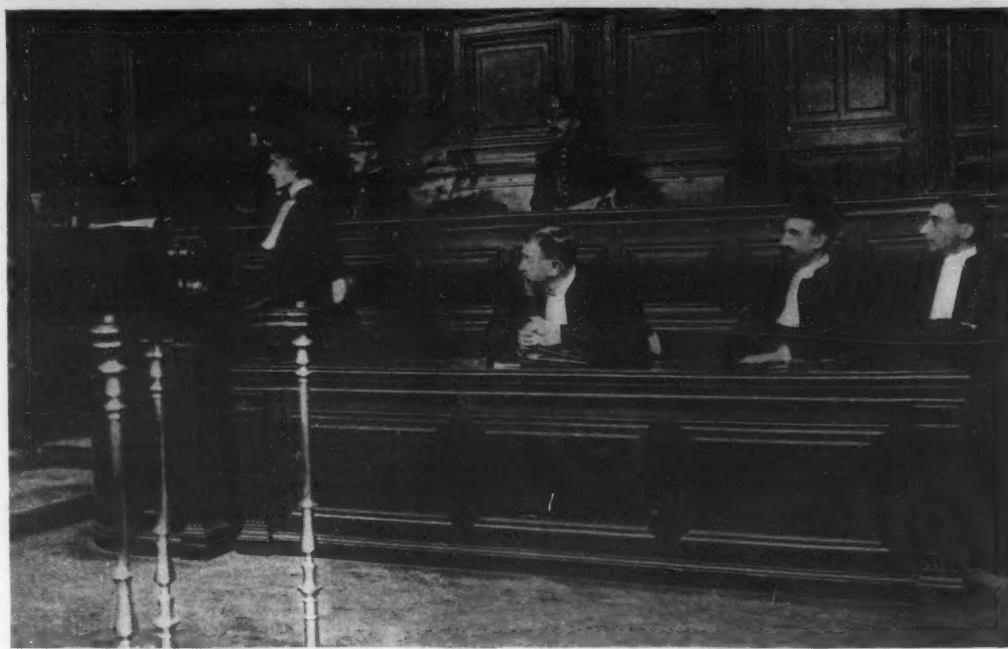


A LONDON ALDERMAN.

Lady St. Heller, who is well known for her literary gifts, and who for years has been one of the foremost hostesses in London, was recently appointed an alderman of the London County Council. Lady St. Heller has long been interested in educational matters and has taken an active part in the promotion of charitable societies, especially those having for their object the betterment of the condition of children.

the novel-reader each sometimes has a desire, the one to disport himself with fiction, the other to solace himself with fact.

For example, suppose an editor demands of a subordinate an article, say on Halley's comet. The subordinate goes to College street and finds perhaps six dozen books on astronomy there; all the rest are in the circulating department in Church street. To write up Halley's comet, he has to walk up and down between Church street and College street to get his authorities. And not even that will avail him. If there is an article on Halley's comet in a current magazine* he must put on his hat and overcoat, leave the Reference Library, and



A MODERN PORTIA.

The first woman to obtain permission to plead as a barrister in a European court of law, Mile. Helene Miropolsky has had a brilliant career since her name was first enrolled by the court in 1907. In the following year she began to plead with great success at the Court of Assizes, Paris, and obtained much praise for her masterly handling of the case of Marie Thépault, whose acquittal she obtained. Born in Paris in 1886, Mile. Miropolsky is of Russian parentage. Her brilliant success has been instrumental in inducing other women to follow her example both in France and elsewhere.

find his way to the College street circulating branch to find that said magazine—and trudge back with his notes to the Reference Department!

And so with the periodical press. If this said subordinate wishes to consult the current number of the Athenaeum, he must go to the Reference Library. If he wishes to consult back numbers of the Athenaeum he must trudge down to the Circulating Library. For the Daily London Times he must go to Church street. For the Weekly Edition of the London Times, we do not know where he must go. No doubt that dear, good, clever Chief Librarian is doing his very best (and his best is excellent); but who in the world was it that proposed to cut a library into two?

Really, our Chief Librarian deserves our pity!

*There does actually happen to be that very thing!

Treasures at Deerfield.

MOST people nowadays have a fondness for antiques, and to meet this desire to have something that looks old and apparently is all that it purports to be, many collectors buy what looks ancient and do not inquire too closely into the history of their new possessions. Indeed, some people who have made a study of the antique claim that it is better to have a good copy of an old piece of furniture than something that is claimed as old but is in reality but a faked example. Nowadays it is somewhat difficult to be sure of the age and history of the "antiques" one is tempted to purchase, and many collections contain spurious examples.

One collection that is as valuable as it is interesting is to be found in the kitchen in Memorial Hall, Deerfield, one of the most attractive places in that pleasant town. The kitchen was fashioned with the building, which was then known as the Deerfield Academy. Gov. Samuel Adams signed the charter for the institution, which of course lends interest to the history of the structure.

The quaint dinner pot hanging from the iron crane in the great fireplace is over a century old, and belonged to an early settler of Charlemont, Moses Rice, and the crane came from the house built in Deerfield in 1707 for the Rev. John Williams, the "redeemed" captive.

The original owner of the domestic looking old cooking utensil hanging from the crane in the fireplace was shot and killed one June day in 1775. He was hoeing corn at a time when a war party of Indians were abroad in quest of scalps and booty. Hundreds of other relics of the olden days help to make the ancient kitchen a delightful tarrying place. One of these mementos, a "logger-head," was used in the old river men's tavern in Montague City to put the mischief into flip, to mull cider and put the giggles into other kinds of drinks, some of which would open the ears of the quaffers to bobolink warblings in the midst of winter. This famous old heating iron put fire into thousands of bumpers for men who passed along the old canal from Turner's Falls to Montague City, and the ancient tavern where it was used is to-day the summer home of B. N. Farren, one of the builders of the Hoosac Tunnel.

A tinder box on the kitchen shelf, with a "Betty" lamp hanging beneath, can be seen. Why, when or where the lamp was first called "Betty" there seems to be no way of learning in Deerfield. However, it is interesting, and so also is the "petticoat" lamp on the shelf above the fireplace. It is a tin oil burner with slides that pull up and flare out like the displacement bulge of the hoop-skirts of memory. The old settle was owned by Jacob Rich, who settled in Warwick before 1777. He was the great-grandfather of the donor, Casper L. Gale.

Another interesting article is a salt mortar and pestle. This was made by Schubal Bradford about 1790. His tools were an axe and an auger, with live coals of fire to smooth out the inside. A wooden mortar in the old kit-

chen has an interesting history. Zachariah Field carried this from Deerfield to Northfield when he went to Northfield to settle in 1716. It is twelve inches high and thirteen inches across and is of soft wood.

In the collection of pewter is a plate preserved in the Alden family and said to have come over in the Mayflower. It was a gift of Mrs. Alden of Wendell. Those who show enthusiasm over fine old crockery would be delighted if they could see a blue edged gravy boat in the collection. It was owned by Dorothy Bigelow of Colchester, Conn., at the time of her marriage to John Brown of Whately, about 1772.

There are three glass bottles which were made at the glass works in Warwick in 1812, and even the oldest inhabitants of Warwick have almost forgotten that there were ever glass works in that little hill town. Near by to keep them company is a black bottle which is labelled, "Used in the Sheldon family exclusively for best company rum." It was a gift from the Hon. George Sheldon. Not far away is a piggin, which in 1710 was used in the old Indian house. The piggin, it may be necessary to explain, was one of the primitive dippers of England. There is a snuff mill, used for making snuff, which was owned for generations in the Amidon family. It was modelled after one brought from Ireland by the McCrellis family of Colerain.

Aaron Denio's dinner pail is shown! Aaron Denio was a son of James and Abigail Denio, who were captured by the French and Indians in Deerfield on Feb. 29, 1704. Aaron was born in Canada and went home to his grandfather Stebbins in 1716. Later he was a noted tavern keeper in Greenfield. He had a very quick temper, which often got the master of him and which furnished much fun and sometimes annoyance for all with whom he had to do. Coming into the kitchen one day, the pot was boiling over the fire. Addressing his wife he asked, "My dear, what are we going to have for dinner to-day?" "Victuals," was the brief answer. His anger was at once aroused, and seizing the pot he cried out, "I swear I will know what is in it!" and carrying it to the door he threw it down into the ravine, the contents scattering as it went.

In all, the collection in the Deerfield kitchen numbers 178 articles, and to each an interesting story is attached.

An Attic Letter.

A LITTLE leaden tablet, tarnished, ugly and otherwise trivial in appearance, was sent a few years ago from Athens to the Imperial Museum of Berlin. On one side of it is some writing which only recently was deciphered with precise correctness by Adolph Wilhelm, an Austrian savant who lives in Athens. The tablet is the original of a private letter that was written about the time of the orator Demosthenes.

The writer of the letter lived in a rural neighborhood and wished to send a commercial order to a town. The form of the address was: "To be taken to the pottery market and to be handed to Nausias, or to Thrasykles, or to the son" (perhaps the son of the writer was meant). The weekly market, to which the Attic countrymen had gone to offer their produce and wares for sale, may be imagined as in progress. There the boy who was bearer of the letter was to find the stand or booth of one of the three persons to whom it was addressed and deliver it to him. The text of the letter says:

"Mnesiergoes greets you cordially, he greets your family with the same esteem and wishes them good health, and he says also that his own health is good. Please be so kind as to send me a mantle, either of sheepskin or of goatskin, and let it be as cheap as possible, for it does not need to be trimmed with fur. Send with it a pair of heavy soles also. As soon as I have an opportunity I will pay you."

So much for the letter, to the motive of which the reader can point with as much precision as the author. Apparently it was written in winter, poor Mnesiergoes having been surprised out in the open country by one of those icy snowstorms, which sometimes, even at this day, cover the temples of the Acropolis with a mantle of snow. Therefore he desired to receive as quickly as possible the heavy and warm garment of the poorer countrymen, a goat-skin, which could be bought for four and a half drachmas, and the strong soles which were worn under the ordinary sandals on the rural plains and hillsides. A good pair of the latter could be bought for four drachmas, as a well-preserved bill of that date shows, says The Scientific American.

A noteworthy feature of this artless letter is the formula with which it begins, the very formula that may be found used in very numerous letters that were preserved by the Greek literature of later times. Even at the present day every letter written by a rural Greek begins with the same cordial inquiry about the health of the person to whom the letter is written and with the brief information about the health of the writer.

Miss Mary Agnes Cunningham is the first woman to be appointed a member of the St. Paul, Minnesota, school board. She has been a school teacher for twenty-five years and is president of the Teachers' Federation.

Old Friends and New



To-morrow.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sun-shine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
And this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

The Flight of Love.

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

John Anderson.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was bent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.



PRINCESS LUDWIG OF BAVARIA.

The Legitimists claim that Princess Ludwig of Bavaria, who before her marriage was the Duchess Marie Theresa of Este, should now be the Sovereign of England. The Princess represents the Stuart line through Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I. Prince Ludwig of Bavaria is the eldest son of Prince Leopold, who has taken the place of the mad King Otto in Bavaria for the last twenty-four years.



Miss Ruby Hardinge, daughter of Viscount Hardinge, who hunts frequently with the West Kent.



Countess Zia de Torby, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby.



The Countess of March, who is the wife of the oldest son of the Duke of Richmond.

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LONDON RONALD,
The rising English composer and conductor.

SATURDAY NIGHT has received the following enquiry which it thinks well to publish and answer because the suspicions involved, if they have thus found their way into one letter, have no doubt passed by word of mouth between many others. The communication reads:—"Can you tell me, through your paper, if it is true that two of the judges in the Earl Grey competition were connected with the Conservatory of Music of Toronto, and if so do you think they would overlook the composition of St. Paul's Choir. I am told that for that night it was largely made up of Conservatory pupils. Would it not have looked better for Toronto people if the judges had been outsiders?" The writer, who is obviously a woman, signs herself "Outsider," which may or may not be misleading. The allegations mentioned in the letter so far as the judging was concerned are both cruel and misleading. In the dramatic competitions there were three judges, a majority of whom were Canadians from Winnipeg and Montreal. They, however, had nothing whatever to do with the musical awards in any way. For the purpose of weeding out the numerous entries for the various musical competitions four Toronto gentlemen were chosen, all of whom are men of the most unquestioned integrity. They were Dr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, Dr. Albert Ham, conductor of the National Chorus, Mr. Frank Welsman, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. W. O. Forsyth, of the Metropolitan School of Music. They were simply preliminary judges and the final decisions were wholly in the hands of a single judge, Mr. Howard Brockway, of Auburn, N.Y., who acted solely on his own judgment and was never in consultation with any of the local judges in connection with his decisions. Despite the beautiful singing of the St. Paul's Methodist church choir, he decided to give the musical trophy to the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra for reasons outlined in last week's issue, and the trophy was so awarded. His Excellency Earl Grey, however, came to the conclusion that such singing as he had heard on Saturday night should not go unrecognized and decided off-hand to give an extra trophy for choral singing which was awarded to the choir in question. The gift of this extra trophy came as a surprise to the preliminary judges as much as to anyone in the audience. These are the absolute facts. The question of the composition of Mr. Atkinson's choir did not come into consideration at all. The organization was entered under the third section of the regulations governing entries for the musical competition which read as follows:—

"III. Mixed Voice Chorus.—Of not less than twenty-four and not more than sixty.
"Composition to be sung: 'Hymn to Music.' Dudley Buck.
"This competition is especially intended for Church Choirs but other mixed voice choirs are eligible."
THE local public seems disposed to permit the Toronto String Quartette to cultivate the muse of absolute music "on a little oatmeal," but the organization has assuredly given a great deal of pleasure to the limited number who attended its series during the past winter. The programme of last Saturday evening was especially melodious and attractive from every standpoint. The Mozart Quartette in D Minor was played with a suavity and rhythmical distinction wholly delightful and Mr. Frank C. Smith the viola player of the organization was especially happy in his two classical solos for that lovely instrument. The d'Ambrosio quartette in C Minor, a novelty in Toronto of which two movements were played, proved exceptionally rich in musical appeal. In its season's work the organization may well take an unselfish pride and the body work done by Mr. Blachford the first violin and Mr. Smith the viola has been first and last of an unusually high order.

"I AM never merry when I hear sweet music," says Shakespeare's Jessica and neither is Creator. As a matter of fact he takes his music hard. It apparently gives him

all the pangs of a heretic on the rack. How far his tendency toward exaggerated gesture is controllable and how far it is cultivated for business reasons it is impossible to say. Certainly he could get as much out of his excellent organization with a reserved and well regulated beat as he does with his frantic gestures. Probably at rehearsals he performs less Indian club exercises and gets down to the business of expression. Despite the "temperament" which he dons with his uniform his programmes are good and popular as well. The ear is pleased, the eye is excited, and where's the harm? But let not the unwary spectator run away with the idea that such writhings as his have anything to do with music.

SOME weeks ago in this column reference was made to the unpromising outlook for concerts in Boston, and now it is New York that the critics are despairing of. It is the nature of the music critic to take a gloomy view of things on paper, although he may be the most cheerful of men in daily intercourse. It is his duty to check the enthusiasm of the musical folk of his particular city, who may imagine that they or their town are "it" in a musical sense. Thus he stimulates his public into aspiration after better things. Jeremiah of unaccustomed sombreness however, come from the pen of Mr. H. T. Finck, and Mr. W. J. Henderson, the two chief musical writers of the daily press in New York. As the season draws to a close, Mr. Finck holds that the people of the metropolis have had too much music of a kind at least that they didn't want, and thus he explains the indifference of the public toward all spring offerings. More melody is his cry and though he does not believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God, no more does he hold that it is necessarily vulgar. "The public would infinitely prefer Johann Strauss to Richard," says Mr. Finck editorially in The Post. "Wagner agreed with Brahms in his ardent admiration of the Strauss waltzes, and Bulow urged their inclusion in symphony concert programmes. But 'Dignity' must be preserved, though the concert-halls remain empty. At the Paderewski recitals nothing arouses more enthusiasm than the Liszt rhapsodies. They have been admirably orchestrated, and if played at symphony concerts would do much to attract the public. Liszt's other works are too much neglected; so are the symphonic poems and symphonies of Saint-Saens, and Dvorak's overtures and symphonies—melodious all and beautifully colored. The 'Peer Gynt' suites are second in popularity to no music ever written, and often played, but there are a dozen other works of Grieg's, equally beautiful, and of the same popular character, yet never performed. The Brahms Hungarian Dances have not been played for years, nor Rubinstein's 'Feramors' and 'Nero' ballet music and his Bal Costume, and Bizet's 'L'Arlesienne' suites. In all these there is melody galore. If the conductors put more of this kind of music on their programmes and the singers selected the melodious songs instead of the declamatory kind, the impression that too much music is offered to the public would soon disappear."

ON the contrary in an article entitled "A Sterile Musical Sea-

son," Mr. W. J. Henderson says that the public want Richard Strauss, and he bemoans the fact. "In music there are to-day just two men whose new productions are awaited with general eagerness, namely, Strauss and Puccini," says The Sun's famous critic. "In the case of the former the eagerness is that of people who demand sensationalism in its most active demonstration. They would laugh to scorn a new 'Nozze di Figaro,' or even a new 'Orfeo.' Such works they would pronounce old fashioned, sleepy, tame. But promise them they shall have an opera of which the book is either filthy or horrible, or better still, both, and the music a paralyzing cataclysm of abysmal ugliness, and they will promptly send to the speculators for the best seats."

"It was among these people and that still larger class determined to hear and know everything that the town talks about that the success of 'Elektra' existed. Newspaper chatter about the marvellous personalities of the singers engaged in the performance aided in the general excitement and the theatre was filled at each representation.
"It would be idle to enquire what permanent artistic value such a work may have. The veriest tyro in the study of art history knows that 'Elektra' rests upon radically false art principles and that it cannot live. The gospel of art is beauty, not ugliness. The purpose of art is to uplift, not debase. The blessing of art upon the world is softening of the emotions, refining of the perceptions, elevating of the intellectual appetite."

"No calm and dispassionate observer will believe that 'Elektra' can accomplish anything of this kind or that its composer ever dreamed that it would. His purpose plainly enough was to stun and horrify and bewilder and thus to get great glory for himself."

"He has the glory, together with much money, and according to the popular type of American philosophy that is all he need care about. He does not have to worry about what people will think of him after he is dead. What good does it do Shakespeare or Michael Angelo or Beethoven to be revered by the world?" Heigho! and again Heigho! If music critics habitually wrote in a vein of satisfaction with existing conditions who would read them?

MR. LANDON RONALD, whose portrait appears on this page, is generally regarded as one of the rising musicians of England. He was born in London in 1873 and entered the Royal College of Music as a boy of eleven. He received an all-round training, and proved so efficient that in his seventeenth year he became solo pianist in the English production of the beautiful French pantomime "L'Enfant Prodigue," a post which Mme Lachaux filled in America. Before he was twenty years old, he had conducted the entire popular repertoire of comic operas in a company organized by William Greet. Sir Augustus Harris gave him a post in Covent Garden as assistant at rehearsals and in 1896 he came to America as accompanist to Madame Melba with whom he appeared as a solo pianist in Toronto on the occasion of her first visit to this city. He has since become an orchestral conductor in England and Europe and has conducted with success in Vienna, Rome, Leipzig and Bremen. This year he won much fame in Italy by his conducting of the Edgar Symphony at Rome. It was then heard by the Italian people for the first time. His idols as a conductor are Nikisch and Wingartner, but it is stated that he has much individuality of his own. He is also a composer in short orchestral forms of exceptional promise and interest.

Hector Chasnowitz

An admirable programme was presented by the pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington in the hall of the Toronto College of Music last Saturday afternoon.

T. Harlan Fudge, of Toronto, sang at the Hamilton Theatrical Mechanics' benefit recently and aroused much enthusiasm. His chief number was the prologue to "Pagli-



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acci," which he rendered with power and distinction. In a duet with Mrs. Merrifield, "I Live to Love Thee," both artists also met with much applause.

A large and interested audience attended the recital given by the piano pupils of Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., held in the Conservatory Music Hall on April 14th. An excellent programme was successfully rendered by the talented pupils.

In The New York Tribune of Jan. 7th, 1906, appeared a long article entitled "Music in Paris; Dearth of Singers of the First Rank." This article, signed C. I. B. (Charles Inman Barnard) is from the pen of a well known and brilliant journalist, long resident of Paris, fully conver-

sant with the conditions of which he writes, and who was recently honored with the decoration of Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. The writer gives a summary of the most famous professors of singing in Paris, confining himself to those of international reputation only, and who have been successful in forming and launching well-known artists before the public. The teachers mentioned are Mme. Marchesi, Sig. Delle Sedie, Sig. Sbrigha, M. Jean de Reske, M. Jacques Boukz and M. Haslam. Of the latter, the following encomium appears: "M. Haslam, a thorough musician, who for years was director of opera. He has known most of the best singers for the last twenty-five years, is an indefatigable student of prodigious memory, exquisite taste, great attainments and unimpeachable honesty."

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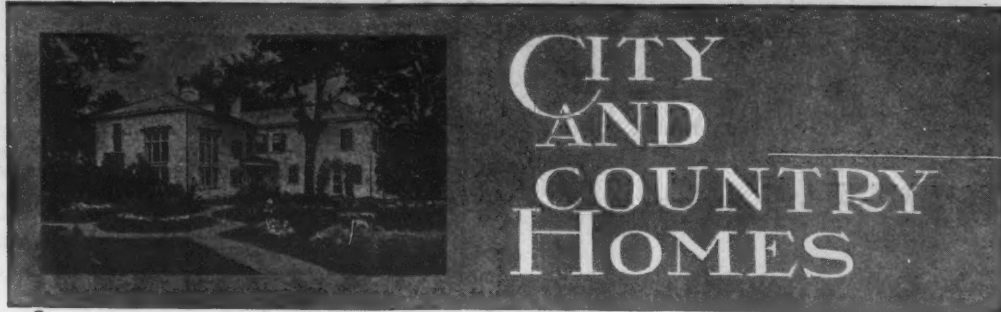
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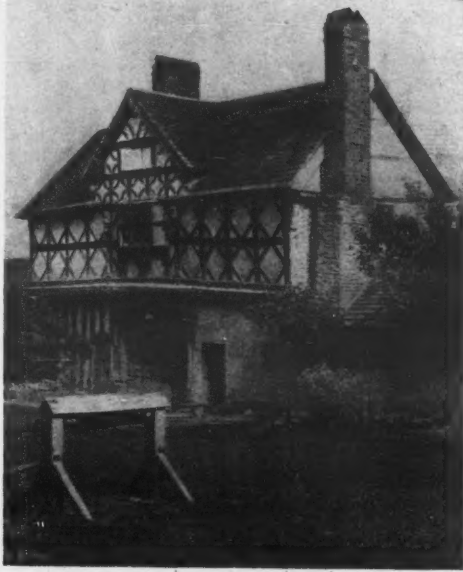
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CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

Stone Slates in English Homes.

COUNTRY LIFE (London, Eng.) has lately been publishing a series of articles on "Roofs and Their Materials," from which several pictures herewith published are taken. The theme of the article quoted was Stone Slates and their influence on the architecture of certain parts of England. In speaking of that as a roofing material, says the article, it was argued that a roof should not only serve its purpose of keeping out the wet and of preserving an even temperature in the house, but should also satisfy the eye by its form and texture and by its appropriateness to its surroundings. No substance better fulfils all these requirements than the thin-splitting oolitic rock known as stone slates or tiles. Geologically they centre in the Cotswold district, but the limestone formation which supplies them stretches thence southward through parts of Wilts, Dorset and Somerset, and northward into Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire. It is, perhaps, in the last-mentioned county that we find the very best examples of stone roofing. The most noted quarries are at Colly Weston, a hill village lying a few miles south of Stamford. Thereabouts in many a field men may be seen in the autumn removing the surface brash and extracting the stone beneath it. It comes out in slabs often a foot thick, and is stacked vertically near by on the ground. The next process is entrusted to Nature, for it is the winter frost that swells and solidifies the moisture which lies between the layers of hard stone, and which is supplanted by water if the weather is dry; so that when the thaw comes a blow from the hammer splits the block into thin laminations, and these are cut and sorted to size ready for use. Although many are of a large size and of sufficient thickness to carry that size, other pieces are small and quite thin, and these are used to form the valleys and breaks where projecting gables join the main roof. No cutting or mitring and no lead guttering are needed. The stones are laid in curved sweeps, and the same suave lines are obtained as in thatch. This is impossible where, as in the Horsham district of Sussex and in parts of Yorkshire, local stone occurs that seldom splits less than an inch in thickness.



Stokesay Castle—a typical home in the slate districts of England.

—Country Life.

old and composite roofing of a group of cottages at Nailsworth in Gloucestershire proves how seldom any relaying is necessary. This example shows what can be done with this material with no other assistance than V-shaped stone ridging and mortar for the dormer and other hips. The local builders, however, especially in the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, generally designed their edifices with a view to very simple roofing. The old slates, being rough and uneven, never laid close, and the wet and moisture soon dried out of them; but the new



Shiplake Court, Oxfordshire, England.

—Country Life.

There, the lines are hard and the general appearance a little too heavy; and, moreover, the large size and flatness of the slates enable a low pitch of roof to keep out the wet, and the depressed angle lessens the danger of slip and the strain, on the peg caused by the great weight of each slate. On the other hand, the smaller size and the rough surface of the Northamptonshire and Cotswold slates make a steep pitch desirable, and their comparative lightness has enabled the oak peg which hangs them on to the lath to support them for many a generation. A glance at the waving lines and uneven surface of the very

ones, closely fitted and bedded tight down one on the other, the circulation of air between them is prevented and the wet retained much longer, giving better chance of frost. Thus they often break, while the old ones seem almost imperishable. Properly treated, therefore, they are a very practical, as well as a beautiful, roof material, and they should be largely used in the districts where they occur, for nothing harmonizes so well with the local walling stone of which most of the houses are and should be built, and with the landscape features. Shiplake Court lies in the part of Oxfordshire where the material is not indigenous, and although the walls are of brick, the roof is covered with stone tiles. If, in this case, choice of them is open to criticism, the result is certainly very pleasing, for, as the walling is very quiet in tone, and is diapered with burnt ends in the manner common under Henry VIII., it harmonizes perfectly with the roof above it. As a general principle, however, it is well to associate stone slates with stone walls and not to bring them far out of their own districts. Even of old, however, they were carted a considerable way, the stone of the Forest of Dean district of Gloucestershire having been much used for South Monmouthshire roofs, though now it has too often been replaced by paper-thin Welsh slate or corrugated sheets. The part of Shropshire where Stokesay Castle is situated is almost beyond the stone-slate region, but the castle roofs are delightful examples of their ancient use. They not only cover the stone built Gothic hall and its adjacent buildings, but also the timber-framed Elizabethan gatehouse. The oak here was never blacked or otherwise treated, and has gone a delicious silver grey color in full sympathy with its roof. The treatment of the valley where the dormer gable springs out of the main roof shows, clearly. The old craftsmen could do almost anything with these stone slates. They could not use it wrongly, and their work is often the most delightful note of many of our rural landscapes. It should be most carefully studied, not merely by artists and architects, but by the new race of craftsmen, who, if it is really demanded of them by the growing taste of the age, will not fail to equal their seventeenth century predecessors in producing an entirely satisfactory effect with this material.



Slate roofs at Nailsworth.

—Country Life.

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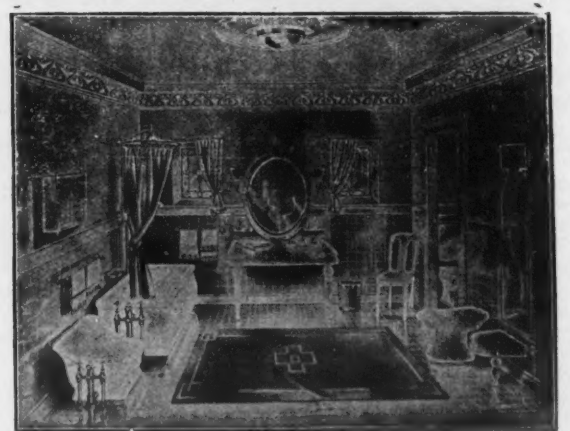
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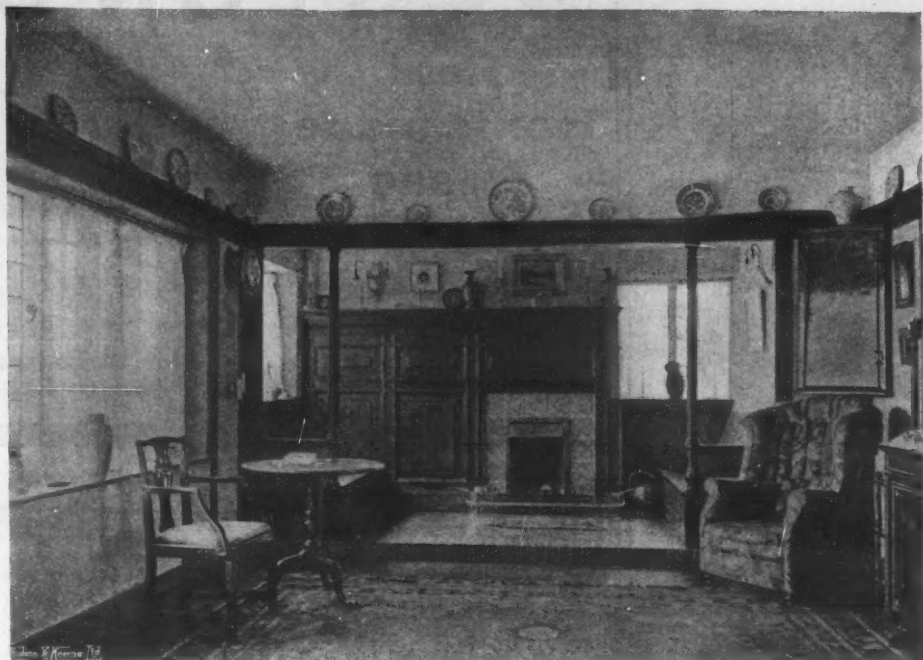
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CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES



Living room in an English country house.

—Country Life.

Spring Table Decorations.

IN the opinion of excellent authorities, fashion, as represented by changing styles of vases, urns, trays, and centre-pieces has no proper function in table decoration, which should always be governed by the intrinsic beauty of the flower used, as well as the receptacle which holds it, and by that touch of individual good taste in the matter of color, line, and proportion, which is not to imply that none of the changing ideas on the subject are desirable for there are many new things under the sun in table decorations, and some have the beauty and simplicity desired. Used with discrimination, the modern vase really embellishes the flower, the general tendency being to have several receptacles for flowers so grouped as to give the effect of mass when viewed from a distance, but, on closer examination, leaving room for each individual blossom to display its special characteristics.

In great English houses, the table decorations are often in the hands of the gardener, and this is a practical arrangement since he knows the materials in hand and can plan accordingly. It is, however, one which leaves small room for sentiment, and there is much sentiment in the thought of the hostess of true refinement. If the yellow primrose on one's table is a yellow primrose and nothing more, many a delightful suggestion of wit and fancy is deadened. In other houses, table decoration is often left to the butler, who, following too closely his own devices, has been known to provide the astonished hostess with an arrangement of mirrors, china figures, rocks, and even fish, which left the guests uncertain as to the desirability of tears or laughter wherewith to express their emotions. Unfortunately we have not yet followed the Japanese in their custom of instructing their young people in the art of flower decoration. No Japanese girl of the better class reaches womanhood without such training. But in the meantime the simple thing is usually the safe thing. China, glass, and silver intrinsically beautiful cannot be staled by custom in the infinite variety they offer, and a glass bowl of tulips will give joy when the very name of epergne will be forgotten.

Late March and early April offer difficulties in our northern climate, if one is searching for variety and inexpensiveness in the flowers for decoration of the table; but I have seen a charming luncheon table adorned with a generous brass bowl of pussy willows for which the hostess had searched the ravines half a day. Four smaller brass pots of pale yellow primroses gave an oddly effective combination of color, and the whole spoke eloquently of the coming spring. At this season, jonquils, daffodils, and tulips may be procured in city markets and plant lovers will have pots of hyacinths in bloom which may be utilized by grouping several pots together on the table if one hesitates to sacrifice the blooms for a single occasion, by cutting. Vines from the greenhouse, or the air plant seen in shop windows (which by the way is not an air plant though this does not hurt its usefulness) should be massed about the flower pots to conceal their unattractiveness, giving the effect of a transplanted bit of garden from some summer clime, on the dinner table. A low, wide basket in which the pots may be hidden also offers possibilities. There is a kind of Japanese basket over a foot in diameter, having an edge not more than two or three inches in height. Its zinc lining may be

filled with wet sand, moss, or foliage, giving the effect of verdure, and into this foundation crocuses of every color should be thickly studded. If jonquils or tulips were preferred, their stems could be wired to keep them erect.

For the accompanying illustration, a small round table was used, the requisite number of utensils for serving luncheon being purposely omitted in order to show the central decoration which is even better suited to a larger table. A basket in dull gold is made the receptacle for pale lavender orchids, with thick foliage about their base, sprays of the vine also softening the lines of the basket against the white doily. The small vases are of glass with a touch of gold decoration which harmonizes them with the basket in the centre. Owing to the costliness of orchids this makes an expensive decoration, but with care these exquisite blossoms last for many a day, some say for weeks, and one group may serve for several occasions. By the use of abundant greenery, even fewer orchids could be used, a single blossom being most effective in the smaller receptacles. The same arrangement would also be effective with less costly flowers. German or Japan iris is afforded by many of our gardens in late spring, the Japan iris being the most successful in our middle west climate. Lilies of various sorts might be used from the summer garden or winter greenhouse, and many of our annuals, such as centaurea, sweet peas, and the coppery shades of nasturtiums would be attractive in this decorative scheme. Best of all, try dahlias in autumn with autumn leaves in gorgeous golden browns and yellows.

Good Table Glass.

THE first essential of good table glass enables us to see at once that it was made from a fluid material cooled in a careful manner, says W. Shaw Sparrow. This limpidity was valued till the end of the seventeenth century, when the wheel came into play, and with it a custom of engraving glasses. The early efforts were not bad, but when after a little practice the engraver's hand became delicate in touch, many intricate designs were attempted, till at last the waterlike transparency of table glass was veiled by patterns.

Skill of hand has often been accompanied by a decline of taste; and with glass the decline was rapid and complete. The material was turned out in blocks, deeply cut and heavy; decanters were like huge clubs notched and indented, so that a tipsy man was quite proud if he could lift them without spilling the wine. Shopmen delighted in their bulk. "Feel this decanter, madam! feel its weight; all solid good glass; allow me to lift it, madam, it is much too heavy for you to move without effort." Burglars were afraid of such decanters, and even butlers hated them, although they strengthened the wrist like dumb-bells and prize-fighting.

The belief that glass was to be valued by weight, like gold, lived on to the reign of Queen Victoria, when a gradual improvement began to bring into fashion some beautiful forms in delicate films of glass. The bad custom of engraving the surface with patterns was retained, and has been handed on to our time in all popular work. Sprays of maiden-hair fern are among the stereotyped decorations, probably because they have no connection at all with walnuts and wine.



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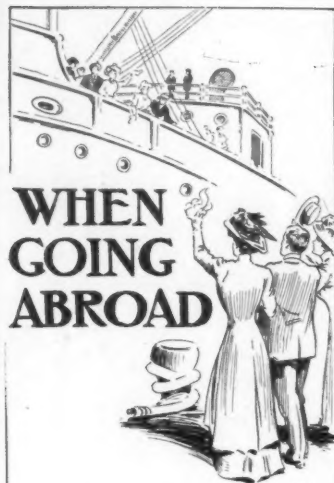
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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, APRIL 9TH.

WHEN the poet sang from a home-sick heart "Oh to be in England now that April's here," he was speaking of such an April as we are having this year. Day follows day of glorious weather, with just a bad one here and there thrown in to keep us from growing sinfully arrogant over the wonders of the English climate. The gentleman who has heard the first cuckoo of the season has written to inform an interested London of the fact, and one hears constantly of the premature arrival of flowers where those flowers have no right to be for weeks to come. It is truly a beautiful spring. "Daffy-down-dilly" has come to town earlier than usual, and for some time past has been popping up in the grass of the parks and private gardens. It is a sign of the approach of "the season," when the houses are being painted and hotels decorated, and before long all the windows will be blazing with well-filled boxes.

THE tourist season has commenced, and from now until the beginning of October there will be a constant inrush of visitors seeing the sights and expressing their opinions in a variety of accents. There is no close season for tourists, but the early spring brings the people who have come over by the Southern route, and have wintered in Italy and France. These are re-inforced by those people who come direct from Canada and the United States to spend the summer over here, and later on, when the actual summer comes, there will be numbers of visitors from France, Germany, and other continental countries.

There are tourists and tourists. In contrast to the well-informed ones, who know what they want to see and have read up the subject, are those unfortunates who are travelling heaven knows why, except that it is the thing people do who can get together enough money and are sick of hearing their friends talk of the places they have seen.

Two of these people, a Western American husband and wife, were going through the Royal Tombs at the Abbey the other day when I encountered them. The man looked hopelessly mazed and bored almost to tears. The woman looked patient and was plainly making the best of a bad job. They arrived with the crowd at the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, where lies the dust of six kings and six queens, the names alone, one would suppose, being sufficient to stir the least imaginative.

"Say, do we have to see this?" asked the husband. "Why, John," said the poor lady in a cheerful-at-any-cost voice, "I think this seems a verry attractive spot." "You do, eh? I vote we cut it and go out and eat," said John, and judging by his expression the pleasantest moment of the expedition was when he was on his way to the door, leaving the dead kings and queens and poets and statesmen to those who liked them.

THE Ideal Home Exhibition, which Princess Christian opened yesterday at Olympia, is a very charming affair, but it is safe betting that the model cottage and the furniture and the arts and crafts and the pottery and all the other exhibits will never attract as much attention as the most necessary part of the plenishing of an "ideal home"—the babies. There are about fifty of them in a big nursery, near the creche which Lady Helmsley is interested in. There are white babies and yellow babies and brown and black, and the foreign infants wear their national dress, and babble in their own tongues which appear to be understood by other persons young enough to know nothing of their mother-tongue, much less that of some other country. Everyone goes to see the babies.

The Tudor Village is delightfully carried out, and only firms established for over one hundred years were allowed to exhibit there. It is funny to think of that beautiful building known to the shopper as Debenhams and Freebody's being "Ye village drapers."

As to politics. But perhaps you are tired of politics and are saving enthusiasm for the next general election. As to when it will be, and what the Government will do, and what has become of the Budget, the catchword of the day is Mr. Asquith's phrase "Wait and see."

ONE of the striking features of the great Shakespeare Festival, which ends on the 30th of April, is the instantaneous success of pretty Miss Phillida Terson as "Viola" in "Twelfth Night." This young lady is the daughter of Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, and a niece of Ellen Terry. She made her debut earlier in the season playing with her father and mother in "Henry of



AN AMERICAN DUCHESS.

Formerly Miss May Goelet, the Duchess of Roxburgh, since her marriage a few years ago, has become very popular in London as well as in Scotland. She is noted as a sportswoman and traveller, and possesses most beautiful jewels. She has recently taken the residence of the late Lord Burton, and it is expected that she will entertain in London very largely during the coming season.

Navarre," but her first big chance was as "Viola," and the critics have been loud in their praise and their prophecies for the future. Miss Terson (which is a combination of her father's and her mother's names) is tall, pretty, charming, sympathetic, and has a delightful singing voice. Added to this she has the advantages of inherited taste for the stage, and the family traditions to keep up. It is no wonder that great things are expected of a girl so well endowed.

His Majesty's Theatre is decorated outside with a bust of Shakespeare and quantities of laurel, while within is to be found a feast for the lover of the great man. Besides the plays in which Tree and his company appear, Herbert Trench's Haymarket company play "King Lear"; Arthur Bourchier and his company appear in "The Merchant of Venice"; H. B. Irving and his company from the Queen's Theatre in "Hamlet," which Tree's company also plays; the Benson company give the "Taming of the Shrew"; the Elizabethan Stage Society is to give "Two Gentlemen of Verona"; Lewis Waller and the Lyric Theatre Company present "Henry V.," and as a wind-up there will be given on the 29th a special bill including a scene from "Othello," one from "Macbeth," one from "The Clandestine Marriage," and a recitation by Mrs. Kendal.

M. R. J. B. MULLOY, the young Canadian student who went to the South African war to fight for the Empire, and returned totally blind as a result of being shot in the face, is the subject of a column in one of to-day's papers. Mr. Mulloy is one of the Imperial pioneers, representing the different overseas dominions, who are to talk to the people at home about the Empire and its needs. The Imperial Pioneers want to gather together in one body the men in this country who are of no particular party, and who will try to direct their fellow-countrymen towards an Imperial policy. Preference is, of course, one of the points on which they feel strongly.

M. E. MacL. M.

In 1269 the entire width of the Baltic Sea was crossed by sledge. In 1339 a great many persons were frozen to death in England. In 1409 the Danube was frozen up from her source to her estuary in the Black Sea. In 1469 all vines in France were killed by frost. In 1609 and 1639 the port of Marseilles was frozen over and there was great suffering and distress. In 1709 France was icebound from north to south, the ice extending for miles seaward. Birds and animals died of cold.



THE SPANISH PRINCES.

The Prince of the Asturias and Prince Jaime, sons of the King and Queen of Spain, photographed as they were leaving the Royal Palace at Seville for a walk. The elder of the two princes is said to look like his mother, who was formerly Princess Ena of Battenberg, while the younger son strongly resembles the King in appearance.

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Some Linen Frocks.

THE linen costume will play a prominent part in the wardrobe of the summer girl, and some extremely pretty new weaves in linen are on the market. Some of these reproduce the worsteds among the newest being what is known as "motor suiting," a fabric closely resembling burlap and which comes in a number of attractive shades. When made up, these suitings not only look very well but are just the thing for the purpose for which they are designed. An English linen suiting of heavy weight is so woven that it suggests an effective over check. A medium weight linen that promises to be very popular has contrasting stripes which are formed by a double thread. The serge diagonals have also been widely copied in wash materials and so has the English whipcord. Mercerized diagonal and pique come in a delightful range of colors and linen poplins are very pretty while the crashes are more effective than ever.

In making up these materials a very wide range of modes is available and some of the designs already evolved are particularly appealing to the woman who loves dainty summer frocks and can afford to pay for them. A quaint little one-piece linen suit of Copenhagen blue has a deep hip-yoke, the lower part of the skirt being arranged in rather narrow pleats both back and front, narrow panels of the linen stitched in several rows at the edges, extending from the waist line to the hem. The upper part of the dress has wide shaped pleats extending over the shoulders, edged with a fold of deeper blue linen, the long sleeves being broken at the elbow by a fold of the darker linen which also edges the quaint little belt. The neck of the gown is finished with a frill of lace, and the front of the bodice closes with three big dark blue buttons. Made up in one of the heavier linens this gown might have a coat in cutaway effect, about thirty-four inches in length or longer. Such a coat should be cut away in points at the sides and slashed back of the points, being longer in the back than in front. The big lapels should be edged with the darker blue linen, and the coat finished like the dress with dark blue buttons.

A very smart linen dress is also carried out in blue but this time in combination with white. The plain closely fitting skirt is of pale blue and white dotted linen as far as the knees where a gracefully curved piece of plain blue linen is applied and forms the rest of the ankle-length skirt. The rather bloused upper portion of the garment is of the dotted linen, finished with a deep sailor collar of the plain goods. The plain linen also is used in a narrow band to finish the elbow sleeves. With this dress comes a high lace chemisette finished with a smart jabot of white lace.

Concerning Veils.

ALL sorts of charming novelties are being turned out to wear with the new summer dresses, and daintiness is the special note in everything. Veils naturally play a large part in the general effect which the well dressed woman wishes to achieve, and never were the veils prettier or in larger variety. For a long time, in fact for many seasons we have been accustomed to much the same sort of veils and have looked with suspicion on anything that was different. To-day the idea seems to be to get as far away as possible from the conventional, and perhaps the most popular veils of the moment are those made of lace, but there is every sort from which to make a selection, and the most bizarre taste as well as the most

conventional can easily be gratified. For ordinary morning wear or to use with tailored hats, the most popular is a heavy mesh which has no dots. For wear with the big hat in the afternoon the lace veils are certainly the thing, and come in many varieties, one of the most becoming being of cream lisse, though the cream net veils embroidered by hand in cream silk are also very attractive. Some of the colored net veils in blue, green, grey and other shades are also handsomely embroidered by hand, but they are often rather trying to the complexion, the cream being more becoming than either the pure white or the colors. One innovation in the wearing of veils cannot fail to meet with the approval of the con-



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THE LITTLE CORPORAL HAT.

A 1910 creation which is a replica of the hats worn by Napoleon's officers. The hat is of taupe hemp trimmed with heron fancy feather.

servative woman, and that is the fashion of putting the lace edge of the veil at the top so that it encircles the hat, while the plain edge covers the face. This is a great improvement, as nothing mars a woman's appearance so much as having the spots in her veil make her look as if she had lost her teeth or had a black eye.

The woman whose taste runs to vivid coloring can certainly gratify it this season in her selection of motor-veils, for in the chameleon effects come all sorts of combinations, some of these shot veils being wonderfully pretty.

The Revival of Paisley Patterns.

THE vogue of the Paisley designs continues, and in London just now this revival of an early Victorian fashion is looked upon with distinct favor. Paisley designs and Paisley colorings are used wherever it is possible and one of the innovations is a charming Paisley net, which is to be used extensively for evening frocks as well as for trimming. Silks of similar design are also used with extremely good effect just now, and appear to advantage on many a frock while handkerchiefs of the same design are considered very smart as trimming for hats, especially for country wear. One such handkerchief—used to decorate a burnt straw hat—was of brilliant scarlet and yellow and of the real bandana variety. Where the handkerchiefs are not used for trimming the Paisley silk is often used to face the hat, and where the wearer has a pretty complexion the result is certainly good.

A frock recently designed by a French dressmaker was of yellowish marquisette in draped tunic effect, the small part of the skirt which was in evidence below the tunic being of Paisley net mounted on silk the tone of the marquisette, the brilliant tones of the Paisley pattern showing up admirably when veiled by the marquisette. The upper part of the dress was fashioned in something almost suggesting a bolero coat and was cut square at the neck. The short sleeves were made in one with the little coatee, and a veiling of the marquisette ended in a sash-like arrangement, which was caught up in the folds of the drapery forming the tunic. The dress while unusual evidently indicates a fashion that is to have considerable vogue.

A smart street costume in which a Paisley design was introduced was of creamy white serge, the skirt made with hip yoke and centre panel combined, both of these as well as the side pleats being piped with Paisley silk, which also covered the big buttons on the coat and appeared in the pipings on cuffs and revers.

The Newest Belts.

BELTS are rapidly coming into their own again, and all sorts of pretty effects are offered for the beguilement of money from the pocket-book of the woman who studies the bargains offered in the shops. For a bit nobody fussed over belts, and only the woman who was firm in her allegiance to the shirtwaist really needed such a dress accessory. Now that fashion is swinging round again and the normal waist-line is being restored, belts assume a good deal of their old-time importance and appear on the one-piece dress even when ornament rather than use is the purpose for which the belt is designed. Many of the new frocks have the most fascinating little girdles, and of course the Russian blouse suit demands a belt. As the shirtwaist shows a determination to receive a good deal of attention this summer the belt must also be taken into consideration when it is worn, and consequently from all points of view the belt must be considered seriously when dress accessories are being purchased.

As a coat belt that of patent leather has a decided following, but equally popular and much more attractive are the belts made of delicate toned kid, the leather being so pliable that it fits as close as elastic. The suede belts are also much in demand, while fancy belts of all kinds are still to be had, and the conservative woman still clings to the studded elastic belts which have so long retained their vogue.

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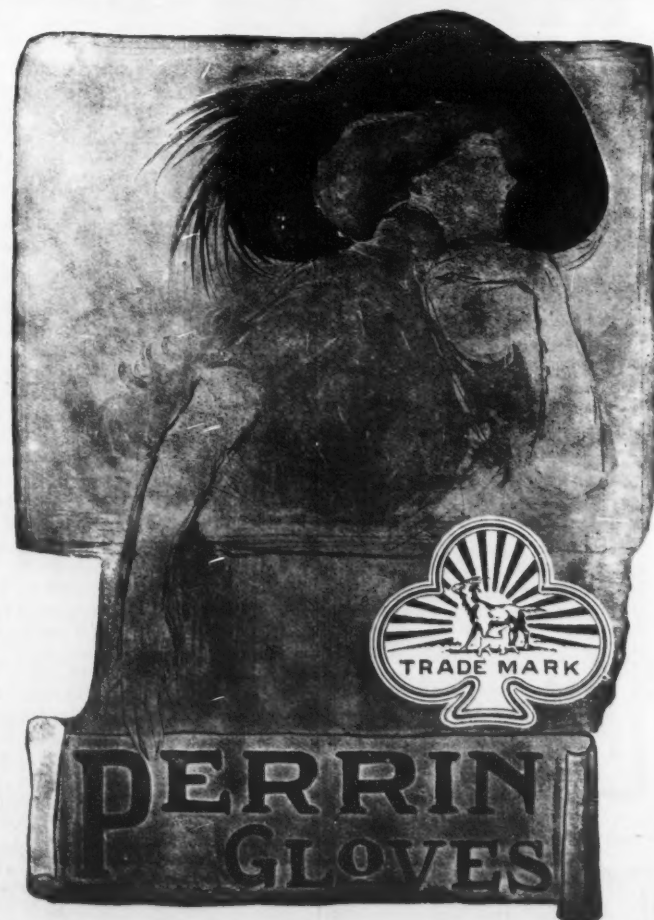
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TORONTO SOCIETY

THE dance given by the Cadet Corps of St. Andrew's College, which is always the most brilliant of the school dances, took place on Friday of last week with much *eclat*. At the very entrance the note was struck, when the guests found the doors guarded by two smart young fellows in Highland military uniform, who gathered in the tickets of the favored belles and beaux. More uniformed kilties directed the guests to the dressing-rooms and down again to where the pretty young wife of the Principal, with an officer or two of the Cadet Corps at her side, gracefully welcomed everyone.

The Government House party included the Misses Gibson, Mr. Sydney Fellowes, A.D.C., and Captain Hammond, R.E., a handsome young officer from R. M. C. Kingston. The *salle de dance*, which has a splendid floor, was decorated with strings of flags, arranged *a la blanchisseuse*, as is the usual fashion, and the cross of St. Andrew was blazoned on the wall opposite the entrance doors. Mrs. Macdonald wore a soft ivory satin gown with an overdress of transparent black, and carried lily of the valley and sweet peas. There were few married people at this dance, but the radiant youth and beauty of Toronto was out in great form. Some of the pretty girls were Miss Norah Gwynn, in pale blue; Miss Madeline Walker, in black with twist of pink ribbon in her fair hair; Miss Edna Cromarty and Miss Margaret Robins, each in white gowns, and looking charming; Miss Elf Bowes, in white with a lovely bouquet of Richmond roses; Miss Evelyn Reid, also in white, and enjoying her last dance before going abroad with great pleasure; Miss Grace Macpherson, in a pretty gown; Miss Dorothy Massey, Miss Mabs Horrocks, Miss Mabel and Miss Eve Haney, Miss Clara Flavell, Miss Matheson and Miss McMurich were among those who varied a turn among the dancers by a *tete-a-tete* in the many delightful sitting-out rooms. Miss Gooderham, of Deanecroft, and her fiancé, Dr. Burson, were at the dance, and some others were Miss Anna Lake, Mrs. Gregory, of Westminster College, who chaperoned some delightful maidens; Mr. George and Miss Jean Alexander, Miss Patti Warren, and Mr. Winfield Sifton. Many of the girls had little sisters in charge, who had the best time of all, flying over the dance floor with short skirts and light feet, or tucked away in some dim corner with something very gallant in uniform. Supper was served at eleven o'clock, small tables for special patrons being arranged on the little dais in Commons, and a long buffet for the younger folk, bedecked with flowers and good things to eat and drink. The mildness of the showery April evening made open doors and windows possible, and some of the young folks, who in these days of turban coiffures have no crimps and curls to worry about, actually sat out on the steps and parapet between the dances. It was an exceedingly jolly affair, and adds one more to St. Andrew's College's list of successful entertainments.

At St. Mary's church, Lindsay, on April 12, Miss Therese Imogene Benson, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Benson, and Mr. Henry Stansfield Tims, son of Mr. J. W. Tims, Bank of Montreal, of Montreal, were married. Ven. Archdeacon Casey and Rev. Father Keeley officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her brother-in-law, Dr. Blanchard, and looked very attractive in a semi-princess robe of white Duchess satin, with pearls and Irish lace trimmings, veil and orange blossoms. The bride's bouquet was an Empire shower and roses and lily of the valley. Miss Edith Spier was maid of honor, in shell pink satin, and plumed black hat; Miss Alda Sylvester was bridesmaid in a lingerie gown mounted on pink satin, and black hat. Both the attendants carried pink roses and ferns. The flower-girls were most charming little folk, Alexandrine and Camille Blanchard, nieces of the bride, in white silk frocks, pink sashes and pokes wreathed with small pink roses. They carried baskets of pink carnations. Mr. Allison, Bank of Montreal, was best man. Mr. Charles Squier and Mr. Milburn Sylvester were the ushers. The *dejeuner* and reception were held in Dr. Blanchard's home. Mrs. Benson received in a handsome black satin with black lace over silver, and sequined toque. The floral decorations were beautiful, the bride's cake, towering in the centre of the buffet, was set in billows of white tulle and lily of the valley and asparagus fern. The buffet was done with white carnations, smilax and white ribbons garlanded to the chandelier. Mr. and Mrs. Tims went south for their honeymoon, and will make their home in Chatham, Ontario. Among many handsome gifts was a piano from the groom's father (the bride is a fine musician), and a case of family jewels left by the late mother of the groom.

Condolences are many to His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto and to his brother, Mr. George R. Sweeney, on the loss of their mother, whose death occurred at her home in Westmount, Montreal.

Mrs. Gzowski has been receiving on Mondays this month at Clovelly, and last Monday had a large number of visitors. Miss Wanda Gzowski, the golden haired not-out daughter of the house, and a couple of girl friends were in the tearoom, where the table was prettily decorated with pink sweet peas. A few of those calling about five were Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Mrs. and Miss Hagarty, Mrs. and Miss Lemesurier, Mrs. Alec Gibson and Miss Phyllis Moffatt, Mrs. Phillips and her guests, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Mrs. Sinclair of Roslyn, Mrs. and Miss Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. Alexander of Meadowbank, Mrs. Grafton. The fine little grandchildren of the hostess, Master and Miss Beardmore, were waylaid by some of the guests and received the usual petting and compliments with much good nature. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beardmore are travelling abroad.



THREE CHARMING SISTERS.
Miss Frances, Miss Dinah and Miss Kathleen Tennant, daughters of Mr. Francis Tennant. Miss Dinah Tennant is accompanying Lord and Lady Gladstone to South Africa.

Peterboro, Woodstock, Detroit and other places have sent requests for seats. There will be a very smart party from Montreal, and I hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier is coming. Lady Laurier will spend some time at Llawhaden with Mrs. Melvin Jones.

The news of Major General Victor Law's death in London, last week, was received with regret by his Toronto friends. Commander and Mrs. Law are now in England. Major General Law has paid many visits to Toronto, and was always a bright and distinguished figure in smart circles.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman and Miss Heintzman left this week for Europe. They will spend some time in Berlin, and visit Oberammergau, with visits in London and Paris before returning to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ross will reside at Madison Apartments until their house in Walmer road is completed.

Mr. Stanley Seton Thompson returned last week from a lengthy stay in Cuba and a very pleasant trip to Europe. I hear he is to join the consular circle in Toronto as Spanish Vice-Consul.

Hon. J. J. Foy is expected home this week from Atlantic City, where he has derived much benefit from the sea breezes.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock had a box party at the Alexandra on Friday night, who afterwards had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Faversham, who were Mr. and Mrs. Mulock's guests at a charming supper. Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Sidney Small and Mrs. Victor Williams were a most attractive trio in the box party. In the audience were Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mrs. Crawford Brown, Miss Manning and Mr. Bradford of Washington, and a great many other smart people. Mr. Faversham, who is a golf fiend, enjoyed a round or two on a fine course while he was in Toronto. Several friends entertained the clever pair who played Herod and Mariamne last week.

Mrs. Albert Dymont has gone to New York. Mrs. Geary, mother of His Worship the Mayor, has gone to see her daughter, Mrs. Conley, in Washington. Mrs. George Perram sailed for South Africa on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie are in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Ross gave a dinner and theatre party after their son's wedding on the 13th for the bridesmaids, ushers and visiting relatives.

In St. Malachy's church, New York, on April 6, Miss Katherine G. Murray, daughter of Judge and Mrs. T. E. Murray, was married to Mr. T. Stanley Doran, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Doran, of Guelph, Ont., by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Delaney. Miss Murray wore a gown of white satin and rose point lace, lace veil and orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of lily of the valley and white roses, and wore a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. A reception was held at 305 W. 46th street after the ceremony.

Mrs. Weldon, 75 Kendal avenue, has gone to spend the summer with her sister, Lady Cope, in England.

Mr. Justice Magee, who succeeds Mr. Justice Osler, Court of Appeal, was duly sworn in on Monday.

Mr. Hugh Fraser, son of Sir Andrew Fraser, Scotland, formerly of the 10th Hussars, and who spent some time with Lord Minto in India as aide, has received a commission in a cavalry corps in Canada.

High-Class Millinery For Horse Show Week

For this fashionable event we have arranged a special showing of Millinery most correct for the occasion.



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We cordially invite inspection and feel that you will admire these for their smartness, wealth of new ideas, and uncomparable price inducements.

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Every dress shown is a picturesque combination of silks and nets; linens, batistes, and their fascinating garnitures of laces and insertions. Each dress is different in point of style, shade and trimming. The price range allows of your selecting something distinctively fashionable at any price you have in mind.

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Latest ideas from New York's best designers. Our latest shipment embraces many decided novelties.

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TORONTO SOCIETY

THE marriage of Miss Hilda Cayley, now in her second season, who has been a most popular belle since her debut, and Mr. Delamere Magee, was celebrated on Thursday, too late for these columns this week.

The marriage of Miss Amy Breihaupt Saunders, eldest daughter of Mr. Dyce Saunders, of Poplar Plains Road, and Dr. Henry Orton Howitt, son of Dr. Henry Howitt, of Guelph, took place at half past two o'clock on Wednesday, in the St. Thomas church, the rector, Rev. Ensor Sharpe, assisted by the curates, officiating. The church was beautiful, with lights and white flowers, carnations and Easter lilies, and the choir led the bride's procession, preceded by the cross-bearer, and sang the bridal hymn. The maid of honor and two bridesmaids, Miss Isabel Saunders, the bride's next sister, Miss Grace Saunders, and Miss Marjory Braithwaite were in palest blue silk, with Dutch collars of Irish lace and blue chiffon scarves. They carried pink roses, and their hats were large crowned bell shaped black lace creations, with a wreath of pink roses and foliage, and rosettes of blue ribbon, very smart and becoming. The bride, who was brought in and given away by her father, wore a particularly handsome gown of white satin, with panels of crystal net, and carried a shower of lilies of the valley and roses. Her veil and orange blossoms finished a picture youth and beauty not often seen, all the daughters of the family being very attractive. Mr. Ransom Howitt was his brother's best man, and the ushers were Dr. McLaughlin, of Pittsburg, Mr. Norman Gzowski and Messrs. Howitt. After the ceremony, Mr. Marvin Rathburn sang a solo in splendid voice. The reception and dejeuner at the family residence were attended by a very large number of guests, Mrs. Saunders receiving in a pale grey satin gown with lace guimpe, and a black lace toque with a touch of red. Her bouquet was of Richmond roses. White carnations, lilies and palms decorated the house, and the wide verandah was set with cosy chairs and proved a favorite rendezvous. The wedding gifts, by hundreds, were arranged in the room, and were most beautiful. The dejeuner was served from a buffet in the diningroom, and the bride's health was proposed by the rector. A great many of the guests were from out of town, Guelph and Hamilton, contributing scores of stunning looking women and pretty girls. Much to the regret of the party, the mother of the groom was unable, through illness, to attend the wedding, but a couple of attractive sisters, brothers, uncle, aunt and cousins accompanied the father of the groom. Dr. and Mrs. Howitt went south for their honeymoon, the bonnie bride traveling in a blue cloth costume and blue and black turban, with the modish little pink roses. As she paused on the stairs for a moment, she was the ideal of happiness and beauty. Dr. and Mrs. Howitt will make their home in Guelph. Among the guests were Miss Gibson, Mr. Fellowes, Mrs. and the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. and Miss Johnstone, Miss Hamilton of Boston, Mrs. Des Brisay, Dr. and Mrs. Hood, Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Walshe, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Misses and Mr. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Prant Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Winifred Darling, daughter of Mr. Robert Darling, of Ravensmount, and Mr. J. Gordon Fleck, son of Mr. A. W. Fleck, of Ottawa, is announced. Their marriage will take place on June 11. The bridegroom-elect resides in Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Macfarlane, Peterborough, announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Winifred, to Joseph Harrison Gane, B.A., Toronto. The wedding to take place the middle of May.

The fortnightly reception at Government House was, on Thursday, the rendezvous of society, and a large party came on after the weddings of the early afternoon to pay their respects.

The last State ball of the Grey regime will be held on May 10, and several are going from Toronto.

Mrs. Edward A. Laver, of New York, who has been visiting friends in Winchester street, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Hayward and their daughter, Mrs. Alfred H. Goodby, and Mr. Harry L. Hayward have removed from London, Ont., and are now residing at 44 Charles street. Their Toronto friends will hasten to welcome them on Mrs. Hayward's reception days, the 1st and 3rd Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jackson, Mrs. J. E. Elliott and Miss Elliott motored to Cleveland for a week-end visit to Mr. and Mrs. Price McKinney. Mrs. Jackson will be best known to her Toronto friends as Miss Cora Patterson, of Winnipeg, who visited Toronto during the O.J.C. May meeting last year. Mrs. Price McKinney was a beautiful Southern friend who often visited Mrs. Elliott and was married from her home in Bloor street east. The motorists left Toronto on Friday at four o'clock, stopped the night in Buffalo, and reached Mr. McKinney's beautiful suburban home at two on Saturday. The fruit country between Buffalo and Cleveland was a fairland of bloom, as were also the grounds attached to the McKinney home.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. J. Fleming Goodchild, Bloor street, was the scene of a quiet wedding on Thursday of last week, when the doctor's only sister, Miss Annie Elizabeth Goodchild, was married to Dr. William Alexander Macdonald, of Windsor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. John Neil in the presence of the relatives and near friends. Miss Goodchild's wedding gown of ivory satin was very handsome and her veil of tulle was becomingly arranged with a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses and was attended by her niece, little Margaret Goodchild, as flower girl, and her nephew, Sandford Goodchild, as ring-bearer. Miss Hay played the wedding march, and after the ceremony Mrs. George Macdonald, of Windsor, sang "Beloved it is Morn." The bride's travelling suit was of cadet blue diagonal serge, with hat to match. After receiving good-wishes from all, amid showers of confetti, the happy couple left for New York and a three months' tour in Europe. Among the out-of-

town guests were Sir Sandford Fleming and Mrs. Charles Contlee, Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild, Mr. Andrew Goodchild, Mr. Alexander Fleming and Mrs. H. Fleming, Craigleith, Mrs. Colin Macdonald and Mrs. George Macdonald, Windsor, and Miss Fleming, Ridgetown.

The Horse Show luncheon will take place in the King Edward Hotel on Tuesday at half-past one, and three or four score guests have been invited. The directors, distinguished patrons, notable visitors, commanding officers of regiments, etc., are to be the guests.

The decorations at the Armouries for the Horse Show are going to be very elaborate. A false ceiling of parti-colored bunting with lanterns, flags, festoons, flowers and the dear knows what beside are in course of arrangement. The hot pace set by the Auto Show people is to be bested by the Horse Show folks, and judging by the advance in the decoration lines the last two or three seasons, the Armouries will be a thing of beauty next week.

The Toronto String Quartette played delightfully on Saturday evening in Conservatory Hall, and what the audience lacked in numbers it made up in enthusiasm. Mr. R. Converse Smith was the soloist, and gave two Beethoven numbers on the viola. The second was so beautifully and graciously rendered that the audience demanded it again. Many of the usual patrons of the quartette are out of town, many are ill, and the night was overcast and showery. These causes thinned the attendance, but those who did turn out found no change in the quality of the music they enjoyed so much.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee, who has been quite ill, is now much better.

The death of Mr. Frank Phillips, who was drowned in Lake Goguinac, Michigan, last week, having been attacked with faintness while rowing alone, causing him to fall from his boat, has plunged a most esteemed and affectionate family into mourning. The sincerest sympathy is with Mrs. Phillips and her sons and daughters, all of whom reside in Toronto. Mr. Phillips' remains were brought to Toronto and interred here this week, the funeral being private, and his rector, Rev. C. J. James, of the Church of the Redeemer, officiating. The deceased gentleman was a prominent business man, and was, among other things, interested in the Muskoka district, where his beautiful home, "Wistowe," has been for years a centre of royal hospitality.

Mrs. Harry Torrington, of Sudbury, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Torrington, in Pembroke street. At a most successful production of light opera in Sudbury last week, Mrs. Torrington took the part of the Fairy Queen with great success. The production netted two thousand dollars for a very worthy object.

Madame Grey-Burnaud sailed by the Lusitania this week for a summer in England, and will be back in Toronto when the Conservatory opens to resume her duties there.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Grant Morden spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Bristol in Beverley street. They were entertained at the Hunt Club on Saturday night, and at tea at Fallingbrook on Sunday.

Mr. R. J. Strathy sailed by the Virginian for England last week. Mrs. A. Gowan Strathy sailed from New York for England last week.

Mrs. C. E. Burden, 60 Spadina road, who has been spending two weeks at the Marlboro-Blenheim, Atlantic City, is expected home at the end of the week.

The Canadian Institute is bringing Sir Ernest Shackleton to Toronto next week, to deliver a lecture under their auspices in Massey Hall. After the lecture, a reception has been arranged in honor of Sir Ernest and Lady Shackleton, in the Art Museum of the Carnegie Library, St. George and College streets, for which invitations were out last Tuesday. The opportunity of meeting an explorer of polar regions, who, like Caesar's wife, is above suspicion is not an everyday privilege, and every British subject may well feel proud that one of their own nation has had no doubt cast upon his achievements. Sir Ernest received his title as an earnest of his Monarch's appreciation, and has everyone's credence and pride in what he did in the Antarctic circle. The lecture, with its lime-light views, ought to be a fascinating one. Commander Peary's lecture a few seasons ago is still fresh in the minds of many Torontonians, and will add interest to next Wednesday's event.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cowdry, 125 Cottingham street, have gone to Parry Sound, where Mr. Cowdry is manager of the branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Mackinnon sailed from New York for Europe last Saturday. They will be away for about three months.

The Dreadnought Chapter, I.O.D.E., gave a huge bridge of some twenty-two tables at Rusholme one day last week. The prizes, handsome cups and saucers, were won by Miss C. Merritt, Mrs. George Biggar and Miss Maule. Refreshments were served at the tables after the game. Miss Dora Denison is Regent of the Dreadnought Chapter.

One of last week's teas took on peculiar interest for the guests bidden, from the fact that it was given for a young lady who had the honor of making her courtesy to their Imperial Majesties, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, at the Court held on March 4. The young lady's mother and aunt, Mrs. Titterton Reynolds and Mrs. Dagge, were joint hostesses of the tea for which cards were sent out in both their names. Mrs. and Miss Reynolds came to Toronto some five years ago from Natal, South Africa, which was their home, and since settling in their charming home in Elm avenue, Rosedale, east of Glen road, have spent much time in travel. During their last visit in London, Miss Reynolds made her debut, the Countess of Carrington presenting her at the Drawing Room. On

the day of the tea she wore her Court train veil and feathers and carried a facsimile of the presentation bouquet, white carnations and lily of the valley. Her gown was of white satin with overdress of Limerick lace; the train was four yards in length and of satin trimmed with some Honiton lace which had belonged to her great-great-grandmother, and silver flowers added to its chic and beauty. Miss Reynolds looked very pretty in her grand attire, and was the cynosure of all eyes. The tea was given in Mrs. Dagge's residence, the sisters residing side by side in Elm avenue, and Mrs. Reynolds having rented her house for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Dean have removed from Edge-dale road to their new home, 22 Mackenzie avenue, Rosedale.

The landscape painter, Mr. W. E. Atkinson, and Mrs. Atkinson, will spend their summer and autumn in Europe, principally France, Holland and Italy, where Mr. Atkinson has several commissions to execute, notably in Normandy and Brittany.

The friends of Miss Florence Black will be pleased to learn that two of her pictures, painted in Normandy, have been accepted by the Paris Salon. Prior to studying abroad, Miss Black was a pupil of the Toronto School of Art, and of Mr. J. W. Beatty.

The raising of the hand which replaces the kissing of the Book in the oath which witnesses in England will henceforth take, was in origin a pointing toward heaven. The oath taker extended his hand toward the Being whom he invoked—a pagan, for instance, touching the foot or knee of his god's statue. "I have lift up mine hand unto the Lord," says Abraham. Our Germanic ancestors raised their spears toward high heaven. A quaint case is that of the Shrewsbury Parliament of 1398, when the Lords took a solemn oath by the cross of Canterbury, while the Commons—no doubt to mark the distinction between the two orders—swore simply by lifting their hands.

Civilized nations, it is calculated, use seven billion matches a year, and it is said that half of them are burned in the United States. Matches are cheap and very insignificant compared with some articles of wood, but the manufacturers complain that they are beginning to find the raw material for their product scarce. Only the choicest portions of the best trees are suitable. Sapwood, knotty, or cross-grained timber will not do. The pines linden, aspen, white cedar, poplar, birch and willow are the most suitable match timbers.

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Suits, Gowns, Outergarments,
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During This Sale
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\$22.50 Plain Tailored Suits	\$15.00
\$37.50 Semi-Dressy Suits	25.00
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DRESSES and GOWNS

\$20.00 Lingerie Dresses, Eyelet Embroidery	\$12.75
\$25.00 Fancy Taffeta Gowns, dressy styles	15.00
\$39.75 Satin Foulard Dresses	25.00

OUTER GARMENTS

Black and Navy Serge Coats	\$15.00. Values to \$22.50
Pongee Coats, full lengths	
Taffeta and Peau de Soie Coats	

1,000 SILK PETTICOATS, \$2.00

Chiffon Taffeta, plain and changeable colors, also Messaline Petticoats, evening shades. Values \$4.50 and \$5.00	\$2.00
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5,000 Lingerie and Linen Waists—Special Purchase

Dutch and high necks, long and short sleeves, embroidery and lace trimmed. Also Linen Tailored Waists with hand embroidered fronts. Values \$3.50 to \$3.90	\$2.00
Waists of English eyelet embroidery. Value \$4.50	2.95
French Batiste Waists, with linen Cluny laces and hand embroidery. Value \$6.50	3.90

SEPARATE SKIRTS

500 Skirts, plaited models of worsted and white serge. Values \$7.50 to \$10.00	\$5.90
French Voile Skirts, over taffeta drop. Value \$15.00	8.90
Extra Size Skirts of fine serge and hair-line stripes	10.50

LIVING IT DOWN

By WARWICK DEEPING



"Who the devil told you to cut timber here? Andrews had my distinct orders about these fir woods."

CHAPTER V.

FOLLOWED downwards, that column of smoke rose from the kitchen of the house with the white walls and the green shutters. The man had lit a fire with the gleanings from the fir wood and was bending forward holding a saucepan over the flames. The light from the burning wood played upon his face, throwing into relief the lines upon it and the whiteness of the hair about the temples.

Leaving the saucepan on the fire, he took a long tray from the dresser and began to gather the things necessary for the evening meal, nor did there seem a great deal for him to gather. It was all of the simplest; a few plates, half a loaf on a trencher, cheese and butter, the remains of a rice pudding, and a pot of jam. The man moved about silently, meditatively, sometimes stooping over the fire to lift the pan and throw on a few more pieces of wood. He had a way of doing things that suggested sadness and the patient tolerance of these trifles. Nor did he seem out of place in that rather dark, solitary, and silent kitchen.

Taking up the tray, he went out into a passage-way that led towards some part of the house where the sun shone in. There were gleams of light along the red cord carpet and stealthy beams where the dust motes wavered to and fro. A door stood open, giving a glimpse of vivid grass, the red and white heads of roses in bloom, and a long scroll of pansies shining like brilliant enamel work along the edge of a herbaceous border. The man with the tray turned to the right into a long room whose darkly stained floor showed the rich colors of several Eastern rugs.

He laid the tray upon a gate-legged table, and turned to the open window, where a woman lay upon a basket-work sofa, a faded red cushion under her head. She had a book in her lap, and the sunlight came in and touched her hair, making her face look white and fragile.

"I have made you some soup, Kitty," he said, looking down at her with eyes that betrayed a tenderness so intense that it was almost akin to pain.

She had been gazing out into the garden, watching the colors grow more brilliant as the June sun sank towards the horizon.

"You needn't have troubled, dear," he sat down on the edge of the couch and covered one of her hands with his.

"You don't find it chilly?" "No, I like to feel the dew falling. There are some dead roses already, Steve. I may be able to get out tomorrow and potter about a little. You have so much to do."

He smiled at her, but there was an effort in the smile.

"No coughing to-night?" "No, none at all."

"Well, that soup mustn't boil over. I had better see to it before I lay the table."

He disappeared, but soon returned again, to begin putting out the plates and dishes from the tray. Dusk was drawing on, but there was sufficient light in the long low room to show up its simplicity and charm. There were curious hangings upon the walls, medieval scenes worked upon green cloth; strange stiff trees with golden fruit; knights and demoiselles in garments of blue and purple riding upon white horses; a lady in a red gown shooting an arrow at a stag; two peasants beating out corn with flails. The furniture was all old oak, and the open fireplace had settles in the nooks. Flowers in bowls; roses, red and white, showed up against the dark hangings.

But if the room had beauty, mystery it had also a sadness that could be felt. It was full of a delicate suggestion of things that had faded, of a brightness that was no longer so bright as it once had been. Dust might have been found upon the hangings and spider's webs in the darker corners, not that there was any slovenliness or gross neglect. Rather, it resembled a garden still gay and beautiful, yet betraying some of the sadder tints that told of a withering here and there, as though the hands that had tended it were now no longer able to labor as of old.

Yet there was more in the room than this. It was a sanctuary sacred to a thing called sentiment, a sanctuary in no small danger of being defiled by the grosser and more material urgencies of life. The room had known hopes, aspirations, failures, the paths of two lives that had passed beneath the shadows; the good comradeship of two hearts that had taken courage together against defeat. People had suffered here and comforted one another. It was one of those rooms that seemed charged with an indefinable perfume, a spiritual essence that has floated out with the breath of a soul.

The wood-gatherer drew a little black oak table near to the couch. He set the bowl of soup thereon, picked up a cushion from a chair, raised his wife, and put the cushion under her shoulders. His hands lingered about her, as though he were touching something that might soon be lost to him. The wife, too, seemed to feel the regretful lingering of those hands, and her eyes sought his and were full of understanding.

The man sat down at the other table and began to eat, yet without much heart for the stuff before him. The dusk was falling fast now. Yet neither of them seemed to wish for lights.

The spoon clicked against the side of the basin, and Stephen Thorkell pushed back his chair.

"No, don't trouble, Steve. I will wait a little."

She put the basin upon the oak table and lay for a while in silence, looking out of the window.

"I have been reading Eve's letter again," she said suddenly; "I wonder whether our impressions are the same?"

Stephen Thorkell pulled the bread towards him and paused, holding the knife half buried in the loaf.

"Have you any sense of guilt?"

"Oh, I have been feeling that all day."

"And I too. Yet what is the use?"

He finished cutting the slice of bread and leant back in the chair looking at the face that was growing dim and white by the window. They had loved each other so well, these two, and had grown into one another with such a fusing of sympathies that the thoughts of one were almost the thoughts of the other. Perhaps no two people had ever lived a more single life. And now in these later years they were suffering together as one sacred self. Thorkell felt all this as he looked at the figure that was growing more shadowy upon the couch.

And he felt more than the past and the present, for that very shadowiness had all the significance of something that drove his thoughts over the edge of life into a world of darkness and great solitude. This fall of the dusk, this melting of outlines, this overshadowing of that dear face! Were they not all symbolical, full of a prophetic anguish that was hardly to be borne? He pushed his plate away, with a spasmodic thickening of the throat.

"Have you finished, Steve?"

"Yes. What can I bring you?"

He raised himself, putting back the stoop of his shoulders.

"No, I am not hungry to-night. Come here and sit with me."

He pushed back his chair, crossed the room, and sat down on a stool beside the couch. Kitty Thorkell seemed to divine what he had been feeling. It was not food that either of them needed for the moment, but the wine of a purer sacrament.

"What shall we say to the child?"

Their hands came together by instinct, and he leant forward so as to be nearer to her in the dusk.

"It is so much simpler to tell the truth."

He seemed to consider a moment.

"Eve will be home in a month. And after all—"

"We are not out of heart yet, are we?"

"No, of course not," and his face brightened perceptibly in the twilight.

The wife moved her hand softly to and fro over his.

"It is a great book, a very great book."

"There have been so many great books," he answered with a twinge of playfulness that tried not to be bitter.

"Well, it is the truth, and will continue to be the truth. By the law of probabilities our turn must come again. Remember ten years ago."

He glanced round the darkening room. The tangible evidences of a first success were here in his home, about him.

"These young firms are more energetic. It seems contemptible to have to rely on such people."

"Don't say that," she said, "I know how mean much of it is. But we can put it away from us here."

He did not answer her, but bent forward and touched her hair. She spoke of the "here" with such living tenderness that the thought of its drift into the dark of the unknown hurt him and fired his courage. He felt the darkness of the room about him. He wanted to see her, not to feel her as a mere dear presence only.

So he rose, lit two candles, and put them on the table near the couch. Then he sat down again and looked at her, as though to make sure that the body was before him here in the dim room.

Kitty Thorkell stretched out her arms to her husband suddenly with a great rush of tenderness and of understanding.

"And we were only talking of money," he said.

"Not that—only, Stephen."

"No, what does money matter! Only—good God! that I might give you all that my heart could desire."

One thing had always been too obvious—that these were people utterly incapable of mastering the meaner art of making money. A little flicker of fame over a volume of essays, and some considerable success with a couple of archaic romances; these things had carried the man Thorkell into the libraries and book shops of the kingdom. He had put off a schoolmaster's gown, bought a wild three acres on the edge of Mistmoor, and built this white cottage for his wife and child.

That was ten years ago, and very few people now had any knowledge of Stephen Thorkell's name. Perhaps he had not been quite great enough to succeed in spite of his sincerity. For to be sincere in art often spells disaster, and Thorkell had refused to be facile, fashionable, or obviously pretty. He had worked like an alchemist, refining his own soul, and transmuting it into sensitive

poetry and prose. Thorkell had no message for the mood of the moment. He was not a piquer of intellects, nor a flavorer of problems. Therefore the more cultured moderns had passed over him as over something obsolete and without significance; nor had he that cheapness of fibre that might have made him meat for the public market. He had no artifice of coarseness, no shoddy smartness, no desire to coin cheap catch words for the man in the street. Nor had he ever dealt in self-advertisement, or written signed letters to the daily papers when the inevitable topic was under discussion. The art of seizing the "free puff" was beyond and beneath him; he had never turned motorist, or tramp, or slum worker to advertise his "personality." He was too sensitive, too much of an artist to succeed in such a trade; for a man must not only be very great, but very fortunate, to succeed when he is really great. Stephen Thorkell was too much himself. He had no soprano shriek; nothing in the way of a carefully concocted grievance; no narrow religious clique that expected to see something flayed or branded. His work had a certain truthfulness and beauty, that was all.

That such a man should fail was natural and more than probable. He had been foredoomed to it by his own sincerity. And yet very possibly his lack of a large audience would have troubled him little, had not the inevitable ways and means complicated the situation. With dwindling sales and a sick wife, and no other trick by which he could win money, Thorkell found himself upon the edge of something that looked unpleasantly like a tragedy. As a man of eight-and-forty, with his scholarship somewhat rusty, he saw nothing towards which he could turn his wits. He had ventured out against the world with one string to his bow; he had shot his arrows and they had fallen into obscurity. Now the very string seemed to be chafing through, now when the good comrade who had heartened him needed that which he could not win.

Thorkell thought also of his child, but with a less passionate dread than that which filled the thoughts about the mother. Eve was young; she had strength and a paramount courage that would at least save her from drifting with the stream. The girl was practically independent of them, yonder at Bruges. She seemed to possess the power that he himself lacked—the power of earning money. She was more modern than her father, and flew straight towards her mark. Already her bow had three strings to it, where his had only one. Her teaching brought her money, shelter and food; but she had found time to hew niches for herself in other walks. She had won work, oth as an illustrator and as a writer of tales for children. The money she earned was little enough, but it was more than enough for her own needs.

Ben Heriot had seen the blue smoke rising from the house with the green shutters. That smoke, and the gathering of the dead wood were mere hints whose significance was beyond him for the moment. We are often so near to things, and yet so far from them; a shrewd truism that. Sympathy has often to wait for life to come to it. It cannot project itself through space into concealed corners. For the sympathy that bustles along the highways, officious and importunate, so often squanders itself upon humbugs and on wastrels. The greater tragedies move silently, out of the world's ken. The blood on the bosom is not shown to every casual eye.

About Wednesday in that week, John-o'-the-Cow-house-Door drove into Hindleap Wood, and regarded the fallen trees with the zest of a boy's conjectures. Yonder, too, he saw Mr. Benjamin, shirt open at the throat, sleeves rolled up, loins girded, smiting like one of Jason's shipbuilders, and making the woods resound. John and Mr. Ben were on the verge of a true friendship. They both had the primitive love of doing things with their hands, and they were not vexed with forms and ceremonies.

John was not usually a loquacious youngster. He tilted a hat by way of salutation, and stood there chewing a piece of grass. He was divided in his mind as to whether Heriot was clearing ground for a garden or felling trees to build a "lodge." And since it seemed a natural thing to ask a question, John asked it, and had an answer.

"I am going to live here," said the wood-cutter.

"And build your own house, sir?"

"It looks like it."

"I say, that's fine!"

His brown face and his hard blue eyes beamed with such a fire of understanding that Heriot stopped work and went into some of his plans.

"Log cabin," quoth John; "I know all about it; sort of thing with holes in the wall for shooting Indians



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through. Are you going to have a chimney?"

Holy of holies, this was a real poser! Heriot had forgotten the necessity of chimneys. He concealed the gross omission by pretending to know a great deal about Norwegian stoves. And shouldering the subject of chimneys into the background, he asked John Lavender who it was that lived in the white house beyond Bilberry Wood.

"That chap?" said the boy with a scorn; "he doesn't do anything; he writes books. His name's Thorkell. Keeps no girl now. Does his own washing."

"How do you know he does his own washing?"

"Seen him hanging it up in the field, and putting it on the garden hedge. He's got a wife, too. Say, she's what we call a sick pigeon."

Heriot accepted the information with some reserve, being interested despite John Lavender's prejudices. Meanwhile the boy's eyes had fixed themselves on the brown arms that held the axe.

"My! but you've got some muscle, Mr. Benjamin!"

"Oh a little bit," and the quarter-miler laughed.

John Lavender pulled off his own coat and rolled up a blue check shirt sleeve. He made his biceps swell, prodding it solemnly with his fingers, and pushing out his lower lip.

"Not so bad, Mr. Benjamin."

He crossed over to Heriot, a square, sturdy figure in blue shirt and rough brown breeches. And he pumphantled his arm for Heriot's benefit, showing a very respectable muscularity for such a youngster.

"Practising with the bedroom fender and the water jug, that's what done it," he explained; "you go doing a bit more, and a bit more each night, till you feel you could shove the fender up and down all through one of the parson's sermons."

John turned down his shirt-sleeve and appeared to be considering some serious matter, for his mouth looked tight and his blue eyes stared solemnly.

"Lardy Squire cocked snooks at me down at Monk's Cross yesterday. I've been thinking of him a lot lately."

"What may 'Cocked snooks' be, John?"

"Oh, just that, sir," and he made a long nose at Heriot with perfect seriousness, as though demonstrating some masonic sign. The insult had been a grave one.

"And why Lardy? Fond of a pomaded head?"

John Lavender explained.

"They christened him Leonard, but the school thought Lardy suited him better. Nasty, sneering, pasty-faced bullock. He's been lipping me since he smashed my champion conker last winter. Lardy's a chap as can't keep quiet. He's all mouth, and hair tuft. Always persecuting the kids, or teasing the girls. Pulled Cissy Carter's ribbon off last week, down at the school gate."

Heriot had straddled the trunk of a tree. This healthy boyish hatred refreshed him and made him young. Moreover, Cissy Carter's ribbon seemed to cast a romantic suggestion over his feud between John Lavender and the carrier's boy.

"And who is Cissy Carter, John?" he asked.

The boy stared stolidly at the third button of Heriot's shirt.

"She—oh—she's a bit of a chit; cheek your face off for nothing. Lardy Squire collared her ribbon, and Ciss says he can keep it if there ain't one of us man enough to collar it back. She says that."

Heriot saw the spirit of Homer rampant in Samuel Lavender's son.

"Hit him square on the jaw, John," he said, laughing; "nothing like that for an argument."

The boy was slipping into his jacket, and Heriot sat on the tree trunk, whistling, his face full of sunlight, when they were summarily interrupted in their discussion of Lardy Squire. John Lavender's pony threw up its head, laid its ears back, and shook himself till the harness rattled. There was a thud of hoofs under the fir trees. A voice came peeling out of the wood; such a voice as a boy expects to hear when he is in the thick of a neighbor's orchard.

"Hallo there; what the hell are you up to, here in my wood?"

The voice had a strident and overbearing impetuosity. Heriot came up from the tree trunk like a hazel bough loosened after being spoiled of its nuts. And "who the hell are you" was in his eyes. He turned and saw a mounted man leap his horse over one of the fallen trees, a man with a loose, smouldering, fervid face, yet with the unmistakable sleekness of breeding in every line of him.

"Who the devil told you to cut timber here? Andrews had my distinct orders about these fir-woods."

His horse fidgeted under him as though the beast caught some of the rider's erratic and restless temper. Heriot's skin flushed under his tan.

Perhaps John Lavender's pugilistic spirit had infected him.

"What do you want here? This is my property."

The man on the horse looked at Heriot with a quick yet puzzled gleam in his eyes. Both men had breeding. The stranger suddenly perceived that the situation needed re-considering.

"What do you mean?" he said.

John Lavender had goggled the brim of his hat. He had stood aside and effaced himself for the moment in the presence of this more mature comedy.

"I suppose I may cut down my own trees?" said Heriot.

"Your trees!"—and the gentleman's eyes added—"you damned liar!"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you from Adam, but I may as well tell you you are trespassing."

John Lavender gurgled; the affair was growing ridiculous. He caught Heriot's eyes and gave him an "aside" with a queer twist of the mouth.

"It be Mr. Burgoyne."

Heriot began to laugh, a little grimly, as though his laughter had no very friendly impulses.

"This is Hindleap Wood, I believe," he said.

The man stared at him, full front.

"Bilberry, you mean?"

"Bilberry's next wood, begging your pardon," said John Lavender, with a jog of the hat.

Roger Burgoyne glanced down at the boy, gulped, and seemed to swallow something with an effort. There was a short pause, as though the situation was being adjusted. Then he looked at Heriot again, and began to smile, but with none of the spontaneity of a man who can be honestly amused by finding the humor of life against him.

"I ought to know my own estate better," he said, "though it is a bit of a wilderness. Did I understand you to say that you had bought Hindleap Wood?"

"Well, I have paid the money for it."

"I did not know it was on the market. My agent had instructions with regard to all such land," and his eyes fell into an absorbed stare, as though he saw an affront rising out of the estrangement of these forty acres.

Heriot did not attempt to help him out of the quag into which he had landed himself. The landowner beat his heels gently into his nag's flanks and glanced down at Heriot, studying his size and species.

"Going to build here, I gather?" and his tone suggested that he foresaw some abomination in tin or brick.

"I gather that I am."

"Ah, there's a damned craze for building in these days. Mistmoor is safe, thank God, so far as I am concerned. Good morning to you," and he pulled aside and rode off.

John Lavender expanded his cheeks and let the wind escape from them with a sharp whiff of scorn.

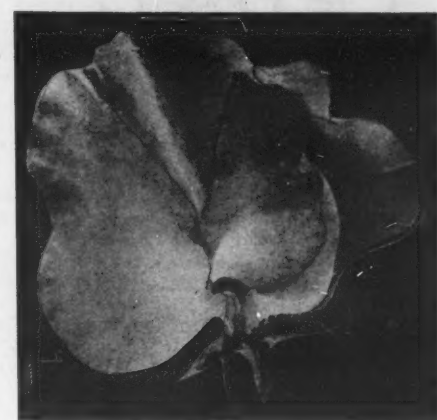
"And he thought Hindleap was Bilberry! And wasn't he for terrifying of us? Made himself look sick, did Mr. Burgoyne."

Heriot watched the horseman disappear with feelings that were not unlike John Lavender's feelings for Lardy Squire, the carrier's boy.

"So that's Mr. Roger Burgoyne," he said.

"Father's landlord, sir, and don't we know it. Always up in the stirrups, and talking to chaps as though his horse were ten yards high. Can't let a dog call his dirt his own up here in Mistmoor. Andrews, the agent feller, is just as bad; they'll find him smashed up in a ditch some day."

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day. Mr. Burgoyne, he goes to t'other countries and then comes bullocking home and tearing about the place as though he were riding a point to point. A bit daft, that's what he be."

John was recalled to his responsibilities by the pony rattling the harness to rid himself of the flies. He went, reminding himself of his duties towards Mr. Leonard Squire.

"Good luck to you, John," said Heriot; "straight on the jaw, mind, and follow on with another."

The lad drove off, leaving Heriot to his tree-felling and to the humor of Roger Burgoyne's plunge into bottomless authority. Heriot had squarred up at the man at first glance. This dominant piece of galloping and erratic egotism had clashed on him like the clash of war cymbals, stirring barbaric instincts, and sending the teeth to with a snap. Heriot had heard something of the Burgoyne from George Lancaster when they had been negotiating the sale of Hindleap Wood. They were, or had been, an archaic clan, archaic in many of their impulses; men who would have made excellent Angevin kings; passionate, head-strong, quarrelsome, riding through life at a gallop. There was a strain of madness and of bizzarrie in the family. Its men had always been enthusiasts and fanatics; its women wild in the wooing, and yet more unpleasantly wild when won. Their enthusiasms ran into extremes even within the circle of the present generation. Geoffrey had been notorious as an Orientalist, an Arabian pilgrim, and a translator of erotic prose. He was dead, and partisans were still squabbling over his literary relics. Roderic had turned towards Spain; perhaps his own named had led him thither. Men had called him "the Spaniard"; and he was also dead, shot through the body in some obscure Carlist scuffle. Roger Burgoyne had been re-christened "the Roman," and the title was applicable in the Imperial and not the Republican sense. It was probable that he knew Italy, old Italy, better than any living Englishman, though he was far from being English in many of his inclinations. Perhaps he would have been even more notable as a Roman prefect than as an Angevin king. The man was not

modern, in many senses. Translated back to Rome in the days of Diocletian, to Milan under the Visconti, or to Florence under the Medici, he would have been fervidly in sympathy with the surroundings.

George Andrews, that fat and flatulent gentleman, agent for the Burgoyne's Mistmoor property, knew what "the Roman's" imperiousnesses were, and grinned when he received the inevitable letter.

"Andrews," ran the epistle, "are you blind and deaf, man? For the third time one of those pieces of land in the thick of the estate has been sold under our noses. I have told you that I will not have the Moor made a squatting-ground for tin-shedders, city clerks, and such garbage. It is your business to control these things. All such land must be bought in for us, and let the price go hang. You have had your instructions; follow them, or there will be an end of it."

"Burgoyne," George Andrews relit the pipe that had fizzled out during the reading of this letter. He heaved himself in his chair and looked "bosh!" from eyebrows to check waistcoat.

"You are too high in the stirrups, sir," he reflected; "you look over the top of things. I could name you ten old Spartans round here who would sooner sell a Burgoyne a pound of their flesh than a square foot of their land. Am I responsible if people do things to spite you? Generations of Burgoyne have trod upon their neighbors; but sometimes a neighbor sees a chance of treading back."

He drove over the same afternoon to parley with "the Roman," having sufficient fat courage and honesty to stand the buffeting of the Burgoyne storms.

"It is no use your bullying me," he said bluntly; "the fact is, some people would rather see the devil than your money. That is all I have to plead, my dear sir. We are democrats in these days, especially when we look over fences that keep us out of other people's acres."

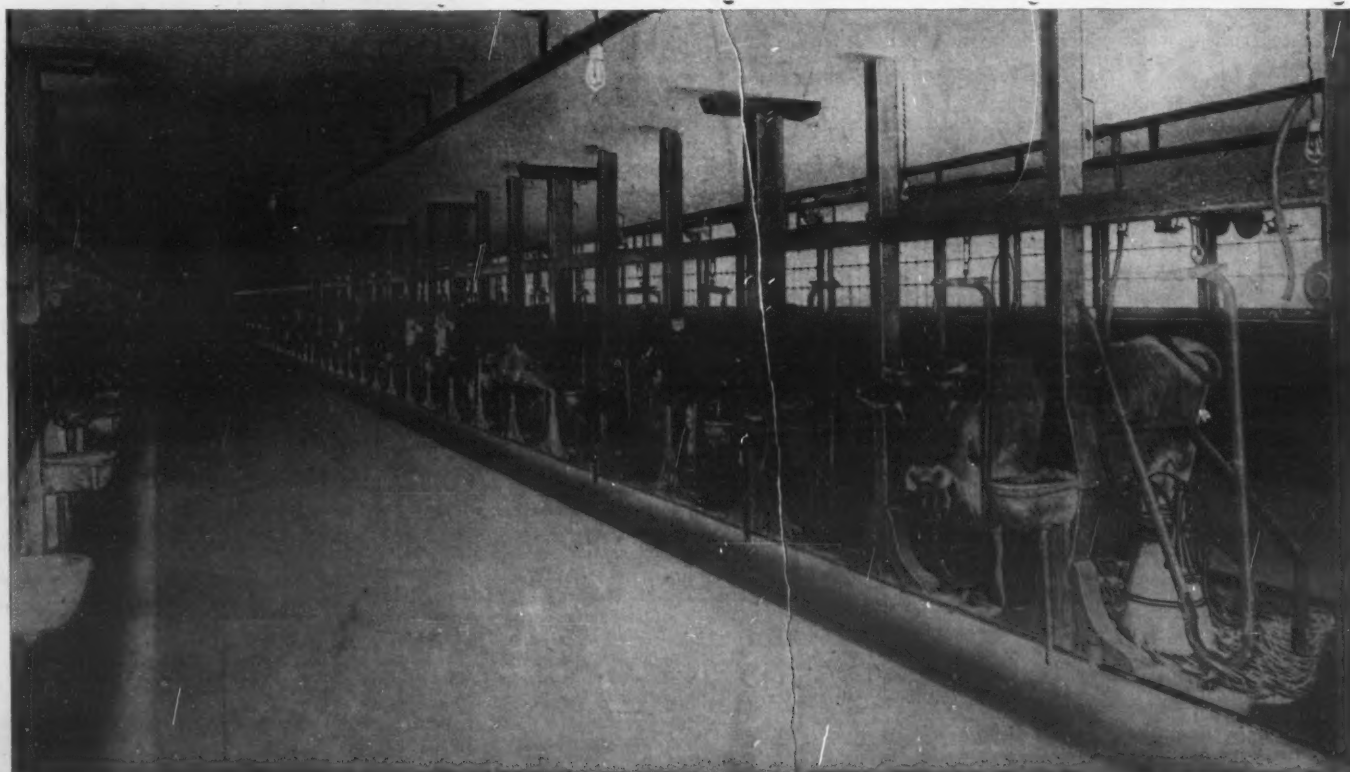
(To be continued.)

Rubber is first known to history as a plaything. It was during Columbus's second voyage that Herrera observed that the inhabitants of



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Ljungstrom, the Swedish distance runner, who shattered all world's records by winning the Marathon Derby at New York (26 miles, 385 yards) in 2 hours, 33 minutes and 45 seconds.

Haiti played a game with balls "made of the gum of a tree." Even as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, the Spaniards used rubber to waterproof their cloaks, but the fact attracted no attention in the old world, and it was not until the eighteenth century that the rubber industry began. Early writers mention an oil extracted from rubber, which was taken medicinally with cocoa.



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MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, APRIL 21, 1910.

TWO popular girls who are to be married this month are being feted by as many of their girl friends as can arrange an afternoon or evening to work in among the various engagements of the brides-elect. Miss Gladys Wilson, daughter of Lieut.-Col. E. W. Wilson, gave a linen shower for Miss Ruth Bosworth, to which some eighteen or twenty girls contributed dainty articles. Miss Meredith Hodgson, who, like Miss Wilson, is to be one of the bridesmaids, gave a shower for Miss Bosworth on Monday afternoon, and two of the other bridesmaids, Miss Brenda Molson and Miss Isobel Starke, gave dinners in her honor. Miss Florence Ekers entertained a merry luncheon party of eight at the Hunt Club on Friday. Miss Marjorie Macpherson, whose wedding is a week later than Miss Bosworth's, had several showers, a useful one being a kitchen "shower," at which Miss Lorraine Handyside was the hostess. As there were some twenty-seven or twenty-eight girls in the party, Miss Macpherson's future kitchen will be supplied with a good many of the innumerable articles that add to the convenience and satisfaction of that realm. Miss Gladys How and Miss Dorothy Heward gave a handkerchief shower and a jam shower respectively for Miss Macpherson, who was also the guest of honor, together with her bridesmaids, at a luncheon given by Miss Margaret Green-shields. Miss Mona Prentice entertained at a tea for the bride-elect on Monday, and Miss Beatrice Coverhill had a tea in her honor on Tuesday afternoon, following a luncheon given by Miss Gladys Davis the same day. Miss Macpherson's engagements not being over until after an evening party at which Miss Gladys MacLean was hostess. Miss Hazel Allan gave a luncheon yesterday, and Mrs. A. A. Sandeman is giving one to-morrow. Miss Marjorie Shorey and Miss Gwendolen Bagg are also entertaining for Miss Macpherson this week.

A wedding which will bring a bride from "the States" to Montreal took place at Providence, R.I., on Saturday evening, when Mr. Gordon Strathy, of Montreal, and Miss Kathleen Richardson, of Providence, were united in marriage by the Rev. Albert Roraback at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Seavor Richardson. The wedding was very quiet, because of the recent death of the bride's grandmother, only about thirty guests, relatives of bride and groom, being present. The groom's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Strathy, and his sister, Mrs. James Graham Lewis, went down from Montreal for the wedding. Mr. J. Wolferstan Thomas, of Montreal, was best man; and there were no bridesmaids. The bride wore a beautiful gown of soft white satin with tunic overdress of white chiffon embroidered in silks and her long veil was draped from a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a huge shower of lilies of the valley and sweet peas, the pale pink of the pea blossoms relieving the white of the bridal toilette, an idea that is gaining favor with brides who find the all-white a little trying. The house, one of the Colonial type, was decorated profusely with roses and lilac. Tall wicker vases filled with long-stemmed pink roses flanked the doors and were placed about the rooms, the effect against the creamy white of pillars and woodwork being charming. The bridal group stood during the ceremony in front of the drawing-room fireplace banked with palms and ferns. Afterwards the guests sat down to dinner at two tables in the dining-room, the decorations there being in white, carried out with white lilac and marguerites. Over the round table at which the immediate bridal party sat were festooned garlands of carnations. Mr. and Mrs. Strathy left by motor on the first stage of their wedding trip. When they return to Montreal, they will occupy apartments at "The Cavendish."

The marriage of Miss Thais Lacoste, daughter of Sir Alexander Lacoste, formerly Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, to Mr. Charles Fremont, of Quebec, is to take place on May 25th. Miss Thais Lacoste is the sixth of Sir Alexandre and Lady Lacoste's seven daughters, of whom three are married to men whose profession is law. Mrs. Henri Gerin Lajoie has herself published a work dealing particularly with the legal status of women in this Province.

Major J. W. Harrison Bradley, United States Consul, and Mrs. and Miss Bradley have gone to their former home in Connecticut for a few weeks.

A reception both jollier and more interesting than the ordinary was one at which Mr. Lawrence G. Cluxton played the host at the Windsor Hotel, to entertain the members of the Forbes-Robertson Company for an afternoon. Mrs. Hal Pangman and Mrs. H. Yuile assisted the host to receive, in the banquet hall, which was attractive with a profusion of spring flowers. Refreshments

were served from a buffet, and there was some music, after which the guests enjoyed a dance in the small ball-room adjoining. Some of those present besides the special visitors were Mr. and Mrs. J. Hal Pangman, Mrs. G. M. Bosworth, Miss Estelle Holland, Miss Connie Clay, Miss Gladys Clay, Miss Watt, Miss Aggie Wilson, Miss Gilberte Robidoux, Miss Gabrielle Le Blanc, Miss Marguerite McLea, Mr. Woodward Marler, Mr. Gerald Coghlin, Mr. Hugh Burnett, Mr. Cowans, Mr. Guy Ambrose (London).

Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, who sold her residence on Sherbrooke street some time ago, has gone to England, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, and little Miss Marguerite Beardmore, who spent the winter here with her. They will first visit Lady Allan, who is still abroad.

The Misses Ouimet entertained at a luncheon to say "au revoir" to Miss Rainville, prior to her sailing with Mr. and Mrs. Rainville for Europe.

Mr. E. F. Hebden, general manager of the Merchants Bank of Canada, and Miss Brenda Hebden have returned from a trip to Mexico.

Mr. G. Washington Stephens, president of the Harbor Commission, has returned from a sojourn in Italy. Mrs. Stephens, who was visiting her mother and other relatives in Italy, is at present in London.

Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain gave two rather large bridge parties on successive afternoons recently. Miss Maud Mitchell presided at the tea-table for the first party, Mrs. Klock and Miss Covernton presiding the next afternoon, Mrs. G. G. Foster's bridge party was to entertain Mrs. Buchanan, of Spokane.

Mrs. Norman Van der Veer, formerly Miss Marion Durant, has come up from New York to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Durant. A pleasant tea was given by Mrs. Durant on Tuesday afternoon to some of her daughter's friends.

The Horse Show, of which the social side is not the least prominent, will be held as usual the second week in May. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess Grey will have a box. There are fifty-boxes, an increased number, this year, among the holders being Sir William Van Horne, and Lady Van Horne, whose parties usually include a number of the University people; Mr. R. B. Angus and his daughter; the Hon. Clifford Sifton, who, with Mrs. Sifton and their sons, has come down from Ottawa during Horse Show week in the past few years; Sir Thomas Shaughnessy; Sir Montagu Allan; Mr. Charles M. Hays, whose popular daughters make up a charming group; Mr. Colin Campbell, whose wife and daughters are clever horsewomen; Sir Edward Clouston; Hon. Robert Mackay; Mr. Hugh Paton, and Mrs. Paton, who is always keenly interested in the success of her husband's entries; Mr. A. E. Ogilvie, M.P.H.; Mr. Rudolph Forget, M.P.; Lieut.-Colonel Whitehead, Mr. A. D. MacTier, Mr. George Cairns, Mr. F. W. Thompson. Mrs. Frank Stephen; Lady Hickson, who always arranges some very pleasant parties of young people; Mr. W. R. Miller and Mrs. Miller, who lend their box several afternoons and evenings; Mr. H. V. Meredith; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshields, who will have their debutante daughter with them this year; Mr. Baumgarten and his younger daughter, Mrs. Baumgarten being absent, in Germany, for the first time in years; Mr. Charles Meredith; Dr. Charles McEachran, a former M.F.H., and Mrs. McEachran, who is also interested and attends every afternoon and evening; Mr. G. W. Cook, and Mrs. Cook, a good horsewoman, who always dresses becomingly; Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Meighen, Mr. Bartlett McLennan, whose box is frequently given over to bachelor parties; Mr. Hamilton Gault, Madame Boyer, Mrs. A. A. Sandeman, and others.

Mrs. George H. Allen, Miss Anita G. Allen and Miss Vera Knox Allen, of 102 St. Mark street, registered last week at the office of the Canadian High Commissioner in London on their return from an extended trip to the Mediterranean, Holy Land and Egypt. They sail for Montreal by the White Star Laurentic leaving Liverpool, April 30th.

An extremely pretty wedding took place in St. Andrew's church, Westmount, on Wednesday afternoon of this week, when Miss Kathryn Robb, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Robb, of Montreal, formerly of Belleville, was united in marriage to Dr. Carl Miller Sneed, of Jefferson City, Missouri. The Rev. W. J. Clark officiated, and Mr. G. H. Brown presided at the organ. The color scheme of the decorations in the church and also at the bride's home on Western avenue, where Mrs. Robb held a reception after the ceremony, was of pink, mauve, and white, set off with greenery. Harmonizing shades of pink, mauve, and forget-me-not blue were introduced in the costumes of the three bridesmaids, Miss Vera Riggs, of Belleville; Miss Hildred Irving, of Montreal, and Miss Helen Ogilvie, of Ottawa. They were dressed alike in shell pink crepe de chine, and picture hats having crowns composed of pink, mauve, and blue forget-me-nots, the brims faced with black velvet. Their bouquets were of pink roses and forget-me-nots. The bride wore a long tulle veil, falling over her gown of white crepe phariseau with white net drapery embroidered in roses and pearls, the bodice being almost entirely composed of duchess lace with pearl garniture. Her bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley and orchids. She was given away by her father, Mr. George W. Sneed, of Columbia, Mo., was his brother's best man, and Messrs. Sanford Burrows, of Belleville, Ernest Alford, Wallace Robb and Joe Robb acted as ushers. The groom gave them rosewood walking canes mounted with silver, and to the bridesmaids he gave pink enamel pendants set with pearls. After the reception, Dr. and Mrs. Sneed left for the south, the bride travelling in a serge gown of violet shade and straw hat to match, trimmed in the harmonizing shades of pink, blue, and dull violet. They will reside in Jefferson.

B. E.

The Robert SIMPSON Company Limited

H. H. FUDGER, President.

J. WOOD, Manager.

Store opens 8 a.m.



Make a Room of Your Verandah this Summer

EVERYBODY seems to have the open-air idea these days, and a good thing it is, too. But a woman's home-making instinct does not lie dormant simply because in warm weather the family live almost altogether out of doors. The modern house is furnished out doors as well as in. An open-air sleeping balcony is one of the essential dwelling-house features of to-day. And the old-time porch is now a full-sized verandah, furnished, not as a doorway shelter, but as a ROOM.

So this coming Summer make sure that your verandah is the LIVABLE place it should be, the place where the family gathers to read, rest, sew, chat, receive informal visitors, and, it may be, sometimes in hot weather to have alfresco meals.

Now let us tell you our idea of what the ideal verandah needs, giving you at the same time a little guide as to the cost.

In the first place, you want matting or a RUG for the floor.

"CREX" CARPET—prairie grass woven with a fine cotton warp—answers this purpose. It is soft, thick, weather proof and attractive in appearance. The warp threads give these carpets variety of tone, some being woven with red threads, some with blue, some with green, etc., while the grass itself, a natural green, is eminently suitable for outdoors.

Price, 45c. per yard. 36 in. wide.

Then for the steps you can use this same Crex Carpet or Cocoa Fibre Matting at 35c. a yard up.

NOW THE CURTAINS—You want to be private, although you are outdoors. We prefer striped AWNING CLOTH, as being wind and rain proof. You can have them made to roll up like a shade, or draw aside on rods like curtains; 30c. and 35c. a yard. Making up but little extra. Some people prefer BAMBOO

SCREENS, and we sell a great many. About 2c. a square foot.

THE CUSHIONS MUST NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

You should have Cushions enough for the whole family, and a few to spare for Summer guests. Young people sometimes try to get along with one cushion between two, but you must not take them seriously.

You want Hammock Cushions, Chair Cushions, Floor Cushions, "Stoop" Cushions—plenty of Cushions.

Denim Cushions, filled Russian down, cost 75c. up; filled with feather down, \$1.25 up.

Then you want CHAIRS—Verandah Chairs, comfortable, capacious, easy-going chairs. Rattan and willow make ideal verandah chairs. Tables, too, nice, low, light, decorative tables—one or two little tables of taborette size, and a larger one for a work table or a writing and reading desk.

NOW, let us look around our ideal verandah and see what we have.

It looks like a living room—only "more so." It seems as inviting to the passer-by as a shady nook in a grove looks to a traveller on a dusty highway. Think how we can help YOU with YOUR verandah this season.

Some Notes About Cost of Materials for the Verandah

CREX MATTING.

27 in. wide, bordered. Per yard, 35c.
36 in. wide, bordered. Per yard, 50c.
36 in. wide, plain. Per yard, 45c.

CREX MATS.

18 x 36 inches. Each, 85c.
24 x 48 inches. Each, 60c.
27 x 54 inches. Each, 75c.
30 x 60 inches. Each, \$1.00.
36 x 72 inches. Each, \$1.35.
54 x 90 inches. Each, \$2.50.

CREX RUGS.

6 x 9 feet. Each, \$4.00.
8 x 10 feet. Each, \$6.75.
9 x 12 feet. Each, \$8.00.
9 x 15 feet. Each, \$9.75.

American Awning Stripes, in new combinations of colors, perfectly fast dyed, full width. Per yard, 35c.

Denims, just a little heavier and finer in weave than that of other sea-

sons. 36 in. wide. Plain, 30c.; fancy, 40c.

Bamboo Verandah Screens, complete with cords and pulleys; made from "outside" strippings, dyed with permanent green stain, serviceable and "slightly."

4 x 8 feet. Each, 67c.
6 x 8 feet. Each, \$1.12.
8 x 8 feet. Each, \$1.49.
10 x 8 feet. Each, \$1.87.

Artistic Furniture for Verandah Living Rooms

IN INDIA, the English officers and merchants have long made a study of comfort in hot weather. Some of the very nicest verandah furniture has been modelled on the designs used in the Anglo-Indian Bungalows. We show a considerable variety of this class of goods in our Summer Furniture stock.

Reed Chairs, of a good quality, manufactures of the best quality of reed, in light and dark green, mahogany, brown, and natural finishes, with or without cushions. Prices, \$9.50 to \$15.50.

Indian Splint Chairs and Rockers, Tables, Settees and Foot Stools, artistic design, strongly made and comfortable, rich brown finish. Prices, \$3.00 to \$28.75.



Solid Oak Arm Rockers and Chairs, slat back and seat, green finish. Prices, \$4.35 to \$5.00.

Arm Rockers, reed seat and back, green, red and natural finishes. Prices, \$2.85 to \$3.75.

Arm Chairs, reed seat and back, green, red and natural finishes. Prices, \$2.65 to \$5.00.

Small Chairs, reed seat and back, also reed seat and slat back, red, green and natural finishes. Prices, 95c. to \$1.60.



LADY NORTHBROOK'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Myrtle Abercromby is the second daughter of the Countess of Northbrook. Her sister, Miss Nina Abercromby, was recently married to Mr. Horace Kemble of the Scots Guards, the wedding being a very smart affair.

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

TO every householder in Toronto the Opening of our New Store at 740 Yonge Street, removed from 231 Yonge Street, is among the most significant of the Season.

Our Opening provides an unprecedented opportunity to examine the new 1910 Gas Ranges of the celebrated Gurney-Oxford Line.

Gurney-Oxford Ranges are the most economical in the consumption of gas on the market to-day. They are sold at a very reasonable figure. Their perfect equipment is a Guarantee against all cooking failures due to faulty range construction, and this avoidance of waste in cooking renders the housewife invaluable service in reducing the cost of living.

The splendid exhibition at our new Yonge Street Store will indicate to every payer of household bills an avenue of escape from over-use of gas and the spoilage of food in cooking.



The
Gurney-Oxford Stove & Furnace
Co., Limited
740 YONGE STREET

The Yonge Street Store

MANY years of knowing how stand behind our success of to-day. A modern and complete plant assures the best workmanship under all conditions.

These works have had much to do in the past as in the present, with promoting household economy in Toronto.

To-day the renovating of any fabric by us for personal or home use is the product of skilled hands, scientific methods and modern mechanical equipment.

No fabric is too delicate, or garment too costly, but may be safely entrusted to our hands.

We have departmentized our business and placed each department under the direction of a capable specialist—a master hand—who has acquired a sound working knowledge of his particular line through years of

study of best methods and practical experience.

Is it any wonder, then, that, supported as we are by such efficient help, there is a confident ring in our promises of successful work?

No matter what your wants may be, there is no branch of renovation we cannot render you.

French Dry Cleaning—Dyeing—“Valet service” for men—Feathers and Plumes—Gloves and Shoes—Lace Curtains—Portieres and Furniture Coverings—Blankets, Quilts, etc.

Prices are very reasonable.

A phone message for our driver to call will place him promptly at your door on the first delivery.

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Eye glasses add to your Charms

Hennessey's Eye glasses will fit your eyes and add to your appearance. We will test your eyes—grind lenses or fill any oculist's prescription and give you any style eye glasses or spectacle you prefer for **\$2.75**

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Lady Gay's Column

THE successful interviewer is discovered by results. Every day the reader of newspapers is confronted with fake or genuine accounts of interviews with famous, notorious or merely interesting persons. Did you ever sigh over the worthlessness of nine-tenths of these peeps into privacy? Unless the victim is primed and ready for the ordeal, the interviewer has to do almost all the work. Now and then, some burning subject, some sensational enterprise or some great success give outside interest to the thrilling tidings that “he was in a lounging coat, and smoking a briar pipe,” or that “she” nestled among cushions in a silk kimono. One is glad to have a reposeful impression of strenuous heroes or heroines. Otherwise, who cares for the clothing or the attitude? Give us the thoughts and the convictions of these big folks, that we may ponder thereon and grow! But do the interviewers ever give us big ideas and sound thoughts? Not often. Instead, we have some smudgy impressions of actresses who do or don't advise girls to go on the stage; one of these oracles adding bromidically, the other day, “unless girls have marked talent.” Fancy how that advice would spur on young maidens whose repertoire consisted of the “May Queen,” or “Curfew shall not ring to-night.” The out and out fake interview is really the better choice if the scribe have the least flow of language or picturesque expression. “Just tell 'em anything you like,” said a jolly Irishwoman to me, on one of the two occasions when I essayed to interview. The other time Mrs. Jeanness Miller, of artistic clothing and beauty cult, was quite pleasant and companionable, and told me hundreds of things about her baby! We had a very nice homely half hour, at the end of which I was agast to find out I hadn't a line suitable to begin a paragraph in this column. So as I am evidently not cut out for an interviewer I gave up accepting such responsibility.

To get an interview, one is sometimes privileged to “go behind,” to stumble along in dim, queer passages, dodging scene shifters and property men, and finally being pushed into a brilliantly lighted cupboard, where a half-clothed lady hustles into quaint or queenly garments, and talks to you over her shoulder with pins in her mouth or her face intently mirrored in the circle of electric bulbs. It may be interesting, but it's always embarrassing to be allowed “behind the scenes,” and perhaps the most trying feature of the experience is the unconcern of the lady in the scanty garments upon whose toilette you feel such a rank intruder.

The rig in which I once discovered Rejane, chatting enthusiastically with a most suspicious looking party of men persons; the almost pre-Adamite costume of Yvette Guilbert, whom I felt bound to assist into a refractory garment, before I said a word, even in French! occur to me as great shocks to the nerves of an ordinary female. When one is invited to visit these great ones in their lairs, the permission is a compliment, the best in their power to pay; but oh! the trial it may be to the uninitiated! One would think it the very best disenchantment to the worst case of stage-struck, either Johnnies or Janies, to be admitted to the terra incognita of the stage idol, in her smudgy face make-up and untidy huddled garments.

One gets behind the scenes in real life, often with results disillusionary and unwelcome, but sometimes with such a warming of the heart, and a moisture in the eyes! In stage life, “behind the scenes” means everything cold and cheerless, sordid and disagreeable, but within and behind that again is almost always an inner holy of holies, where the actor retires gladly. It is sometimes, for a woman, little baby voices and welcoming baby hands, away off in some small flat, or little country cottage, as far as heaven to the little woman going her weekly round of personation and posturing. Sometimes to the man it is a home, where some one female creature will welcome him with clinging arms and kisses, and puts in his embrace a bundle of lawn and squirms that will some day make him grin like an india rubber idiot when it painfully ejaculates “Da-da.” I wonder is it better to be the actor and actress exiled for three parts of the year from such “behind the scenes” realities, or to be the everyday couple, together always and growing bored and blasé of one another?

It is the children which give their sacramental touch to either companionship. Sometimes this condition of stage life works disaster to the home-ties, sometimes they only strengthen and double value them. It is by getting behind the scenes in earnest that one discovers which way the cat is jumping.

“He is a Christian Scientist, and his wife is a Sun-Worshipper,” said a woman calmly, in describing a couple she had met in the States. “They're rather original sort of people. She don't exactly worship the sun, but she believes it is the source of all, and she hasn't any further religion.” “You mean,” said Aunt Mary, “that she hasn't any religion at all,” and the woman shrugged her shoulders and murmured, “No, I suppose not, any more than he has any science!” A Sun-Worshipper would have a quiet week here, so far, as one can scarcely see at noontide to-day for fog and rain.

LADY GAY.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, April 21, 1910. THE ceremonies in connection with the opening of the handsome and well-appointed new building of the Y. W. C. A. occupied the greater part of the week, when every one interested in the welfare of this splendid institution was given the opportunity to inspect the comfortable quarters. On Friday afternoon a very successful reception was given by the committee, the attendance being very large. Mrs. Wolfkill, Mrs. McLagan, Mrs. S. O. Greening, Mrs. J. P. Johnson, Mrs. W. A. Robinson, Mrs. Morden, Mrs. J. A. Henderson, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Callaghan were the hostesses. A delightful musical programme was given during the afternoon. Those assisting were Mrs. Onderdonk, Miss Gladys Marshall, Miss Violet Crerar, Miss Helen Wanzer, Miss Jean Findlay, Mrs. M. Glasco and Miss Kathleen Snider.

Mrs. A. Gillespie, of Toronto, is the guest of her father, Mr. J. T. Glasco, Mac Nab street.

Mrs. McGiverin left this week for a visit to friends in Boston.

Mrs. Caloin, of Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. Malloch, Duke street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hunter, of London, were the guests of Mrs. Hendrie, Holmsted, for the week-end.

Mrs. W. A. Wood, “Elmwood” was the hostess of an informal tea on Thursday for Mrs. Ferrie, who leaves shortly for Vancouver.

Mrs. R. L. Innis left for Parry Sound this week.

Mrs. Grantham, James Street, south, was the hostess of a very enjoyable “bridge” on Friday evening given in honour of three visitors from Nova Scotia, Miss Clements, Miss Stoneman and Miss M. Etkins, who will be in town for a week or two. The prizes were won by Miss Wanzer and Dr. McGregor.

A very delightful tea was given on Wednesday by Miss Wilcox, who had invited a number of young friends to meet Mrs. Shepherd, of Gravenhurst. Among those present were Mrs. Corbett Whitton, Mrs. W. J. Southam, Miss Francis Dumoulin, Miss Bessie Balfour, Miss Elsie Doolittle, Miss Eileen Tandy, Miss Kate Thompson, Miss Massey (Toronto), Miss Charlotte Balfour, Miss Mary Haslett, Miss Alice Hope.

Mrs. Mackelcan was in town for a few days this week, the guest of Mrs. W. K. Marshall, and sang at the opening of the new organ of St. Paul's Presbyterian church on Thursday evening.

Miss Hickson, of Montreal, is staying with Mrs. Counsell, James Street; who gave a small tea on Thursday afternoon for her guest.

Miss Massey, of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. George Thomson, Herkimer Street.

Miss Mona Murray is in Brantford visiting Mrs. Chester Harris.

The annual banquet of St. George's Society, to be given at the Hotel Royal, promises to be a brilliant affair. His Excellency, the Governor-General and Mr. George Tate Blackstock will be among the speakers.

KATRINE.

Your baking results will be better if you will use

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The pure, Cream of Tartar Baking Powder that leaves no trace but feathery lightness.

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The average Refrigerator is damp and musty. The stagnant air and the poisonous zinc linings make it positively dangerous to keep food in the ordinary Refrigerator.

Odorless spruce, orange shellac (or porcelain) is used in the lining of the “EUREKA,” and the outside finish in solid ash, added to the interior perfection, makes the “EUREKA” beyond doubt far superior to any thing else in use.

In all parts of the Dominion the leading Butchers, Grocers, Hotels, Hospitals, Restaurants use and recognize the superiority of the “EUREKA.” Some installed 25 years ago are doing good service yet.

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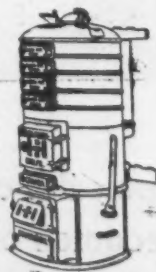
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“Sovereign” hot water heating is not designed for large houses only. A nine room detached or semi-detached house, may be heated more economically and effectively by a small size “Sovereign” than by a hot air furnace. Besides being economical, a “Sovereign” affords dustless, gasless, sanitary heating.

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Upon the occasion of such an important social function as the Horse Show the magnificence of **EATON** stocks becomes of particular interest, in the wide choice afforded in qualities and styles appropriate for this event

Emphasizing those features so essential where distinctiveness and smart, correct fashion are of foremost consideration, our Spring collection of Ready-to-Wear Garments offers most pleasing choice to those making preparations for the Horse Show—particularly so in Women's and Misses' Suits, Dresses, Waists, Undershirts, Millinery, Hosiery and Gloves, Neckwear, Jewelry and Footwear; and Men's Clothing, Headwear and Furnishings.

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